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ENGLAND'S HISTORY

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GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, SOUTHAMPTON STREET AND EXETER STREET, STRAND, W.C.

"COMMERCE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT BRITONS AND THE PHŒNICIANS."

From the Painting by LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A., *presented by him for the decoration of the Interior of the Royal Exchange, London. By permission of the artist and of the Worshipful the Gresham Committee.*

B.C. 150.—"Beyond the pillars of Hercules are two islands which are very large, Albion and Ierne, called the Britannic, which lie beyond the Celtæ"; thus wrote Herodotus, the Greek historian, 450 years before Christ. This is the earliest date in history that we have mention of the islands which form the centre of the British Empire. Three centuries later the Phœnicians were known to be upon the Cornish coast trading with the Britons for the tin which was to be found in abundance there, and in lead and the skins of wild animals. For a long period they enjoyed a monopoly in this trade, although many attempts were made to trace the course of their vessels. According to W. F. Collier, on one occasion when a Roman cruiser was chasing a Carthaginian ship, the captain of the latter had no way of keeping the secret but by running upon a reef and escaping with his sailors on a raft, being rewarded for his sagacity by the Senate of Carthage with the price of the cargo he had sacrificed. At length it is said a Greek merchant of Marseilles penetrated the unknown region, and others following, the monopoly which the Phœnicians had so long enjoyed was broken, and a trade in tin sprang up with Gaul. The rich silks and broad draperies of divers colours which the Phœnicians are here presenting to the wondering Britons are offered in exchange for the island's wealth.

"STONEHENGE."

From the Picture by FRANK DILLON, R.I.

Stonehenge (or in Saxon Stan-henge, meaning the hanging stones) is one of the most remarkable examples of the ancient stone circles. Situated on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, seven miles north of Salisbury, it occupies the centre of a circular area about 360ft. in diameter, the outer circle of the building itself being 100ft. in diameter. It consisted originally of thirty upright stones, each about 14ft. above ground. Its origin has given rise to great difference of opinion. There is nothing about it to afford the slightest grounds for fixing the period at which it was built, or the object it was intended to serve, or the event it was to commemorate. The first mention of it is by Nennius, in the 9th century, who asserts that it was erected in memory of three hundred of King Vortigern's noblemen who, in May, A.D. 476, were treacherously murdered near the spot by Hengist. A similar account of its origin is given in the triads of the Welsh bards. Inigo Jones, the famous architect, endeavoured to prove that it was a temple of the Romans, but later writers of authority are generally agreed that it was of Druidical origin, some placing the probable date of its erection 100 years before Christ, and others as late as the 5th century of the Christian era.

"LEAR AND CORDELIA; OR, CORDELIA'S PORTION."

From the Painting by FORD MADOX BROWN. *By permission of Albert Wood, Esq.*

B.C. 70.—Lear, King of Britain, is referred to in this work as illustrating the early mythical history of England, at the distant date of about seventy years before Christ. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who died in 1154, mentions this King in his chronicle, in which, also, many other names occur with which we have grown familiar, but which stand unrecorded in the strict pages of historical fact. Lear was reported to have been King of Britain. In his old age he resolved to relinquish his sovereignty and to divide his kingdom among his three daughters, bestowing the largest share upon her who "doth love us most." The two elder daughters, Goneril and Regan, make ardent profession of their love, but Cordelia, his youngest daughter, whose love is too deep for words, makes no such protestation, and the King in his rage casts her off and divides the entire kingdom between her two sisters. In the picture these are seen standing on the left, their husbands kneeling, and all four grasping with eagerness the old King's crown. On the right, exhibiting his vexation, is the suitor of Cordelia, whom in her adversity he now discards, and in the background another nobleman is seen, who has just been banished for speaking in favour of Cordelia.

"THE FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN BY JULIUS CÆSAR."

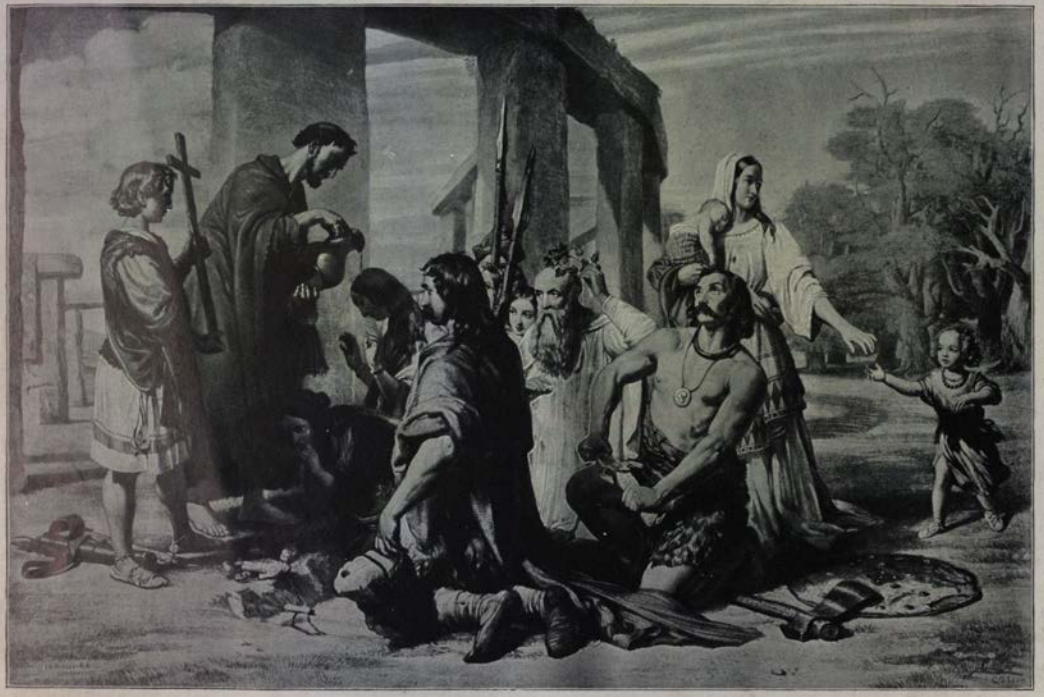
From the Cartoon by EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A.

B.C. 55.—The Britons had long been in a rude and independent state when Cæsar first cast his eye upon their island. He was not allured by its riches or its renown, but being ambitious of carrying the arms of Rome into a new world, he took advantage of a short interval in his Gallic wars and made its invasion. In the afternoon of the 26th of August, B.C. 55, he appeared at Dover, and the first battle is believed to have been fought at Deal. When the galleys were driven on to the beach, the islanders presented a front so threatening that the veterans of Cæsar hung back dismayed, but the next moment they were breast high in the surf, and in a hand to hand struggle with the fierce and desperate islanders. The result could not be doubtful. Cæsar's men were used to conquer, and their patriotic foemen, after a long and hard fight, were driven back, and soon saw the disciplined invader digging trenches for a camp near the scene of the battle. Obtaining several advantages over the Britons, and taking hostages for their future obedience, Cæsar, at the approach of winter, withdrew his forces into Gaul; but the following year he made a second descent with a far more formidable force, and pushing his way inland, established the Roman occupation of the country which lasted for upwards of four centuries.

"CARACTACUS LED IN TRIUMPH THROUGH ROME."

From the Cartoon by G. F. WATTS, R.A.

A.D. 50.—When Claudius, Emperor of Rome, determined to attempt the entire conquest of Britain, he sent thither Aulus Plautius with four legions of men, and Caractacus was forced to retreat before him. With his wild, untrained valour he could make little headway against the Roman soldiery. Leaving his brave brother, Togudumnus, dead among the Essex swamps, he retreated to the trackless mountains of Southern Wales, where he headed the Silures, a warlike tribe inhabiting that part. Here he was found by the Romans strongly entrenched behind a stone rampart on a hill, in front of which ran a river difficult to pass. But the stone rampart was forced, and Caractacus, having struggled against the invader for nine years, was finally defeated. Separated from his wife and children, who were taken captive, he fled to a kinswoman—Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes, in Yorkshire—by whom he was betrayed into the hands of the Romans and sent a prisoner to the Emperor in Rome. Tacitus tells how undauntedly he confronted the shame of the triumphal procession through Rome, and "with what bitter truth he wondered how the lords of marble palaces like those past which he walked in chains could envy dwellers in the reedy huts of Britain." His intrepid behaviour procured him a pardon from Claudius, and he was set free.



"THE FIRST PREACHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN BRITAIN."

From the Picture by J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

A.D. 60.—Anterior to the arrival of St. Augustine in this country, there were missionaries of the Christian faith in Britain. By some historians it is believed that it was preached as far back as A.D. 60, while Nero was on the Roman throne; and Welsh tradition has ascribed its introduction into Britain to Bran, the father of Caractacus, who is said to have been converted at Rome by the preaching of St. Paul. In Britain, the Druids at this early period had sway; and most of the inhabitants of these islands were slaves to that barbarous worship, the doctrines of which were communicated only to the initiated, and never committed to writing. Their creed is thought to have grown out of the ancient Eastern fire-worship, and their mysterious and superstitious rites were practised in dark groves and other secret recesses, homage being paid to many gods, among others, to the Sun under the name of Bel, or Baal. Not unfrequently human victims were laid upon their altars, and great was the personal peril to which the first preachers of the Gospel in Britain were exposed, not only from the people, but from the Druidical priests themselves, who were the religious guides of the people, and into whose presence the early missionaries fearlessly ventured.

"A CONVERTED BRITISH FAMILY SHELTERING A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY FROM THE PERSECUTION OF THE DRUIDS."

From the Picture by W. HOLMAN HUNT, R.W.S. *By permission of the artist and of the Autotype Company, who are the publishers of the Autotype; and with the sanction of the authorities of the University Galleries, Oxford, to whom the picture was bequeathed by the late Mrs. Combe, of that city. Exhibited at the Royal Academy*, 1850.

A.D. 60.—In this picture the Druids have turned upon the Christian missionaries, and with wild excitement are rushing from the Druidical temple resolved on their destruction. One, it is evident, cannot escape; but the rude hut of a converted family gives shelter to the other, who sinks exhausted among its faithful occupants. A woman bathes his hot forehead with a sponge of cold water, a young girl stooping down draws from his garment the brier he has caught in his hurried flight; the tall youth at the side glances at the terrible scene outside as he squeezes the juice of some grapes into a cup which a younger boy holds, to quench the thirst of the fugitive. Two stalwart men guard the rude door, and a boy has thrown himself on the ground the better to detect the feet of the pursuers if they approach. The hut is built on the bank of a river, and the net which hangs on the wooden post to the right suggests that the livelihood of the family is gained by fishing. Their former belief in Druidical teaching is indicated by the massive Druidic stone which stands upright against the wall of the hut, but with now a cross painted upon it, and the small lamp beneath it shows the Eastern origin of the mission. On the frame of the picture is inscribed the words: "For whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink in My name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you that he shall not lose his reward."

"BOADICEA HARANGUING THE ICENI."

From the Cartoon by H. C. SELOUS.

A.D. 61.—Prasutagus, King of the Iceni, which embraced Norfolk and the lower basin of the Great Ouse, bequeathed half his wealth to the Romans in the hope that they might be induced to let his daughters enjoy the other half in peace; but on his death Nero's officer seized on all, and when Boadicea, the widow of the King, a woman of Royal race, and breathing more than female spirit, demanded justice for her children, she was publicly scourged and a shame worse than death inflicted on her daughters. Seizing her husband's spear she called her people to the field, and every hut on the wide plain east of the Chiltern Hills sent forth a British warrior. Mustering many thousands of men, she fell upon the Roman colonies and destroyed upwards of 70,000 Romans. Suetonius Paulinus, returning from his expedition against the Druids, took up a position against her, with woods and sea behind him and an open plain in front. Boadicea in the meanwhile passed down the British lines with her injured daughters, encouraging the soldiers as she drove by. But the Britons in their attack recoiled from the solid mass of the Roman force. Formed in a wedge, the legions bore down upon the disorganized ranks and drove them back upon their cars. Eighty thousand perished in the battle, and Boadicea, to escape the horrors of capture, completed the tragedy by destroying herself with poison.

"THE BUILDING OF THE ROMAN FORT AT MANCUNIUM."

From the Fresco by FORD MADOX BROWN, *in the Town Hall of the City of Manchester. By permission of the Corporation of Manchester and of the executors of the late Ford Madox Brown.*

A.D. 79.—The Britons of Lancashire were subdued by the Romans in the summer of A.D. 79, and Julius Agricola, who had established garrisons at several points throughout the country, fixed a station at Mancunium, on a site within the compass of the castle-field of Manchester, and which had previously been the area of a British fortress. The construction of the camp or fort was begun probably in the autumn of A.D. 79. The plan of it having been marked out by the Metator, the soldiers, according to the description given by Vegetus, would leave their shields and knapsacks in the centre of the area, in circles about their respective standards, and in parties of a hundred, each commanded by a centurion, repair to the posts assigned them, the rest of the garrison being placed at the extremities of the field for the defence of the workers. Sufficiency of stones would be readily available from the remains of British ramparts, cabins, and hovels, and heaping these stones together into a barrier, 8ft. wide at the base, and only 1ft. or 2ft. at the top, the boiling mortar would be poured upon them, insinuating itself into every hollow and crevice of the work till the irregular pieces of stone were bound fast together into a solid wall. Fragments of the wall of this fort still exist. When originally erected it must have encompassed an area of about six acres. In the picture the legionaries are doing the mason's work, but the bearers of the stones are Britons impressed for the occasion. A centurion holds the parchment plan of the fort. His wife, in fur cloak and hooded for the cold, steps out of her litter with her little son to take the air on the half-finished ramparts. The son is mischievously kicking at one of his mother's Nubian slaves. The interior of the camp, with the Roman four-square tents made of skins, is seen in the rear of the group.

"BUILDING A ROMAN WALL."

From the Fresco by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, R.R.S.A., *at Wallington Hall, Northumberland. By permission of Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., M.P.*

A.D. 121.—Julius Agricola, A.D. 81, had built a chain of forts across the narrowest part of the island from the Clyde to the Forth, its object being to keep the Caledonians pent up in their native woods, and Hadrian, Emperor of Rome, coming to Britain A.D. 121, erected a great wall of stone about sixty-four miles in length over the Northumbrian Hills from Bowness on the Solway Firth to Wallsend at the mouth of the River Tyne, as security against the Picts. This was the most important of the many walls erected by the Romans during their occupation of the country. Agricola had raised a bank of earth across this part forty years previously, with a deep ditch before it from which the earth had been dug to form the bank; and deepening the ditch and raising the bank to a greater height, Hadrian completed the defence by this wall, which was of solid masonry, 8ft. wide, running to the north of, and parallel with, Agricola's earthen rampart. Ten thousand men were needed adequately to defend the wall. Ninety years later, viz. A.D. 210, it was repaired and new fortifications added to it by Severus, who assumed the name of Britannicus. This strengthening of the wall may be taken, not as indicating any advance of the Roman power, but as an evidence of the indomitable spirit of the inhabitants of these islands, who, after 265 years of Roman occupation, were not wholly conquered.

"THE FAVOURITES OF HONORIUS."

From the Picture by J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A., *exhibited at the Royal Academy in* 1885.

In the reign of the Emperor Flavius Augustus Honorius, Britain was finally severed from Rome, whose legions had occupied the country for 470 years. When they first landed they found the inhabitants of Britain divided into upwards of forty different nations or tribes, each living in a state of lawless independence. Those of them who occupied the southern part of the kingdom, and who appear to have been settlers from Belgic Gaul, were the most civilized, having made some progress in agriculture and in the arts of life, but the rest maintained themselves by pasture, were clothed in the skins of beasts, and were constantly shifting their habitations, either in search of food or to annoy or avoid their enemies. The Romans divided the country into provinces, built cities, made bridges and roads, and improved the defences. To them is due the establishment of municipal corporations, and thirty-three towns from Winchester to Inverness were indebted for their government and privileges to the institutions the Romans established. But now the troops were required for the defence of the Roman Empire, which itself was assailed, and in recalling those of his men who were in Britain, Honorius discharged the inhabitants of these islands from further allegiance to Rome. Honorius was a man without passions, and without talents, of a languid disposition, incapable alike of discharging the duties of his rank or of enjoying the pleasures of his age. In his early youth he made some progress in riding and drawing the bow, but he soon relinquished these occupations as fatiguing, and the amusement of feeding poultry became his serious and daily care. He passed his life an almost indifferent spectator of the ruin of the Empire over which he reigned. In the picture he is seen at his chosen occupation, while his secretaries await his pleasure on important matters of State, in which he exhibits little concern.

"RICHBOROUGH CASTLE."

From the Drawing by CLOUGH BROMLEY.

A.D. 449.—Richborough is situated near Sandwich, at the entrance of the channel which once divided the Isle of Thanet from the mainland. It was the common landing-place of travellers from Gaul. The withdrawal of the Romans from Britain had left the Britons to contend alone against their ancient enemies the Picts, who had meantime leagued themselves with a formidable race of pirates, who had long been pillaging the English Channel. These pirates were the Engles, or English, whose homes lay probably along the middle Elbe and on the Weser. "Foes are they," sang a Roman poet, "fierce beyond other foes; the sea is their school of war, and the storm their friend; they are sea wolves that live on the pillage of the world." To break this league the Britons themselves formed an alliance with these pirates, who, having fulfilled their engagement in driving back the Picts, located themselves in Thanet, and showed no sign of quitting the fertile country, but on the contrary, reinforced their ranks from new arrivals of Jutes and Saxons from the Continent. The inlet of sea which flowed between them and Richborough formed an advantageous safeguard against them for the Britons. Richborough Castle had been built by the Romans, and guarded one outlet of the narrow channel as the Reculvers guarded the other. Its walls, to the height of 6ft., were over 11ft. in thickness, and afterwards over 10ft., and the north wall, which we picture, is, in its most perfect state, about 23ft. high. No ditch appears to have been made round the Castle, nor has any well been discovered, which suggests the probability that it was erected by the Romans merely to meet the sudden attack of an invading enemy. But the inlet was in due time crossed, and the invaders, marching inland, encountered and conquered the Britons in force at Aylesford. Further penetrating the country, the war of conquest went on for many years, its progress being only temporarily checked by a victory the Britons obtained at MOUNT BADON in A.D. 520.

"ADMISSION OF SIR TRISTRAM TO THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROUND TABLE."

From the Fresco by WILLIAM DYCE, R.A., *in the Queen's Robing Room at the Palace of Westminster.*

A.D. 490.—Drawing aside from the strict path of history, we encounter at this period the tradition of King Arthur, based, to some degree, on fact. His military achievements have been blended with so many fables as to give occasion for entertaining doubt as to his real existence. His individuality has been made famous by ballads and songs and, later, by lengthier works, wherein he and his knights have been the theme. It is thought by many that it was he who led the army of Britons at Mount Badon, A.D. 520, where a great battle was fought in which the encroaching Saxons were so discomfited that their advance was suspended for thirty years. He is said to have fallen at Camelford, in Cornwall, A.D. 542, in the last of the great battles between the Britons and the Saxons, being then ninety years of age, seventy-six of which had been passed in continual warfare. Of the numerous legends connected with his name the most popular is that of the Round Table, which, according to Sir Thomas Malory, was given to him by Guinevere's father, who himself had received it from Uther Pendragon, and around which could be seated the society or fellowship of knights to the number of one hundred and fifty, who were chosen for their prowess and nobility of character. To this fellowship the renowned Sir Tristram is being admitted. His record of great deeds has gone before him as "one of the best knights and the gentlest." The scene is in the Great Hall of King Arthur's Palace at Camelot. Sir Tristram is clad in chain mail, and wears round his hood a circlet of gold set with precious stones, which distinguishes him as the son of a King. Behind the King appear the principal officers of Arthur's Court, Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain are present on horseback, and other knights, ladies of the Court and civilian spectators, are grouped in the body of the Hall.

"SIR TRISTRAM HARPING TO LA BELLE ISOLT."

From the Fresco by WILLIAM DYCE, R.A., *in the Queen's Robing Room at the Palace of Westminster.*

A.D. 490.—Sir Tristram is mentioned by Sir Thomas Malory as being the son of King Meliodas and of Elizabeth, the sister of King Mark of Cornwall. He early excelled in hunting and hawking and in deeds of arms, and he surpassed all others of his day in playing upon the harp and other musical instruments. Gentle, noble, and brave, he was loved wherever he appeared, and many gifts were made to him. It was after he had overthrown and slain Sir Marhaus and been wounded that he first met the beautiful Isolt, into whose keeping he was put by her parents on his arrival in Ireland, and who healed him of his poisoned wound. Abiding under her father's roof he was ever in her company; he taught her to harp, and a great love sprang up between them, he promising to be her faithful knight all the days of his life. On his return to Cornwall his eulogy of her charms led King Mark to seek her in marriage, and he dispatched Sir Tristram to escort her to Tintagel, where they were richly wedded with great feast and tournament; but "throughout" Sir Tristram and La Belle Isolt "loved ever together"; their romantic passion, which in the picture is in its first innocent flower, ending at last (as some say) in Sir Tristram's life being taken by King Mark, who discovered them together in his Castle of Tintagel, while others aver that La Belle Isolt, forsaking King Mark, journeyed and dwelt with Sir Tristram until her life's end.

"THE VISION OF SIR GALAHAD AND HIS COMPANY."

From the Fresco by WILLIAM DYCE, R.A., *in the Queen's Robing Room at the Palace of Westminster.*

The subject of this third picture of the Arthurian period is derived from the romance of the Sanc Grael, a strange fiction of great antiquity. In King Arthur's time it appears to have been a religious allegory intended to show the importance of pursuing spiritual objects instead of merely chivalric renown. The Sanc Grael was believed to be the Holy Vessel or "harnap" from which Christ drank and gave of the wine to His disciples at the Last Supper. This vessel, it was pretended after many miraculous adventures had been brought into some unknown place in Britain, and the quest or search for it was the grand and final object of the institution of the Round Table. The three virgin or maiden knights, Sir Galahad, Sir Percevale, and Sir Bors, are in a hermitage chapel, and see in the "secrets" of mass a vision of Christ attended by the four evangelists. Christ appears seated upon a rich throne, supported by rolling volumes of cloud, and shows His wounded hands. The hermit priest holds before him the sacramental chalice, as with the others he gazes in awe upon the heavenly vision.

"TINTAGEL."

From the Picture by MARMADUKE A. LANGDALE. *Turner Gold Medal Picture at the Royal Academy*, 1865.

A.D. 500.—Far up on the northern shore of the county of Cornwall lies Tintagel, of whose castle, notable in the 5th and 6th centuries as the stronghold of the Knights of King Arthur, little is now visible save bare grey ruins scattered about the cliff edge, and fragments of buttress and arch worn by centuries of neglect, wind, and weather, and looking in their rugged decay a part of the imperishable rock on which they stand. Few spots more desolate are met with than this rugged promontory and surging water. Within the grass-grown spaces inclosed by these shattered walls the traditional fellowship of the Round Table was believed to have held its courts. In Norden's survey, made about 1585, the two parts of the structure are depicted with interesting distinctness; the main building with castellated walls and iron gates standing high up on the land side, and the remainder of the castle distributed over the projecting rock, which in olden times appears to have been entirely separated from the mainland and connected with it only by a drawbridge. Forlorn and solitary is this once almost impregnable resort, whose walls, now silent save for the wind sighing through their crevices, once echoed the songs of the minstrels and the harps of the "thirty and four harpers harping as one."

"THE FIRST TRIAL BY JURY."

From the Cartoon by C. W. Cope, R.A.

Trial by jury has been ascribed as having been founded by King Alfred the Great, but later authorities are of opinion that it was probably transplanted from Germany and introduced by the Saxons soon after their first settlement in this country. This great pillar of our liberties appears to have originated in an ancient practice of leaving the decision of any dispute to a certain number of men who were acquainted with the facts of the affair. The original jury must, therefore, in all probability have been composed exclusively of those who were witnesses in the case. The historian, Hume, in his account of the reign of Alfred the Great, terms the trial by jury as an institution "admirable in itself and the best calculated for the preservation of liberty and the administration of justice that was ever devised by the wit of man." In that reign, twelve men who were freeholders were chosen, and having been sworn together with the presiding magistrate to administer impartial justice, proceeded to the examination of the cause submitted to their jurisdiction.

"ST. AUGUSTINE PREACHING TO THE SAXONS."

From the Picture by STEPHEN B. CARLILL.

A.D. 597.—The superstitions of the Saxons were of a barbarous kind, founded on traditional tales received from their ancestors. Woden, whom they deemed the ancestor of all their princes, was regarded by them as the God of War, and consequently the chief object of their religious worship. Thor, whom they adored, was the God of Thunder, and other superstitions and practices prevailed among them, with a rooted belief in sacrifices, spells, and enchantments. To preach to this paganism Augustine was sent by Pope Gregory, and he landed with his company of forty monks, A.D. 597, on the very spot in the Isle of Thanet where Hengist and his band of Saxons had landed a century before. He was promised shelter and protection by the King, who, though adhering himself to the worship of his gods, said that Augustine and his monks might remain as long as they pleased and make as many converts as they could. With his band of monks apparelled in robes of silk and gold, and chanting the litany, Augustine entered Canterbury (of which he was the first Archbishop) in processional solemnity, a picture of Christ being carried aloft and a silver crucifix borne before him. His arduous mission was relieved of much of its hardship and peril by the encouragement and help he received from the Queen, herself a Christian, and before long he was able to send a letter to his master in Rome announcing the conversion to the Christian faith of over 10,000 of the population.

"THE BAPTISM OF ETHELBERT."

From the Fresco in the House of Lords by WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

A.D. 597.—Ethelbert was the fifth King of Kent, and he began his reign A.D. 568, following in the paganism of his fathers. His marriage with Bertha, the daughter of Charibert, the Frankish King, occurred before he succeeded to the throne. Bertha was a Christian, and one of the stipulations of the marriage was that his wife and future Queen should be allowed to enjoy the free exercise of her religion, and, in due time, she arrived at the Court at Canterbury, accompanied by a Christian bishop. She thenceforward employed every art of insinuation and address to reconcile her husband to her faith. Her irreproachable conduct, her popularity at Court, and her influence over the King, were the means of preparing the way for the step which Pope Gregory had long been contemplating of dispatching a mission to Britain in furtherance of the Christian religion. And eventually, and not without direct encouragement from Ethelbert, Augustine, the prior of the convent on the Coelin Hill, was sent, and on arrival found the danger to his mission to be much less than he had apprehended. He was admitted into conference with Ethelbert, whom he found seated in the open air for fear of magical arts, and by means of interpreters he delivered to the King the tenets of the Christian faith. New and uncertain as these tenets appeared to the King, Augustine was encouraged to stay and deliver his doctrine to the people. By his zeal and example many were converted, and the King himself, becoming ultimately a convert, submitted to the Christian rite of baptism.

"THE BAPTISM OF EDWIN."

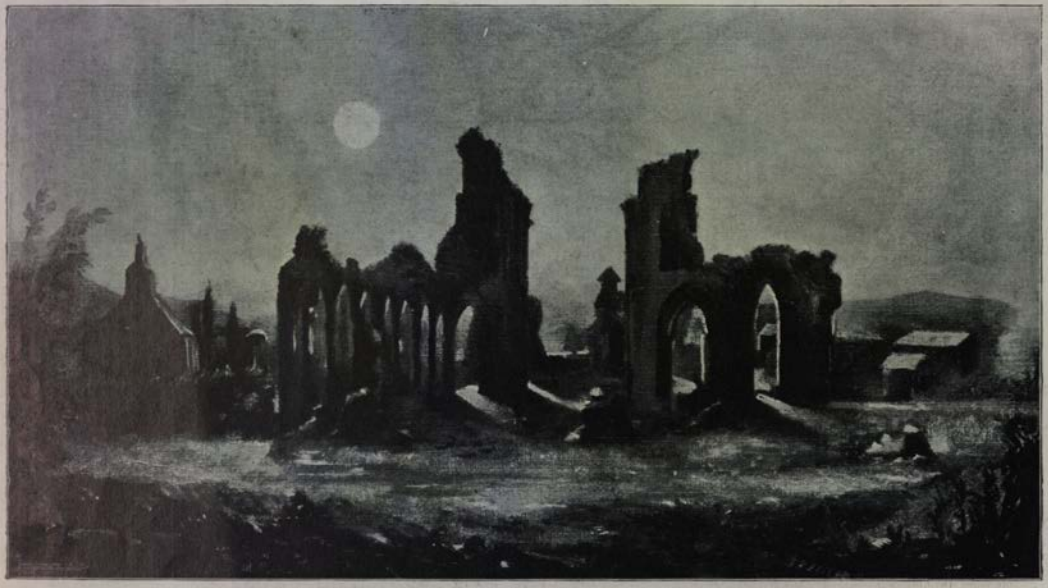
From the Fresco by FORD MADOX BROWN, *in the Town Hall of the City of Manchester. By permission of the Corporation of Manchester and of the executors of the late Ford Madox Brown.*

A.D. 617.—Edwin became King of Northumbria, A.D. 617. Eight years later he sought in marriage Ethelburga, daughter of King Ethelbert and Bertha. He was told, however, "that it was not lawful to marry a Christian virgin to a Pagan husband, lest the faith and the mysteries of the heavenly King should be profaned." He promised in no manner to act in opposition to the Christian faith, nor denied that he himself might be brought to embrace that religion. Whereupon Ethelburga was promised and sent to him, accompanied by Paulinus, a monk who had been sent by Pope Gregory with other religious teachers to assist Augustine, and who was ordained bishop. A year after his marriage an assassin, sent by the King of the West Saxons, aimed at his life with a poisoned dagger, and Edwin vowed to Paulinus that if his life were spared and victory vouchsafed him over the King by whom the assassin had been sent, he would cast off his idols and serve Christ. Being recovered of his wounds, and having subdued those who conspired against him, he would not immediately embrace the Christian faith, but being a man of extraordinary sagacity he passed a long time alone in silence, deliberating in his heart how he should proceed and which religion he should adhere to. He held a council with his chief men, and in the end publicly declared that he received the faith of Christ. He was baptized at York, Easter Day, 627, in the timber church of St. Peter the Apostle, over which he subsequently erected a larger and nobler edifice of stone, parts of the fabric of which were discovered beneath the choir of the present cathedral during the repairs rendered necessary by the act of an incendiary in 1829. In the picture many of his devout and approving subjects are seen, while to the right, the beautiful Queen Ethelburga herself, who had so long worked to this end, looks gratefully up to Heaven at the accomplishment of her heart's desire.

"KING EGFRID OFFERING THE BISHOPRIC OF HEXHAM TO CUTHBERT, THE HERMIT OF FARNE ISLAND."

From the Design for the Fresco by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, H.R.S.A., *at Wallington Hall, Northumberland. By permission of Sir George Trevelyan, Bart, M.P.*

A.D. 678.—Egfrid was King of Northumberland, and as such reigned over Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Westmorland, Cumberland, and Northumberland. He was incessantly at war, and constantly victorious, subjecting the Picts on the north and taking lands from the Mercians on the south; latterly crossing to Ireland, whose eastern part he ravaged, plundering and burning the churches of God. When Bishop Wilfred was driven from his bishopric of York, and his vast diocese was divided into four sees, York, Lindisfarne, Hexham, and Ripon, King Egfrid offered the see of Hexham to Cuthbert. Cuthbert had originally been a shepherd boy, but became a monk of Melrose, and subsequently led the life of a hermit on an islet off the Northumbrian coast. There is no record of his having refused the bishopric of Hexham, but in A.D. 685 he was consecrated Bishop of Lindisfarne. He, however, resigned the see soon after and returned to his hermitage, where he died on 20th March, 687. He was buried at Lindisfarne, but two centuries later, in consequence of the ravages of the Northmen, his remains were removed, and after various wanderings they found a resting-place on the hill where now stands Durham Cathedral. In 1104 they were solemnly translated to the existing edifice, being, it is said, found uncorrupt, and the splendid shrine that was erected over them attracted crowds of pilgrims until its destruction in 1537. The body was then re-interred, and now lies in the chapel of the Nine Altars, as was ascertained by an antiquarian examination made in 1827. Dry bones only were then found, swathed in a number of richly embroidered garments. Sixty churches exist dedicated to him, and the banner of St. Cuthbert was borne in battle as late as the battle of Flodden Field, A.D. 1513.



"GLASTONBURY ABBEY—VIEW OF THE RUINS FROM THE EAST."

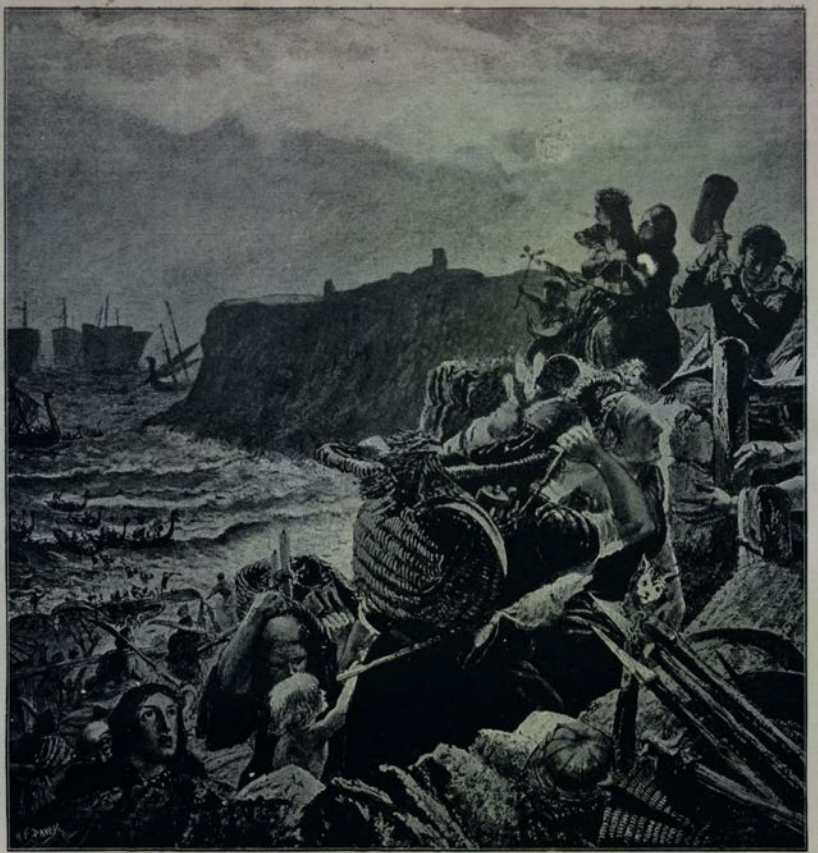
From the Drawing by F. Shew.

A.D. 688.—The Abbey of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, claims to have been the first Christian church in Britain. It is said to have been erected by Ina, King of the West Saxons, A.D. 688. It is now in ruins, and, seen from the east, the whole extent of the edifice is brought into view: a range of arches and columns, detached masses, and better preserved walls and turrets for a length of 500ft. The eye is carried through the choir of the abbey church and the space occupied by the gigantic nave to the arch, which formed the eastern termination of what is usually called St. Joseph's Chapel. The vast masses of masonry which rise in the centre of the picture are the remains of two of the four main piers on which rested the tower of the church, crowning originally the four magnificent arches that connected the chancel with the body of the church. The ancient consequence and state of this abbey, its proud rank among the monastic institutions of England, its vast revenue and immense establishment, form a strange contrast to the melancholy picture of its decay and the august vista of its existing ruins. The legend exists that King Arthur was buried at Glastonbury, where is shown at this day a stone coffin alleged to have contained his remains. Indeed, it is recorded, in the reign of Henry II., that a grave containing three bodies, one upon another, was found in the abbey churchyard. The first was supposed to be the second wife of King Arthur, the second his nephew, and the third Arthur himself, distinguished by a leaden cross with the inscription, "Here lies the illustrious King Arthur, in the Isle of Avalon."

"DEATH OF THE VENERABLE BEDE."

From the Design for the Fresco by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, H.R.S.A., *at Wallington Hall, Northumberland. By permission of Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., M.P.*

A.D. 735.—Bede was born at Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, A.D. 673. He was the first great English scholar, and it has been said that the whole learning of the age was summed up in him. He was placed at the age of seven in the care of Benedict Biscop, the Abbot of St. Peter's, Wearmouth, who in his constant journeyings brought his houses into the closest connection with the ecclesiastical life of the Continent, the influences of which surrounded Bede in his youthful days. At nineteen he was ordained deacon, being distinguished beyond his years for holiness and ability. He entered the priesthood at the age of thirty, and with the exception of a few visits to friends, he spent all his long and tranquil life in the monastery of St. Paul at Jarrow, an offshoot of and adjacent to St. Peter's, in ardent study of the Scriptures and in teaching and writing. Of the forty-five works which remained after his death the chief was the "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," written in Latin, and first translated by King Alfred. The day of his death occurred on the Feast of the Ascension, 735. Up to the last he continued in work, and though constantly in pain, preserved his usual pleasantness and good humour. His anxiety was great to complete his translation into English of the Gospel of St. John, for he knew what its use would be to the Church. Giving his little treasures of spice and incense to the priests whose prayers he asked, he bade them farewell, and at his request he was borne to the place where he could look on the spot on which he was wont to kneel in prayer, and lying thus upon the pavement of his cell he chanted the "Gloria Patri," and as he uttered the words, "the Holy Ghost," he breathed his last, and so passed to the Kingdom of Heaven.



"A DESCENT OF THE DANES."

From the Design for the Fresco by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, H.R.S.A., *at Wallington Hall, Northumberland. By permission of Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., M.P.*

A.D. 787.—No sooner had the country made some progress towards order and consolidation which marked the latter years of the Heptarchy, and an effort had been begun for a national sovereignty, when a new and ferocious class of disturbers appeared upon the scene. These were the Danes, the dwellers in the Scandinavian peninsula and the islands of the Baltic. Their object was not colonization, but to ravage and plunder the island. Under the command of their sea-kings, as the leaders of their squadrons were called, they contrived at uncertain intervals to harass England for several centuries, and as the country was unprovided with proper defences the entire coast was subject to their inroads, and the people were kept in a constant state of unrest and alarm. To cross a sea three or four hundred miles in breadth was a bold undertaking for men unacquainted with the use of the compass, but the number of islands in Denmark gave them early and practical dexterity in navigation. We see them in the picture suddenly appearing off the coast of Northumberland, the host of single-sailed ships coming dimly into view round the point of Tynemouth, now in our own days surmounted by a monastic ruin and a white lighthouse. The boats from the serpents and dragons, as the Danish ships were called, are already running ashore, filled with wild figures that leap into the surf. The terrified inhabitants are hurriedly erecting temporary fortifications up to which the women and children are crowding, with such of their valuables as they are able to carry, and a priest may be discerned with his candles, books, and chalice.

From the Drawing by] "HARALD HARFAGR." [FREDERICK SANDYS.

A.D. 850.—Harald Harfagr, or the Fair-haired, was the son of Halfdan the Black, King of Upland, a small district in Norway, and was born about A.D. 850. At ten he became King, and at eighteen took the government into his own hands. He was tall and strong, daring and ambitious, and owing, it is said, to the refusal of Gyda, daughter of Hadaland, to marry him until he had made himself ruler of all Norway, he made a vow to his god Odin that he would neither cut nor comb his hair until he was absolute lord of the entire country, which up to then had been divided into small principalities. This he accomplished in a few years by dauntless bravery, force of character, and severity. The people in general submitted to his sway, but there were proud, indomitable spirits who, disdaining to be enthralled by him, repaired to other countries, notably to Britain, where they located themselves in that part north of the Humber. The better portion, however, repaired to France, a part of which they conquered and occupied, naming it after themselves, Normandy, or the land of the Northmen, or Normans, where, in course of time, a race sprang up which, under William the Conqueror, subdued England. The picture shows a Valkyrie, or Norse sorceress, consulting her familiar, in the form of a raven, on the career of Harfagr, whose actions had indirectly so great an influence on this country. Her words, translated from the early Norwegian, read :—

The young King—the Norse King	Red-rimmed are his bucklers,	His sails are all bleached
Whose keels cut the brine ;	Better'd are his oars ;	With the sea-spray and showers.

Among the Northmen, the raven was regarded as a sacred bird. Two of them, it is said, Hugin and Munin, sat on Odin's shoulders, and only flew away to bring him intelligence of what happened in the world. Especial confidence was placed in their omens.

"KING ALFRED INCITING THE SAXONS TO RESIST THE DANES."

From the Picture by G. F. WATTS, R.A., *in the Palace of Westminster.*

A.D. 872.—King Alfred was a grandson of King Egbert, and was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, A.D. 849. He was crowned at Winchester at the age of twenty-three, and within a month of his coronation he was compelled to take the field against the Danes. Nearly a century had gone by since the first three ships of these plunderers sought the lands of the English nation. The sheriff, or steward then, of the shire on which they landed, rode to the spot and would have driven them to "the King's town," because he knew not who they were, but they slew him. Not until seventy years after their first appearance did they stay any length of time, but they then remained through the winter, in the Isle of Sheppey, and thereafter roamed over the country, leaving ruin and desolation in their path. Alfred had under his governance only part of England; the north-eastern portion was completely in the hands of the Danes, but such part as he governed he so consolidated by good laws and education, that a firm and patriotic resistance was offered by his people to the Danish invader; but, nevertheless, meeting constantly with reverses, the spirit of his subjects would have been broken had not his individual qualities and brilliant leadership inspired them with confidence in their ultimate success. In him lay their hope, and following his guidance, the country was at length regarded as saved from the ruin and subversion with which it had long been threatened.

"HOW THE DANES CAME UP THE CHANNEL A THOUSAND YEARS AGO."

From the Picture by HERBERT A. BONE. *Exhibited at the Royal Academy in* 1890.

A.D. 877.—All along the coast the sea swarmed with the fleets of the bold pirates, and wherever an attack was made, fresh hordes thronged to the scene of the conflict, allured by hopes of participation in the booty. Traversing the ocean in their frail barks, these ungovernable plunderers, by their valour in warfare, completely mastered their opponents, who were, indeed, more disciplined but somewhat enervated by their peaceful habits. It was in the spring of 877 that the Danes embarked the remainder of their garrison at Wareham in 120 vessels, and took a westerly direction to carry aid to their countrymen in Exeter, who were beleaguered there by the forces of King Alfred; but for once the elements were adverse to them, and owing to thick fogs and violent spring storms, their fleet for a whole month tossed about, unable to land. In the midst of their perplexities, Alfred's warships advanced intrepidly, and the Danish fleet, scattered by a storm, could not defend itself. The greater number of the vessels struck on the rocks off Swanage, where, on a dangerous reef which runs out into the sea from a spot known as Peverel Point, they were beaten to pieces, such of their warriors as chanced to reach the shore falling victims to the infuriated Saxons who awaited them.

"KING ALFRED IN THE NEATHERD'S COTTAGE."

From the Picture by SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.*

A.D. 878.—This familiar incident must be reckoned among the narratives of the traditionary series. It is first met with about the end of the tenth century, in the "Life of St. Neot." True it is that, after his defeat by the Danes at Chippenham, the undaunted King betook himself, with a few followers, to the marshy lands of Somersetshire, and in a sequestered spot known as Athelney, or the "Isle of Nobles," surrounded by stagnant water and willow plantations, he found an asylum until the contest could be renewed. He lived there a life so needy and insecure as probably never fell to the lot of any other King. The story runs that on one occasion he arrived at the hut of one of his cowherds, who kept in his faithful heart the secret of the King's identity. Whilst the man was gone to his daily labour and his wife was occupied in baking bread, the kingly stranger sat by the fire and began industriously to mend and polish bows, arrows, and other implements of warfare. Supposing him from his poor and needy aspect to be a serf and one of her husband's companions, she gave the bread in charge to him, and went out to see after the cattle, whence, returning after a while, she found her baking burnt and spoiled, at which she roundly reproached him, saying that, lazy as he was in watching the bread, he would be ready enough to partake of it at meal-time. The picture suggests the rude comfort of a Saxon cottage in the depths of the woodland, similar to that of an American log-hut. The monarch's harp and bugle are slung above the door-post, and at his feet are a bow case and a dead rabbit. The face of the cowherd expresses the alarm he feels, lest his Sovereign should betray his disguise.

"KING ALFRED IN THE CAMP OF GUTHRUM THE DANE."

From the Design by HERBERT A. BONE, *executed in tapestry. By permission of Antony Gibbs, Esq.*

A.D. 878.—After the winter of exile 877–8, the island camp of King Alfred became at the approach of spring the rallying point of bands of patriotic Saxon soldiers eager to fight again under his leadership against the hated intruder. Waiting until sufficient numbers had gathered around him, Alfred, it is said, made his way disguised as a minstrel, and accompanied only by one faithful servant, into the camp of the Danish chief Guthrum, by far the most powerful Viking that had as yet appeared in England. The camp was then situated on the summit of Bratton Hill, in Wiltshire. He delighted the Danes by his skill in playing and singing the songs of his native land. During his stay in camp he contrived to penetrate into the privacy of the chief's tent, and to see and note with sharp eye the plans and proceedings of his enemies. On his return to his people, he immediately assembled all his available force, and, advancing silently, he fell, without any warning, upon the Danish camp. Deep trenches, high banks, and other strong defences enabled the Danes for some days to stand against the attack, but at last food grew scarce, and the reinforcements of the encouraged Saxons growing greater around the camp day by day, the invader sought for peace.

"GUTHRUM'S SUBMISSION TO KING ALFRED."

From the Design by HERBERT A. BONE, *executed in tapestry. By permission of Antony Gibbs, Esq.*

A.D. 878.—Vanquished by hunger, cold, and misery, and reduced to the extremity of despair, the Danes surrendered to King Alfred, who once more accepted their hostages and received their oaths—so frequently broken on former occasions. Guthrum moreover caused it to be notified to King Alfred that he was desirous of embracing the Christian faith. There is no reason for supposing that Alfred had made this one of the conditions of the treaty of peace; the first idea of it, inspired probably by present necessity, seems to have arisen in the mind of the Dane. To no one could such a conversion be more welcome than to Alfred. He had fought the Danes, not only for the restoration of his kingdom, but for what had now become the national faith, and he joyfully took advantage of the circumstance when the heathen chief declared his wish to become a Christian. Seven weeks later, accompanied by thirty of his warriors, he appeared in Alfred's camp at Wedmore, in Somersetshire, not far from Athelney. There he was bound by a solemn "peace," and amidst the solemnities of the Church Alfred presented him for baptism and became sponsor for him, giving him the name of Athelstan. In form this Peace of Wedmore, as it is termed, delivered England from the further supremacy of the Danes. Alfred's country was free, his greatest foe had become a Christian, and his patriotic heart beat high with solemn triumph.

"ALFRED SUBMITTING HIS LAWS TO THE WITAN."

From the Cartoon by JOHN BRIDGES, *to which a prize was awarded by the Royal Commissioners on the Fine Arts in* 1843.

A.D. 880.—The Witan, or assembly of the wise, was the hereditary council of the nation in Anglo-Saxon times, and resembled in its constitution the present House of Lords. Its exact constitution has, however, given rise to much dispute. It appears not to have been a representative body, but to have consisted of the leading thanes and clergy. Certain historians have assumed that the more considerable of the land proprietors were, without any election, constituent members of this assembly, and have had reason for thinking that the possession of between four and five thousand acres was the estate requisite to entitle a man to this honourable distinction. It usually met three times a year, at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and its functions were, amongst others, to enact laws and impose taxes, to elect a successor to the vacant throne, and to depose a bad monarch. The court was supreme, and there was no appeal from its decisions. King Alfred collected and had written down such of the laws of his forefathers as seemed to him good, and showed them to the Witan, and he then submitted his own collection of proposed legislative enactments, to which the Witan gave its assent. "I, Alfred, King of the West Saxons, showed them to all my Witan and they said that they approved of them all, and would observe them."

"THE EXPULSION OF THE DANES FROM MANCHESTER."

From the Fresco by FORD MADOX BROWN, *in the Town Hall of the City of Manchester. By permission of the Corporation of Manchester and of the Executors of the late Ford Madox Brown.*

A.D. 923.—Manchester had suffered greatly from the depredations of the Danes, and it was not until 910 that their rising on his northern frontier forced King Edward (who had succeeded Alfred) to re-open the war against them. With the assistance of his heroic sister, Ethelfleda, he undertook systematically their subjugation. While he himself kept East Anglia in check, his sister attacked the powerful Danish league, which consisted of five distinct districts, each with its separate chief and army, and centred in the towns of Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Stamford, and Nottingham. All of these in due time surrendered, and in A.D. 923 Edward appears to have commanded his forces to take possession of Manchester and "to repair and man it." This was accordingly done, and the Danes were expelled from the city. Edward, in the following year, was about to complete his conquest, by an advance into Northumbria, when the whole of that part of the country sent in their submission to him. Of the Princess Ethelfleda, who so courageously and ably aided her brother, it is said that, in respect of the cities she built, the castles she fortified, and the armies she conducted, but few men could equal her in wisdom, courage, and conduct.

"MACBETH INSTRUCTING THE MURDERERS."

From the Water-colour Drawing by GEORGE CATTERMOLE, *in South Kensington Museum.*

A.D. 1039.—Macbeth was apparently one of the discontented Scots who submitted to King Canute in 1032. He was a Mormaer, or district chief of Ross, and commander of the forces of Duncan, King of Scotland. Through his wife, Gruoch, who was the granddaughter of King Kenneth II., he had acquired a claim to the Scottish throne. Gruoch, indeed, had not only some claim according to the old rule of succession, but she had deadly injuries to avenge on the house of Malcolm II., whose grandson Duncan was. Malcolm had dethroned and killed her grandfather, assassinated her brother (so say the chroniclers), and was suspected of having caused her first husband to be burnt in his own castle, from which she herself had been compelled to fly for her life with her infant son Lulach, and to place herself under the protection of Macbeth, whom she afterwards married. Macbeth, too, had wrongs to avenge against the family of Malcolm, but the murder of Duncan by the guilty pair was actuated, probably, as much by ambition as by revenge. The King was slain, not, it has been said, in Macbeth's own castle at Inverness, but at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's Bothy, near Elgin, his murderer instantly seizing the vacant throne and holding it for eighteen years. Thus much for history. In the picture the murder of Banquo, mentioned by Shakespeare as being one of Duncan's generals, is being dealt with, and the actual murderers are in consultation with the usurper; for not only was Banquo, as many think, privy to Macbeth's guilty secret concerning Duncan's death, but it had been said of him that though he should be no king himself, he should beget kings, and this engendered a jealous fear in Macbeth, of whom it had been said that he himself should be king, but that he should beget no kings.

"THE BANQUET SCENE IN MACBETH."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. *By permission of F. W. Cosins, Esq. Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1840.*

A.D. 1039.—This particular incident has no record in history, but is taken from Shakespeare, who, in writing his famous tragedy of the Scottish thane, based the scene on Holinshed's "Chronicles of Scotland." Macbeth is giving to his noblemen a supper or banquet, to which Banquo has also been bidden. But the murderers in the preceding page are at the moment doing their work, and Macbeth, speaking to the company of the "noble Banquo," wishes that he were at the feast. As he stands up "to drink and carouse to him" the ghost of Banquo comes and sits down on a chair behind him. Macbeth, "turning about to sit down," sees the ghost, which fronts him, so that he falls into a great passion of fear and fury, and knowing now that the murder has been successfully accomplished, utters in his agitation many words about it by which, when the company came to learn that Banquo had been murdered, they suspected Macbeth. "Thou canst not say I did it. . . . . Avaunt and quit my sight!" These are the words he is uttering. His Queen attempts to reassure the company by telling them that the King is often thus, and bidding them not to mind him; turning the next minute fiercely on her husband with the contemptuous words: "Are you a man?" In 1050, Macbeth, it is said, repaired to Rome, possibly by pilgrimage, and distributed money broadcast among the poor, probably to obtain absolution. Seven years later he was dethroned, being defeated and slain at Lumphanan, in Mar, by Malcolm, who thereupon became King of Scotland as Malcolm III.

"LADY GODIVA."

From the Picture by E. BLAIR LEIGHTON, *in the City Art Gallery, Leeds. By permission of the Corporation of Leeds. Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1892.*

A.D. 1041.—Godiva is described as having been a lady of great beauty. She married Leofric, Earl of Chester, and three years later induced her husband to found a Benedictine monastery at Coventry. She made it resplendent with gold and gems to a degree unequalled in England at that date. She also interested herself in the erection of a monastery at Stow, in Lincolnshire. But her fame as a religious foundress has been eclipsed by the story of her famous ride through Coventry. Apparently the oldest narrative is by Roger of Wendover, who represents Godiva as begging the release of Coventry from a heavy bondage of toll. Leofric replied, "Mount your horse naked, and pass through the city, from one end to the other, and on your return you shall obtain what you ask." Godiva accordingly rode, her long hair down so that no one could recognise her. Struck with admiration, Leofric granted the release by charter. The ballad in the Percy folio, six centuries after the occurrence, is the first to mention Godiva's order for all persons to keep within doors, and no mention is made of anyone disobeying such an order until 1732, when allusion to it occurs in Rapin. Godiva is believed to have died a few years before the Domesday Survey in 1086. She left a rosary of gems worth a hundred marks of silver, to be placed round the neck of the image of the Virgin in the Abbey-church of Coventry, in one of the two porches of which she was buried, her husband having been placed thirty years previously in the other.

"EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S CHAPEL, AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY."

From the Water-colour Drawing by WILLIAM RICHARDSON, *in South Kensington Museum.*

A.D. 1065.—Edward the Confessor was the last of the Saxon line who ruled in England, and he reigned for twenty-four years, from 1042. The most commendable circumstances of his government was his attention to the administration of justice, and his compilation for that purpose of a body of laws which he had collected from those of Kings Ethelred, Ina, and Alfred. J. R. Green observes that "a halo of tenderness spread in after-time round this last King of the old English stock; legends told of his pious simplicity, his blitheness and gentleness of mood, and the holiness that gained him his name of 'Confessor' and enshrined him as a saint in his Abbey-church at Westminster"—for he rebuilt St. Peter's Church at Westminster, the dedication of which was performed on the 28th December, 1065, the charter of privileges granted to it being, it is said, the first that bore the great seal of England.

The Anglo-Saxon chronicle reads: "In this year was consecrated the Minster at Westminster, on Childer-mass Day, and King Edward died on the eve of Twelfth Day and he was buried within the newly consecrated church at Westminster." In the lower part of the north and south sides of the Confessor's shrine are three niches, in which sick people were frequently left during the night, in the hope of a cure being effected by the intercession of the saint. Above these niches are panels filled with mosaics and pieces of porphyry and serpentine, inclosing a space in which the body of Edward is deposited. There were originally two twisted pillars at the east end of the shrine, one of which has been restored from the remaining fragments; of the other only the capital remains. A large slab is seen at the west end, inlaid like the rest, and forming a kind of reredos.

"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CROSSES TO ENGLAND."

From a Drawing by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. *By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London, to whom the copyright belongs.*

A.D. 1066.—Edward the Confessor, in his uncertainty as to a successor to the British throne, had secretly cast his eyes upon his kinsman William, natural son of Robert Duke of Normandy, as the only one whose power and capacity could support any disposition of the crown he might make, to the exclusion of Harold. When, on the death of Edward, Harold stepped into the vacant throne, William was moved to indignation, and overlooking all the difficulties inseparable from an attack on a great kingdom, he resolved to proceed to England and claim the crown as a gift to him from Edward. The Normans, at that time, had attained to a high pitch of military glory, and had long been distinguished among all the European nations. William assembled a fleet of three thousand vessels and an army of sixty thousand men. The discipline of the men, the vigour of the horses, and the individual members of the nobility who engaged themselves under his banner, constituted a splendid and formidable array. To his bold chieftains he held up the spoils of England as the reward of their valour, and pointed to the land whereon they might erect trophies to their name and fix their establishments. The Norman armament assembled early in the summer of 1066, at the mouth of the River Dive, but contrary winds delayed their crossing until St. Michael's Day, when the fleet set out and proceeded in great order across the Channel, meeting with no opposition. They arrived, without material loss, on the morning of Thursday, the 28th of September, at Pevensey, on the Sussex coast, where they quickly disembarked.

"EDITH FINDING THE BODY OF HAROLD."

From the Picture by WILLIAM HILTON, R.A. *By permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery.*

A.D. 1066.—Four days after his victory over Tosti and the Norwegian Hardrada, Harold was seated at a Royal banquet at York, when news was brought him of the arrival on the Sussex coast of his formidable rival, William of Normandy. He hastened by quick marches to reach the new invader. His counsellors besought him not to be present at the approaching battle, but he was deaf to their advice. He was a brave soldier and a skilful general; tall, handsome, and of great strength. The Normans had moved their camp to Hastings, a few miles north of which, at a place called Senlac, Harold took up a position. On the eventful morning, William, having made his army a speech, the whole force advanced upon the enemy in three divisions, archers, mailed pikemen, and knights in armour, singing the hymn or song of Roland. The English were bigger and stronger than the Normans, and swung their battle-axes with deadly effect. Harold's strength and valour were such that it is said no one escaped who came within reach of his arm, one stroke of his battle-axe sufficing to fell both horse and rider. Two attacks of the Normans were repulsed, and William, then feigning flight, succeeded in drawing the Saxons from the strong position they had taken. Turning then upon them, he drove them back with great slaughter, and a fresh advance in force accomplished their final defeat. Harold was pierced in the eye by an arrow, and, in a charge of the Normans immediately after, he was slain. The following day (Sunday, 15th October) search was made for his body, but none were able to recognise it. There was only one who could be trusted with this mournful duty, "one who, in his less exalted days, had loved the man, and not the King," Edith, of the Swan's-neck. She was brought to the spot by two monks belonging to the church at Waltham, who had watched the fight, and bidden to search for the body, which she quickly recognised, not by the face, which was sorely disfigured, but by marks on the body which others knew not of.

"THE BURIAL OF HAROLD."

From the Picture by F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A., *in the Palace of Westminster.*

A.D. 1066.—In order that Harold might be buried with Royal rites and with the honour that became a brave soldier, his mother Gytha dispatched messengers to the Conqueror offering him the weight of her son's body in gold if he would allow her to bury it, but he refused, declaring that Harold should be buried on the shore of the land in whose defence he had fallen. The mangled limbs were wrapped in a purple robe, and the body borne to William's camp by the sea-shore. Here the charge of the unhallowed yet honourable burial was intrusted to one of his own chiefs, William Malet, who laid the body upon the rough rocks of the Sussex coast, and over it raised a high cairn of stones. It is asserted on good authority that Harold was buried at his own minster at Waltham, of which he was the founder, but this can be reconciled with the burial on the shore by assuming that the body was afterwards transferred to Waltham. When it was again translated in 1540, the writer of the "De Inventione Crucis" records that he saw and touched Harold's bones. The tomb reputed to be his, in front of the high altar, was destroyed at the dissolution of the Abbey, but some remains of it were seen when Thomas Fuller wrote his "History of Waltham Abbey" in 1655.

"THE CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR."

From the Picture by JOHN CROSS.

Reign of William the Conqueror.

A.D. 1066.—Marching from the coast through Canterbury towards London, William as soon as he had passed the Thames, at Wallingford, was met by Stigand, the Primate, with all the chief nobility and Edgar Atheling himself, who came into his camp and declared their submission to him, desiring him to mount the throne which, in spite of Edgar Atheling's election to it on the battle-field, they now considered vacant. William, passing over Stigand, the Primate, conferred the hopour of crowning him on Aldred, Archbishop of York. Westminster Abbey was the place appointed, and on 26th December, 1066, the most considerable of the nobility, English and Norman, attended the coronation ceremony. Aldred administered to William the usual oath by which he bound himself to protect the Church, administer justice, and repress violence, anointing him then and placing the crown upon his head; but at the moment when this was proceeding, the jealousy and animosity which had been lying dormant between the two nations found expression, and the Norman soldiers placed without to guard the Abbey, hearing the tumult within, fancied their leader was meeting with violence, and they at once assaulted the populace, and set fire to the adjacent houses. The alarm occasioned to the nobility who surrounded the Duke was such as to lead them to rush precipitately from the Abbey, and it was with difficulty that William himself was able eventually to appease the tumult.

"DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR."

From a Drawing by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S.

Reign of William the Conqueror.

A.D. 1087.—It was in the twentieth year of his reign over England that William had occasion to repair to Normandy, and was detained there by a misunderstanding which arose in regard to the inroads made into his dominions by some of the French barons. His action in the matter was delayed by an attack of sickness, on recovering from which he promptly led an army into L'Isle de France, and laid the land waste with fire and sword. In the progress of these hostilities he met with an accident which cost him his life; for, on riding down the steep street of Mantes—a town on the Seine—which had been given over to the flames, his horse stumbled and flung him heavily against the high pommel of his saddle. Being corpulent and advanced in years, he seems to have apprehended the serious consequences of the injury he had sustained, and by his order he was conveyed in a litter to Rouen and laid in the monastery of St. Gervais. Convinced of the approach of death, he realized the vanity of all human grandeur, and remembering, with remorse, the cruelties he had inflicted throughout England in the course of his reign, he strove to make what atonement he could by presents to churches and monasteries, and the setting at liberty of those of his opponents who had long been in prison. On the 9th September, 1087, he expired at the age of sixty-three. The picture shows him lying where he has been left stripped by the robber-servants who had watched him during his last hours. His body was conveyed to Caen, where it was buried in the Monastery of St. Stephen, which had been built and richly endowed by him.

"'DIEU LE VEULT,' PETER THE HERMIT PREACHING THE FIRST CRUSADE."

From the Picture by JAMES ARCHER, R.S.A. *By permission of the Autotype Company, the publishers of the autotype. Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1853.*

A.D. 1096. —Toward the close of the eleventh century the tumult of the Crusades engrossed the attention of Europe. When Mahomet, by his pretended revelations, had succeeded in uniting the dispersed Arabians, they issued from the desert in immense multitudes, and moved towards the Holy Land. Jerusalem was one of their first conquests, and Christendom had the mortification of seeing the Holy Sepulchre and the other sacred places in the hands of the infidels. It appears to have been Pope Gregory VII. who first formed the design of uniting all the Western Christians against the Mohammedans—but it was reserved for Peter, commonly called "the Hermit," to carry out the bold project of leading into Asia the armies necessary to overpower the fierce tribes who now held the Holy City. Peter was a native of Amiens, and in a pilgrimage to Jerusalem he had been deeply impressed with the dangers to which pilgrims were exposed in the prosecution of this act of piety. / Supported by Pope Martin II., he visited the chief cities of Europe, exhorting the people to uphold the enterprise. He was a man of great zeal, and his impetuous speech, in which he pictured the indignity inflicted on the Christian name so long as the Holy City continued in the hands of the unbelievers, so affected the multitudes, that they promptly and vehemently declared for the war. Men of all ranks flew to arms, and the sign of the Cross was chosen as an exterior symbol, which, affixed to the right shoulder, became the badge of all who enlisted in the sacred campaign.

Reign of William Rufus.

"CRUSADERS ON THE MARCH."

From the Water-colour Drawing by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., *in the South Kensington Museum.*

Reign of William Rufus.

A.D. 1096.—All orders of men, deeming the Crusades the one sure road to Heaven, enlisted themselves under the banner of the Cross, and were impatient to open the way with their sword to the Holy City. Nobles, artisans, peasants, priests, enrolled their names. The infirm and the aged lent their aid by contributions of presents or money, and many of them even accompanied the expedition, determined, if possible, to breathe their last in sight of the city. Women concealed their sex under the disguise of armour, and the greatest criminals regarded their service in the campaign as a propitiation for all crimes. So earnest was the enthusiasm that Robert Duke of Normandy mortgaged his Duchy to enable him to take part in the first Holy War. Great indeed did the multitude become, so that the more sagacious of its leaders became apprehensive lest the very bulk itself of the armament should cause it to fail of its purpose, and they readily permitted a large section of the force, composed mainly of an undisciplined multitude to the number of, it is said, 300,000, to go on before, under the command of Peter. They took the road to Constantinople through Hungary and Bulgaria, plundering the peaceful inhabitants, as they journeyed along, for their supplies were scanty, and they had relied upon miracles to replenish them. In return they were repeatedly assailed, and numbers of them met their death, without resistance, at the hands of the enraged people whom they wronged. The more disciplined armies followed in brilliant order, and passing Constantinople mustered on the plains of Asia to the number of 700,000 combatants. On the 5th July, 1096, the Holy City was taken by storm, and upwards of 40,000 Saracens were computed to have been put to the sword.

"JERUSALEM."

From the Picture by THOMAS SEDDON, *painted on the spot in 1854, and presented to the National Gallery by an association of gentlemen.*

A.D. 1100.—Jerusalem is here introduced because in the eleventh and twelfth centuries it became, by the Crusades, the goal towards which all the Western empires of Europe converged. Of our own Kings, Richard Cœur de Leon and Edward I. stood before its walls. Its age at that time must have been, according to Josephus, upwards of 3,000 years. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the City of the Great King." There is not at this day a foot of its ground that has not been closely scrutinized and debated, so much so, that the old adage may with propriety be applied both to the city and to its environs: "If true, not new; if new, not true." In the opinion of the best authorities it is impossible now to re-plan the city as Christ saw it. The line of the walls cannot be followed, and the position of its towers, corners, gates, pools, and sepulchres, the names of which are familiar to us in Scripture, cannot now be determined. The city's record is a momentous one. Its age is now approaching 4,000 years, yet its great antiquity and the veneration paid it for sacred reasons have not saved it from repeated assaults (and, in some cases, from almost entire destruction), by reason of its peculiar position and character, being sacred equally to Moslem, Christian, and Jew. In 1096 it passed from the Saracens into the hands of the Christians, but in 1187 it was given up to Saladin; and from that day to this the flag of the Turk has floated from its walls. The picture is taken from a spot known as the Hill of Evil Counsel. On the left are seen the walls of Jerusalem, and the mosque of El Aksa, on Mount Moriah; on the right the Mount of Olives and the village of Siloam.

Reign of William Rufus.

"THE DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS."

From the Picture by E. F. BURNEY.

A.D. 1100.—While the Crusaders were waging war fiercely in Palestine, the affairs of the kingdom were being carried on under William II. (surnamed Rufus, from the colour of his hair), who took little interest in the Eastern enterprise, turning, in fact, its romantic chivalry into a theme for constant raillery. Robert of Normandy and the Duke of Guienne had both mortgaged their dominions to him to provide money for the Crusades, and William was completing his preparations for taking possession of the rich provinces of Guienne, when an unexpected event put an end to his projects. While he was awaiting a fair wind to take him over to France, he went a-hunting in the New Forest. Hunting was the chief amusement of Princes in those rude times, when society was little cultivated and the arts afforded but few objects worthy of attention. Sir Walter Tyrrel, a Norman knight, was attending him in this pastime on the eventful 3rd of August, 1100, as bow-bearer, and it is said that, impatient to show his dexterity with the bow, he let fly an arrow at a stag which suddenly started up near them, and that the arrow, glancing from a tree, struck the King in the breast and instantly killed him. Whether this be so, or whether the King met his death by an intentional shot from Tyrrel, or, as some have alleged, from a peasant who had suffered a wrong at the hands of the Sovereign, true it is that Tyrrel hurried to the seashore, and, without making mention of the occurrence to anyone, embarked for France, joining then in a crusade to Jerusalem, as a penance, so it was said, which he imposed on himself for an involuntary crime. William's body was found by the peasant folk and borne to Winchester, where it was buried in St. Swithin's without any pomp, his courtiers being too occupied in determining his successor to attend the funeral rites of a Sovereign who had been far from beloved by them during his lifetime.

"THE PALMER"

From the Picture by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. *By permission of John Aird, Esq., M.P. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.*

A.D. 1106.—The scene depicted here would be a probable occurrence early in the twelfth century. The Crusades exerted a great influence over all classes of the community at that time; almost every warriot of note, or head of a great house, had taken part in them at one time or another, and, consequently, any news appertaining to them was of absorbing interest in nearly every home. A Palmer, as those pilgrims were called who had journeyed to the Holy Land and returned home, with a branch of palm, is here narrating to a Saxon knight and his lady and son the adventures he has met with and the deeds he has been witness of, in Palestine. The lady sits sedately with a child against her knee, and the knight, of heavy frame and martial aspect, has thrown himself carelessly on a couch, the attention of both being wholly engrossed by some stirring story that here and there forms part of the sturdy pilgrim's experiences. Rude as the surroundings may appear, the apartment itself is lofty and commodious; thick walls, as of those of a strong castle, are suggested, while the skins of beasts that lie profusely about, and the glowing fire in the wide recess in the background, speak of comfort and warmth.

Reign of Henry I.

"TINTERN ABBEY."

From the Picture by R. W. Leader, A.R.A., *presented to the Birmingham Art Gallery by Alfred T. Ellington, Esq. By permission of the Corporation of Birmingham.*

A.D. 1131.—Tintern Abbey in Monmouthshire, the ruins of which are among the most romantic in England, was founded in 1131 by Walter de Clare, for the Cistercian order of monks, but it was not completed until 1287. Close to it flows the placid Wye, and wooded hills encircle it. The beauty of its composition and the delicacy of its workmanship distinguish it beyond most of the Gothic edifices in this country, and speak through the centuries that have fled of its ancient grandeur. Though the roof is gone, the elegant forms of the pillars and arches remain, and if one or two of the pillars have given way, the venerable walls are intact, and the stone of which they are composed but little hurt by the weather. Through the mullioned windows, which are well preserved, the distant hills are seen; of the floor of the Abbey only a fragment is left of the original glazed tiles, showing the armorial bearings of the Bigods and Clares, who were the finishers of the edifice; the rest is carpeted with velvet turf. Among its monuments the most conspicuous is that of a cross-legged knight, in chain armour, said to be of Strongbow, the redoubtable man who helped Dermot MacMorrogh, the King of Leinster, in 1170, and who wedded Eva. Remains of monastic buildings are seen to the north of the nave. The refectory appears to have had a pulpit in its centre, from which homilies were read during meals, as at Shrewsbury Abbey, and with a kitchen on one side and dormitories on the other. Tintern Abbey was suppressed by Henry VIII. at the general dissolution of the monasteries, and given to Henry, Earl of Worcester, through whom it descended to the Dukes of Beaufort, in which ducal family it remains.

Reign of Henry I.

"THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD, NORTH ALLERTON."

From the Water-colour Painting by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S. *Presented by him to the Guildhall Art Gallery.*

Reign of Stephen.

A.D. 1138.—Stephen, grandson on his mother's side of William the Conqueror, taking advantage of the absence of Queen Matilda, the rightful heir, usurped the Crown of England. His reign was marked by uninterrupted disorder. Three years after his accession a conspiracy was formed against him on Matilda's behalf. This was aided by David I., King of Scotland, who, commanding in person, poured an immense army over the northern frontier. Committing murder and desolation on their way, the invaders were met on the 22nd August, 1138, by the English army, which awaited them at North Allerton, in Yorkshire, under the command of the Earls of Albemarle and Ferrers. The heavy car seen in the picture had already been drawn to the place of battle, and on the top of a mast raised on the car a large crucifix had been placed, below which was a box containing the consecrated wafer and host. Lower still floated the sacred banners of four English saints—St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, St. Wilfred of Ripon, and St. Cuthbert of Durham—which the Archbishop of York (Thurstan) had brought from the Convent of Beverley to put enthusiasm into the troops. From the introduction of these consecrated banners the ensuing battle took its name, "The Battle of the Standard." The Archbishop stood in the car with his clergy, while around, far and near, knelt the vast army. At the conclusion of his address the Archbishop read the prayer of absolution, after which the whole army sprang to their feet with shouts. The battle raged with great obstinacy on both sides until, through a mistake, the Scots imagined their King was slain, when their flight became general and a great slaughter ensued by the pursuing English. The spot where the contest was waged retains the name of the "Standard Hill," and some caverns near it are still believed to have been the place where many of the slaughtered Scots were buried.

"QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSAMOND."

From the Water-colour Drawing by SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BART., R.W.S. *By permission of Edward Clifford, Esq.*

Reign of Henry II.

A.D. 1156.—Eleanor of Aquitaine was married at the age of sixteen to Louis VII. of France; but her frivolous disposition and love of pleasure scarcely fitted her for the society of a man naturally austere, and of pronounced ascetic habits. Bitter quarrels appear to have taken place between them, and at length, under pretence of kinship, they were divorced. Six months later, when she was just over thirty, she wedded Prince Henry, then but nineteen, and who, two years after, became King Henry II. of England. Henry's passion for Rosamond soon after ensued. Rosamond Clifford was the daughter of a Sir Thomas Clifford, a Berkshire knight, and the story has gained credence that, in order to conceal her from Queen Eleanor, Henry constructed for her habitation a secluded retreat at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, termed by some "Rosamond's Bower," the approaches to which formed a labyrinth or maze, devised with such intricacy that it was next to impossible to find the way in it without the guidance of a secret thread, of which the King alone had knowledge. While history does not support the supposition that Rosamond and Queen Eleanor ever met, as shown in the picture, poets and painters have dwelt upon the story of the Queen having discovered, by dint of perseverance, the secret of the thread, and of her coming upon the beautiful Rosamond in the leafy depths of the retreat. That Rosamond met her death at the hands of the jealous Eleanor appears to be without foundation. She is said to have died, while still young, in 1177—her exact age not known, but the King's age being then about forty-four—and to have been buried near the altar of a nunnery founded for Benedictines, at Godstow, about two miles from Oxford, and where, immediately previous to her death, she had passed much of her time in the companionship of the nuns. Her body was subsequently removed from the church at the command of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, and was interred again outside the edifice. Of the two sons she bore to King Henry little of an authentic character is known, but her daughter Joan is recorded as having wedded William, King of Sicily, in 1176.

"THE MARRIAGE OF STRONGBOW AND EVA."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., *in the National Gallery of Ireland. Presented to that Institution in 1879 by the late Sir Richard Wallace, Bart. Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1854.*

Reign of Henry II.

A.D. 1170.—Dermot MacMorrogh, King of Leinster, odious to his subjects by his licentious tyranny, was driven from his kingdom by a neighbouring prince, Osoric, whose princess had been carried off by Dermot from an island surrounded by swampland, which her husband had deemed secure from invasion. Dermot had recourse to King Henry II., and subsequently to certain adventurers, to assist him in regaining his sovereignty, and at length succeeded in forming a treaty with Richard le Clare, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strongbow, a nobleman of the illustrious house of Clare, whose fortunes had become impaired by expensive pleasures, and who, being ready for any desperate enterprise, undertook to assist Dermot on condition that his daughter Eva should be espoused to him, and that he himself should be declared the inheritor of Dermot's dominions. These conditions being agreed to, the promised help was vigorously and effectively given. The point which Strongbow attacked was the town of Waterford, obtaining entrance to which, after a desperate resistance, he put most of its occupants fiercely to the sword. Scarcely was the blood free from his hand when he gave it in wedlock to Eva, and the nuptials were celebrated on the battlefield. The marriage is represented in the picture with all its repulsive and incongruous surroundings. By the death soon after of Dermot, Strongbow became, according to his compact, master of the kingdom of Leinster. "This great picture," says the late Henry Doyle, "the most important of the painter's works, forms a monument of zeal, industry, carefulness, and research. Few artists of the British School in the present day have the courage and patience necessary for such an enterprise as the painting represents."

"BEFORE THE MURDER OF BECKET."

From a Drawing by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S.

A.D. 1172.—Thomas à Becket was born in the City of London in 1118. He was endowed with industry and capacity, and early gained the favour of Archbishop Theobald, by whom he was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Canterbury, and on Henry II. ascending the throne in 1154, Becket became his Chancellor. Eight years later, on Theobald's death, he was chosen to succeed him as Archbishop of Canterbury. The contest between the civil and ecclesiastical powers was then drawing to a climax. The common law could neither punish nor protect the clergy. Their power was great—so great, indeed, that Henry aimed at its reduction and at a retrenchment of their usurpations. But in the battle between Church and State Becket declared himself on the side of the Church and resisted the King in his desire that the clergy should be answerable to the King's Courts. Refusing to submit, he was compelled to leave the kingdom, and not until six years of exile had gone by was peace made between him and the King, when he returned to Canterbury and resumed his archiepiscopal duties. He was an ambitious man, given to contention, and ere long he brought himself again under the displeasure of the King, who, in a frenzy of irritation, is said to have exclaimed, "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" To the King's credit, it may be said that he little thought that those within hearing were only too ready to take him at his word. In the picture the conspirators are seen in the private apartments of Becket after their hurried journey, and the Primate is addressing William de Traci, one of the four leaders

Reign of Henry II.

"MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS À BECKET."

From the Picture by C. H. WEBBALL.

A.D. 1172.—The four gentlemen of King Henry's household (Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Traci, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito), taking Henry's words as hinting at Becket's death, at once left Baieux, and arrived by different routes at a place called Saltwood, near Folkestone, the ruins of whose castle still exist. There they were joined by others whose assistance they required, and in the morning of the 29th December they pushed on to the Archiepiscopal Palace at Canterbury. Becket, incapable of fear, disdained any precautions against the violence which threatened him. But slenderly attended, he proceeded in his customary way to St. Benedict's Church to vespers. His assailants entered the Cathedral through the cloisters. The twilight of the winter day would be deepening in the church. They came into contact with him in the northern transept, where vespers were being chanted by the monks. On seeing them he is said to have descended the steps, placed his back to a pillar, and fronted them. Then ensued an angry parley, in which the intrepid and inflexible man pouted derision upon his assailants, who, attacking him with many fierce blows, beat him to the ground and dispatched him. The tragical end of this haughty prelate, the hero and martyr of the ecclesiastical party in England, sent a thrill of horror through Europe. Pilgrimages were devoutly made to his tomb, and reverence was paid to him as a martyr and a saint. Erasmus said that so greatly was he venerated, that the whole church and chapel in which he was interred glittered with jewels.

Reign of Henry II.

"CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—LOUIS VII. OF FRANCE BEFORE BECKET'S SHRINE."

From the Picture by MARIA CONWAY.

A.D. 1175.—This celebrated edifice stands on the site of a Roman church which was given by King Ethelbert to Augustine and his monks. This early church was destroyed, and rebuilt by Archbishop Lanfranc in 1070, the choir being reconstructed on a larger scale by Archbishop Anselm, whose work, in turn, was considerably enlarged in 1174, in which state the choir, more spacious than any in the kingdom, remains at the present day. The most interesting parts of the Cathedral are the site of Becket's murder in the north-west transept, and the monument to the Black Prince, over which are suspended the redoubted warrior's sword and that iron casque now in decay, which, as Byron wrote, "Never stoop'd except to time." Kings, princes, cardinals, and bishops are also buried there. The few windows of rich twelfth-century glass are unique in England and scarcely equalled on the Continent. From the time that Henry did penance there for the murder of Becket, a pilgrimage to Canterbury was not only a pious exercise but became a fashionable summer excursion; and the poet, Chaucer, writing in the fourteenth century, gives an admirable picture of such pilgrimages, with the manners and behaviour of a party leisurely enjoying the journey, and telling stories to each other on the road. For three centuries the magnificent shrine which was erected to Becket in 1175, and before which the King of France is seen in the picture kneeling, became thronged by pilgrims of all classes, from kings and emperors down to the humblest civilian.

Reign of Henry II.

"PILLAGING A JEW'S HOUSE."

From the Picture by CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

A.D. 1189.—This persecuted race first set foot in England, according to the best authorities, in the reign of the Conqueror. In the exercise of their business they acted often with rigour, and a bitter feeling took root against them. Their enormous profits from usury and their accumulated riches made them odious in the people's eyes. They were quite out of the protection of the law, and subject to grievous oppression, yet their great profits tempted them to remain in the land. At the coronation of Richard I. the populace fell on those of the Jews who came to offer presents to the King; many of them were murdered and their houses plundered; and at York they were compelled to take refuge in the castle, where, rather than fall into the hands of their enemies, they slew their own wives and children, and then destroyed themselves. Their persecution was incessant during John's reign. Christians had been forbidden to lend money at usury, and the business was therefore a monopoly in the Jews' hands; but they were repeatedly stripped of their gains by the rapacity of the King and his Ministers. Henry III., too, was constantly draining them of their wealth, and on one occasion, borrowing 5,000 marks from the Earl of Cornwall, he consigned over to him, for repayment, all the Jews in England. Insults and indignities were heaped upon this unhappy people, and in 1274 all Jews were compelled to wear a badge. Only about 12,000 were resident in England in 1826, and one of the earliest steps towards bettering their position in this country was taken, in 1828, by the Corporation of London, who admitted them to the Freedom of the City.

Reign of Richard I.

"THE CLEMENCY OF CŒUR DE LEON."

From the Picture by JOHN CROSS *in the Palace of Westminster.*

A.D. 1199.—Richard I. was a knight-errant, rather than a king, and his life more of a romance than a history. It was spent in war, and his sole object of existence seemed to be to wrest the Holy Land from the infidel. His death occurred at the early age of forty-two. He was the third son of Henry Plantagenet. He received the arrow wound of which he died while besieging the Castle of Châlus, near Limoges, whose lord had found treasure there, which the King's greed led him to demand, for he wanted the means to make further war on Philip of France. On the capture of the castle, the archer who had shot him, Bertram de Gourdan, was brought before him, when Richard, struck by his boldness and spirit, and humbled probably by the near approach of death, ordered the man to be set at liberty; an order, however, which was not carried out. The unhappy man, unknown to Richard, was promptly and cruelly put to death. No one even in that romantic age carried personal courage and intrepidity to a greater height than Richard, and this quality gained him the appellation of the Lion-hearted—"*Cœur de Leon.*" By his orders his body was buried at the feet of his father's at Fouteverand, his head at Rouen, and his lion-heart at Charron, in Poictou.

Reign of Richard I.

"PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT."

From the Picture by W. F. YEAMES, R.A., *in the Corporation of Manchester Art Gallery. By permission of the Corporation of Manchester. Exhibited at the Royal Academy*, 1882.

Reign of John.

A.D. 1203.—King John was the youngest son of Henry II., and but for his nephew, Arthur (son of his elder brother, Geoffrey), he would have been the rightful heir to the English crown. Arthur was but twelve years of age when the throne became vacant. John ascended it by virtue of his appointment to it by his brother, Richard Cœur de Leon, and Arthur became "a very serpent in his way." France supported Arthur's claims, and in the conflict which ensued John obtained a great victory, and took Arthur prisoner. The picture shows an incident during his imprisonment, for which, however, history supplies no authentic information, but which Shakespeare has dealt with as an occurrence that might have been probable in view of the cruel nature of John, and the obstacle which "the innocent and beauteous boy" offered to his designs. Hubert, the King's Chamberlain and Constable of the Castle of Falais, is about to put out the boy's eyes with hot irons. "These eyes," as Arthur pleaded, "which never did, nor never shall, so much as frown on you." He is softened by Arthur's prayers and eventually overcome by the winning sweetness of the childish speeches, and abandons his horrid design. How the ill-fated boy really lost his life there is no authentic evidence.

"THE BARONS OF ENGLAND MAKING OATH TO COMPEL KING JOHN TO GRANT THE CHARTER OF HENRY I."

From the Picture by WILLIAM MARTIN *in the University Galleries at Oxford.*

Reign of John.

A.D. 1215.—Henry I. had granted the people a Charter, favourable to their liberties. It had been renewed by Stephen and confirmed later by Henry II., but it had remained, unfortunately, practically without effect, inasmuch as the exercise of the same irregular authority continued as prevailed before the Charter was originally granted. Nothing, however, was more likely than the character and conduct of John to produce such a combination as would compel the due observance of the Charter. "Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John." So runs the bitter record concerning him. Odious and contemptible in public and private life, affronting his Barons by his insolence, and dishonouring their families by his gallantries, John had brought upon himself a large measure of personal disfavour. To this was added the ever-growing discontent of all ranks at his endless exactions and impositions. Deep down, too, in the minds of the people was the abhorrence with which he was regarded for many cruel deeds, which, not without reason, were laid to his charge, and from which that of murder was not exempt. So much had his subjects suffered at his hands that the time had arrived when it was felt that their rights should be insisted on. The more powerful of the Barons held a private meeting in London, at which Archbishop Langton submitted to them a copy of Henry I.'s Charter, which he had found, he said, at a monastery. He exhorted them to assist him in obtaining a renewal and full observance of it; and the Barons, after surveying its several provisions, took oath to support him. Throughout the country unanimity prevailed, and in Easter week, 1215, the Barons assembled at Stamford with 2,000 knights and proceeded to renew their demands upon the King, who was then at Oxford, and the great Charter of Liberties which imposed on him and his successors distinct limitations of the Royal power was discussed, and eventually (in June, 1215) agreed to and signed at Runnymede, a spot on the River Thames between Staines and Windsor.

"ELEANOR SUCKING THE POISON FROM HER HUSBAND'S WOUND."

From the Cartoon by J. SEVERN.

A.D. 1270.—Reign of Henry III. In 1272 Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.), finding the state of the kingdom tolerably composed, was led by his thirst for military fame to undertake a crusade against the infidels in the Holy Land, and he embarked at Portsmouth on the 4th May. He was then thirty years of age. On arriving at Tunis he found that King Louis of France, who was to have accompanied him, had died of the plague; so he pursued his enterprise unaided. His warlike temperament fitted him for the conduct of the campaign, which he led with conspicuous skill. He signalized himself at once by acts of valour, reviving the glory of the English name in Palestine, and striking such terror into the Saracens that they were led to employ an assassin to take his life. Edward, it is said, wrested the dagger from his assailant's hand, but not before it had inflicted a wound, which undoubtedly would have proved fatal, as the weapon was poisoned, had not his wife Eleanor annulled the effect of the poison by sucking the wound. Two more years of critical and chivalrous conflict ensued, and Edward, then seeing his army diminishing, made truce with the Saracens, and soon after quitted Palestine on his return to England, whose King he had now become, in succession to his father, Henry III.

"CHRISTMAS IN THE BARON'S HALL."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., *in the National Gallery of Ireland. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839.*

A.D. 1280.—The picture shows the interior of an English Baron's hall in the thirteenth century, with its many probable incidents. It is the evening of Christmas Day, and the ceremony of bringing in the boar's head is in course. It is served on a silver platter, crowned with bays and sweet rosemary, and borne by a serving man, with green scarf, chosen for his "height and lustiness," and preceded by the master of the revels, or as he was called, "The Lord of Misrule," who carols: "The boar's head in hand bring I, with garlands gay and rosemary; I pray you all sing merrily, Qui estis in convivio." On a dais in the background sits the Baron at table, surrounded by his family and guests of rank; on the right, around a table groaning under its good cheer, is a motley group of retainers and mummers, who have formed part of the Christmas pageant. Father Christmas, with false beard and crowned with holly, regales himself at the punch-bowl; the jester at the beef. Sir Distaff attends with roasted pippins peculiar to the punch. Two conjurers are performing with an egg and a ring, while the young lady whose ring it is feels her finger with rueful look. On the left of the picture a lively group of pages and waiting-maids are playing hunt the slipper, the hunter being a bashful-looking youth, and in the corner is an old dame telling fortunes from cards arranged on her knees, while a youthful couple looking over her have apparently but little anxiety as to the result. The painting, which is 12ft. by 6ft., is full of varied expression and complicated grouping. It was purchased for the National Gallery of Ireland in 1872.

Reign of Edward I.

"THOMAS THE RHYMER AND THE QUEEN OF FAIRIE."

From the Picture by SIR J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A.

A.D. 1280.—Thomas of Erceldoune, called the Rhymer, the "day starre" of Scottish poetry, flourished in the latter part of the thirteenth century. Of his family or writings little is known save that which has descended to us through the channel of varying tradition. His birthplace was evidently Erceldoune, corrupted now to Earlston, a small village on the River Leader in Berwickshire. A tower, now in ruins, to the west of that village is still pointed out as "Rhymer's Tower," and an inscription on the front wall of the church, which marks his traditional resting-place, reads: "Auld Rymer's race, Lies in this place." He is reputed to have been the author of a metrical romance entitled "Sir Tristrem," of Arthurian fame. It was his custom to veil his observations under obscure words, and he attained thereby to the repute of possessing something approaching prophetic power; and from the earliest period the two-fold character of poet and prophet was attributed to him. There is no clear record of Thomas's death; he disappeared mysteriously. It is said that he attended a banquet given by the Earl of March, and that on his return home to the Tower late in the night, he was waylaid and murdered, either by some of the neighbouring Barons or by the agents of the Earl, to whom he was an object of fear and dislike, mainly on account of his close friendship with Sir William Wallace.

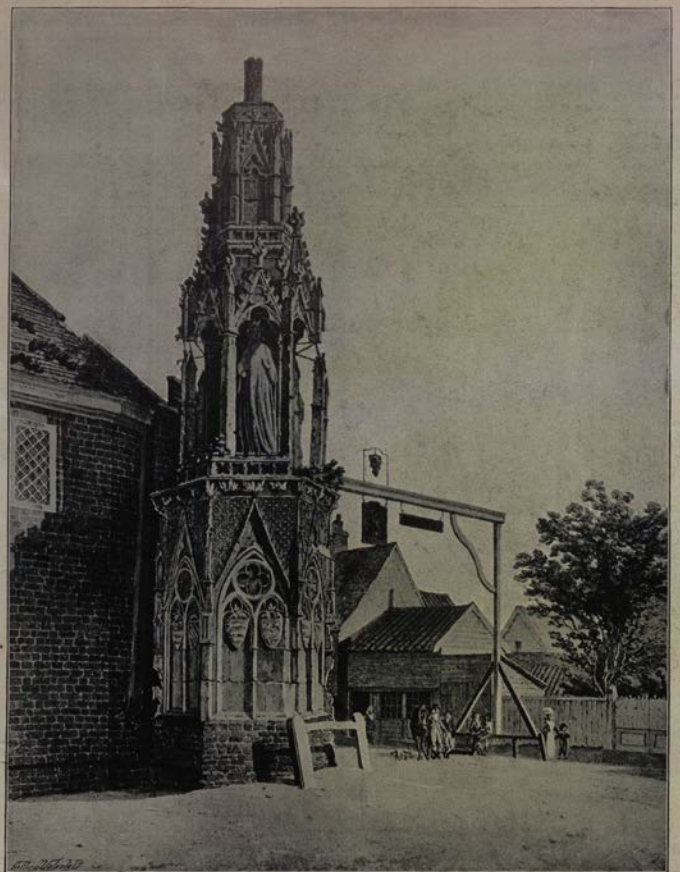
Reign of Edward I.

"THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES."

From the Picture by P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

A.D. 1284.—Of all the Britons who inhabited England upon the arrival of the Saxons in 449, those in North Wales alone retained their independence, and had their own princes at the date of King Edward the First's accession. It was in 1276 that Edward headed his army and marched into Wales. Two of the Welsh princes in succession resisted him, but with the defeat and death of Llewellyn, one of the most ancient princes in Europe, the independence of the Principality practically ended. The lesser chieftains subsequently submitted, and strong castles were forthwith built and garrisoned by Edward at Conway and Carnarvon, and English barons settled on the land which the English King now declared his intention to annex to his own dominions. Assembling the representatives of the subdued Principality, he promised them, it is said, a Prince who was a Welshman by birth, and who could speak no other language; and on their acclamations of joy he showed them, as seen in the picture, his infant son Edward, who had been born at Carnarvon, and who later, by the death of his brother, becoming heir to the monarchy, effected the full annexation of the Principality of Wales to the crown of England. The Sovereign's first-born son has since been invariably created "Prince of Wales." As there is no succession of Prince of Wales, the title at every vacancy becomes merged in the Crown, and is only renewed by the Sovereign's pleasure. Thus, had George IV. died when he was Prince of Wales, his next brother, though Heir-Apparent, would not have been Prince of Wales

Reign of Edward I.



"QUEEN ELEANOR'S CROSS AT WALTHAM."

From the Water-colour Drawing by J. MALTON, JUNR., *in South Kensington Museum*

Reign of Edward I.

A.D. 1291.—Queen Eleanor, known as Eleanor of Castile, died on the 28th November, 1291, at Herdly, in Nottinghamshire, about 130 miles from London. She was the daughter of Ferdinando III., King of Spain, and was the same Eleanor who, twenty-one years previously, saved her husband's life in Palestine by extracting the poison from an assassin's wound. Edward I. accompanied the funeral procession of his wife from Herdly to her burial place at Westminster, where she was lain at the feet of King Henry IIIA under a tomb of grey marble. He erected a magnificent cross wherever the body rested on the way. This he did to commemorate the worth of the "Queen of good memory," and his own great grief at her decease. The Cross at Waltham, or, as it is sometimes called, "Waltham Holy Cross," is on the great Northern road, about a mile west of the town of Waltham, in Essex, and twelve miles from London. It is of Caen stone, and is supposed to have been designed by Pietro Cavalini, a Roman sculptor. The lower stage is divided into compartments enclosing the arms of England, Castile, Leon, and Ponthieu. Above is a statue of the Queen crowned, holding a cordon in her left hand and a sceptre or globe in her right. In 1833 it underwent complete restoration.

"TOMBS OF HENRY III. AND QUEEN ELEANOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY."

From the Water-colour Drawing by E. A. HEYER.

A.D. 1291.—Edward I. on his return home from Palestine brought with him slabs of porphyry and curious marbles wherewith to construct and adorn the tomb of his father, Henry III., and the tomb was built up as seen in the centre of the picture—the body being deposited therein probably about 1291 (nineteen years after his death), for in that year his heart was delivered into the hands of the Abbess of Fontevraud, in accordance with a long-standing promise. The recumbent figure of the King, in brass, that lies upon the tomb was the work of an Italian artist, Torel. In the same year the beautiful Eleanor of Castile died in Lincolnshire, and was conveyed by slow stages to the Abbey, and laid by the grief-stricken warrior Edward I. in a tomb of rich workmanship. A wonderful effigy of her in brass surmounted it, which, if not like her, could not at least have been very different to her, in the opinion of many authorities, so beautiful was she reputed to have been in life, and so beautiful and noble is the effigy. A hundred wax lights were for ever to burn around the tomb on the anniversary of her death, and prongs upon which these lights were placed may be seen on the richly worked metal screen that surmounts the tomb, a portion of which only is seen on the left of the picture. Each Abbot of Westminster, before he entered on his office, was bound by oath to keep up this service. Like all rich shrines, it had a watcher whose duty it was to watch over the valuables during the night.

Reign of Edward I.

"NORHAM CASTLE"

From the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

A.D. 1291.—Norham Castle is one of the most ancient castles in the kingdom, having been built in the reign of King Egfrid, about the year 800; but it is noteworthy in this work as having been the place to which King Edward I. invited the Scottish Parliament and all the competitors for the Scottish Crown to attend him for the purpose of determining the question of the succession, which had been referred to him for arbitration. Not until all the most powerful representatives of the Scottish nation had thus unwarily placed themselves in his power did he inform his hearers that it was not in virtue of the reference made to him, but as liege lord of Scotland that he had journeyed thither to determine with whom the Crown lay. To this the assembly, struck with astonishment, answered only by their silence, and were allowed by Edward to withdraw for deliberation a short distance into their own country, with, however, only an easily fordable river between them and Edward's menacing army. The journal of King Edward says that no answer was made by them; possibly that may mean no particular answer or objection to his claim, and he thereupon appears to have addressed himself to the competitors' claims, pronouncing, in the end, in favour of John Baliol, who, on taking the oath of fealty to Edward, was put in possession of the kingdom. Norham Castle is strongly situated on the edge of a rock, at the base of which runs the Tweed. It is notorious as a fortress, and has been subject often to the fortunes of war by the constant incursions of the Scots, by whom it has many times been taken and well-nigh destroyed, and as often retaken by the English and rebuilt.

Reign of Edward I.

"TRIAL OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. *By permission of E. J. Brett, Esq.*

Reign of Edward I.

A.D. 1305.—It was in 1298 that a fresh insurrection in Scotland broke out headed by the redoubtable Wallace. Of small fortune, but descended from an ancient family, his courage prompted him to the desperate attempt to deliver his country from the dominion of Edward of England. By his knowledge of the country and his great powers of physical endurance, he was enabled when pursued to gain safety in mountain fastnesses, and quickly collecting there his scattered followers, to fall again unexpectedly in another quarter upon the unwary English. His generalship at more important times was conspicuously shown at Cambuskenneth, where, allowing as many of the foe as he thought proper to pass over the narrow bridge that spanned the Forth, he attacked them before they could be fully formed, and accomplished their complete defeat. This disaster to his arms brought Edward again personally on the scene. Collecting the whole military force of the kingdom, he marched into Scotland with nearly a hundred thousand men, and inflicted a sore defeat on Wallace at Falkirk. Six years later, after repeated attacks and retaliations, a general amnesty was extended by Edward to all, but Wallace refused to avail himself of it, and Edward, being alive to the danger to which his conquest was exposed so long as the patriot was at liberty, made strenuous efforts to capture him. At length by treachery he was made prisoner and conveyed to Dumbarton Castle, and thence to London, where he was tried at Westminster as a rebel and traitor, although he had never sworn allegiance to England. In the picture Edward occupies the judgment seat, and the prisoner, of powerful build and threatening aspect, would appear still to be dangerous but for the heavy irons that shackle him. Edward condemned his enemy, and on the 23rd August, 1305, he was executed at "The Elms," Smithfield. The head of the great patriot, crowned in mockery with laurels, was afterwards exhibited on London Bridge.

"THE LAST MARCH OF EDWARD I."

From the Water-colour Drawing by W. BELL SCOTT, H.R.S.A. *By permission of Mrs. Hueffer.*

Reign of Edward I.

A.D. 1307.—After the crowning of Robert Bruce as King of Scotland, the English were again driven out, and King Edward, who had already twice conquered the Scots, prepared again to subdue them. One of his generals fell unexpectedly on Bruce, totally defeating him. Many were taken prisoners, among them the Earl of Athole and Sir Christopher Seton, and these, with many others, were hurried to the block. Bitterly exasperated with the whole Scottish nation, who were incorrigible in their aversion to his government, the old King, roused now to fury, issued orders for the whole of the forces in his dominions to congregate at Carlisle, whence he himself would lead them northward. But while they were arriving he fell ill, and it was from a sick bed that he rose to lead his formidable army towards the frontiers. Death was nearer than he thought. Borne upon a litter, he had advanced but a few miles to a place called Burgh-upon-Sands, when he was obliged to stop. Here, within sight of Scotland, his last moments gladdened by the sight of a flaming town that marked the course of his army's march, he died of dysentery, expiring by the roadside, 7th July, 1307. With his latest breath the spirited old warrior enjoined his son and successor to continue the enterprise, and never to desist until he had finally subdued the Scottish kingdom. He was in his sixty-eighth year, and had been King for thirty-four years. On the 8th October following he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and placed in the Confessor's Chapel in a black Purbeck marble tomb, than which nothing could be plainer in contrast to those he had constructed for his wife and his father. Every two years the tomb was opened and the wax of the cerecloth renewed, until 1399, when the Plantagenet dynasty ceased and with it the biennial renewal of the cerement. Once yet again the tomb was opened. In 1774, 467 years after his death, the Society of Antiquaries obtained permission to ascertain the state of the body after the efforts which had been made to preserve it in wax. It was found in a perfect state of preservation. Covering the head and face was a sudarium of crimson sarcenet; the body was regally clothed in a dalmatic of red silk with a white stole, three inches wide, and richly ornamented, crossing the breast. Crown, sceptre, and a cross were also there, and over all was the Royal mantle of crimson satin. Then, as Dean Stanley says, "for the last time was seen that figure lean and tall," its length 6ft. 2in., the long shanks which gave him his surname concealed in a cloth of gold; and when at the last pitch was poured in, the body, with crown, robes, and sceptre, finally disappeared. Remains of the gilding are still seen on the tomb, and plainly may be read the inscription which runs along its side, and shows how inveterate was the feeling he held towards the Scots: "Scutorum malleus hic est": "the hammer, or crusher of the Scots is here."

"EDWARD II. AND PIERS GAVESTON."

From the Picture by MARCUS STONE, R.A. *By permission of the Proprietors of the Art Journal.*

A.D. 1310.—Piers Gaveston was the son of a Gascon knight, and when Edward was Prince of Wales, he insinuated himself into his affections by his agreeable behaviour and by supplying the Prince with those frivolous amusements which suited his capacity and intelligence. He was a man of great elegance of shape and carriage, and distinguished himself by his quick and brilliant sallies of wit, gaining, by these accomplishments, so entire an ascendant over Edward, that the King (Edward I.) deemed it safer to banish him the kingdom, making the Prince promise never to recall him. But no sooner was the Prince King than he sent for Gaveston, loaded him with honours and riches, and established him at Court as prime favourite. In that position he rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the English nobles, whom he was accustomed to deride and mimic, for the passing amusement of his thoughtless Sovereign; and even the Queen was not exempted on occasions. In the picture the scene is on a terrace overlooking broad park lands. Gaveston is seen approaching with the King. To the right are some nobles indignantly regarding the pair, while seated near them, and evidently smarting under some fresh insult, are the Queen and some ladies of the Court. Irritated at the conduct of Gaveston, hostilities at length broke out between the Barons and the King, who at that time had not been five years on the throne. The defence of the Castle of Scarborough was entrusted to Gaveston, but the favourite was unable to hold it, and on his surrender he became a prisoner in the hands of the indignant nobles, who, without any regard either for the laws or for the military capitulation that had taken place, promptly struck off his head.

Reign of Edward II.

"THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN."

From the Picture by SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.S.A., *in the National Gallery of Scotland.*

Reign of Edward II.

A.D. 1314.—The death of Edward I. at the moment his enormous army was entering Scotland was a fortunate event for the Scots. His son continued the march but a very little way, and then returned and disbanded the army. Inverness, Forfar, and Brechin Castles were soon in Bruce's hands, and speedily reconciling the minds of the Scottish nobility to his dominion, his position was further strengthened by every bold leader enlisting under his standard. In face of Bruce's activity, Edward II. granted a truce, which Bruce took advantage of by consolidating his power—but ere long the truce was violated and war recommenced. Bruce's army did not number more than 30,000, but they were men distinguished for valour, and led by such a man as Bruce, they were formidable foes. They were posted on ground carefully chosen about two miles from Stirling, at a place called Bannockburn, with a hill on one flank and a morass on the other. Early in the morning of the 25th June, 1314, the English army of nearly a hundred thousand men drew out and advanced on them. The left wing of its cavalry, led by the young and impetuous Earl Gloucester, rushed on to the attack without precaution, and was precipitated into the turf-covered pits which Bruce had dug all along the banks of a rivulet which ran in front of his position. The Scottish cavalry, giving the enemy no time to rally, pushed them off the field with great loss, and pursued them in the sight of the whole English infantry, who, at that moment imagining that Bruce's waggoners and sumpter boys who were coming over the heights were a formidable army leisurely advancing to surround the position, were seized with panic, threw down their arms, and fled. They were pursued for a distance of ninety miles; inestimable booty falling into the hands of the Scots, together with many prisoners, whose ultimate ransom was a new accession of wealth to the victors. This great and decisive Battle of Bannockburn secured the independence of Scotland, fixed Bruce firmly on the throne, and may be considered to have been the greatest overthrow the English arms had experienced since the Conquest.

"EDWARD III.'S ENCOUNTER WITH GODEMAR DE FAYE AT THE RIVER SOMME."

From the Water-colour Drawing by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S. *By permission of W. Y. Baker, Esq.*

Reign of Edward III.

A.D. 1346.—Edward's unexpected invasion of France found the French ill-prepared to oppose him. His army spread over the country, with full license from him to ravage and destroy. With such expedition as he could, Philip, the King of France, amassed an army much superior to Edward's in point of numbers, and, as Edward's forces moved along the banks of the Seine, leaving desolation in its path, the danger soon became apparent to him that Philip's aim was to close him in and attack him simultaneously on all sides, but Edward adroitly escaped from this by rapidly rebuilding a bridge which the French had destroyed, and marching over it towards Flanders. He arrived at the Somme to find the only fordable spot defended on the opposite bank by Godemar de Faye, one of Philip's generals, but he had no time to lose, and, promptly breaking through this opposing force and scattering it from its position, he had the gratification to see his rear guard pass the ford just as Philip's vast army came hurrying into view — too late, however, to ford the river then on account of the tide. In the brief time now at Edward's disposal he came to a resolution: he chose his ground carefully on the field of Cressy; disposed his forces with great skill, and awaited Philip. The encounter came on the afternoon of the 26th August, 1346, and lasted until late in the evening — its result being a brilliant victory for Edward. It is said that, of the French, eleven princes were slain, besides 1,200 knights and 30,000 men, and that eighty standards were taken from them. One of those present was the King of Bohemia. He was blind, and had his horse's bridle fastened to those of two French knights. He was among the slain, and his crest—three ostrich feathers with the motto, "Ich dien," "I serve," was forthwith adopted by the Prince of Wales (he who was afterwards termed the Black Prince), who, though a youth, gloriously distinguished himself in the battle. The crest and motto have been borne by every Prince of Wales since.

"EDWARD III. AT THE SIEGE OF CALAIS."

From the Water-colour Drawing by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S. *Presented by him to the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London.*

Reign of Edward III.

A.D. 1346.—Edward's conquests in France, though the result of his own splendid talents, aided by those of the Black Prince, yielded no enduring advantage to England. Within a fortnight of the famous victory at Cressy Edward was at the gates of Calais. The governor of that town, John of Vienne, a valiant knight of Burgundy, being furnished with everything necessary for its defence, encouraged the townsmen to resist to the utmost the English invader. Edward, powerful as he was, was sensible from the beginning that it would be in vain to attempt to take the place by storm, so he at once addressed himself to reducing it by famine. He chose a secure station for his camp, and while his fleet blockaded the harbour, intrenchments were drawn round the town on the land side. He provided his army with all the convenience and comfort that were available in face of the approaching winter, and built for them so many wooden houses, that his encampment appeared like a second town growing round the first. The old French writers called it "La Ville de Bois." The redoubtable governor was not long in perceiving the intention of his opponent, and promptly took measures to conserve his provisions, expelling from the town all the useless mouths. Seventeen hundred of both sexes and all ages were forthwith turned out and driven towards the English lines. Edward had the generosity to supply these unhappy people with food, and even with money for their immediate wants, and allowed them to pass through the English camp to the interior of the country.

"QUEEN PHILIPPA AND THE BURGESSES OF CALAIS."

From the Picture by H. C. SELOUS. *By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London.*

Reign of Edward III.

A.D. 1347.—For very nearly a year Edward stood before the walls of Calais, but it succumbed at last to hunger and fatigue. Edward insisted that six of the most prominent of the citizens should be sent to him to be disposed of as he thought proper, and on this condition he promised to spare the lives of the remainder. The citizens heard this condition with indignation; but immediately, one of the chief townsmen, Eustace de St. Pierre, declared himself ready to encounter death if the safety of his friends and companions could thus be secured. Others followed his example, and the required number was soon completed. The six heroic men were taken into Edward's presence in the garb of malefactors, and presented to him the keys of the town. Irritated at the lengthened siege, Edward ordered them at once to be executed. The intercession of the Black Prince and other noblemen proved of no avail, but he was unable to resist his Queen, Philippa. She threw herself on her knees before Edward and begged the lives of the six burghers. To her it is due that Edward's memory was saved from the guilt of their execution. He granted her request, and the prisoners were carried to her tent, where a repast was set before them, and they were dismissed in safety. A few days later Edward made his entry into the conquered city.

"THE BLACK PRINCE INVESTED WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER."

From the Coloured Sketch in the South Kensington Museum, for the Fresco in the House of Lords, by C. W. Cope, R.A.

A.D. 1349.—Edward III.'s great success in his foreign wars led the turbulent barons to attach themselves more closely to him, and that he might further promote the spirit of emulation that existed among them, he instituted the Order of the Garter, in imitation of Orders of a like nature that already existed in other parts of Europe. Much debate exists as to the precise origin of the Order. One story is that at a Court ball the Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter, and the King, taking it up, and observing some of the courtiers to smile, called out: "Honi soit qui mal y pense" (evil to him who evil thinks), and instituted the Order in memorial of the event—giving the above words as the motto of the order; and one eminent authority, while denying that any such accident became the principal cause of the creation of the Order, does not repudiate the allegation that the King may have picked up a garter at some ball or festivity, "the Queen's garter," as some have said, while *the* and not the King made use of the famous words of the motto. Some such origin as this, though frivolous, would not be unsuitable to the manners of the time; and, indeed, it is difficult by any other means to account for the seemingly unmeaning terms of the motto or of the peculiar badge of the "Garter." The original companionship consisted of the Sovereign and twenty-five knights, and no change was made in this respect until 1785, when the sons of George III. and his successors were made eligible, notwithstanding that the Chapter might be complete. The badge continues to be as honourable as at its first institution, and only the greatest subjects are the recipients of it. The chapters of the Order were formerly gorgeous ceremonies, and the knights-elect were wont to move in stately procession to Windsor, attended by their friends, and with their servants in richest liveries; but all this has now been dispensed with.

Reign of Edward III.

"WINDSOR CASTLE."

From the Picture by JOHN SYER. *By permission of James Dole, Esq.*

A.D. 1367.—This Royal castle, with its stately group of ancient buildings and its long list of historical associations, is one of great magnificence and interest. For more than 800 years Windsor has been the country residence of the British monarchs, for the castle first there was said to have been erected by William the Conqueror shortly after the Conquest. The first complete Round Tower was constructed in Henry III.'s reign, when long circuit walls were built, crowned at intervals with smaller towers, one of which is still in good preservation, but the castle was almost entirely rebuilt, on a more massive scale, a century later, by William of Wykeham, the celebrated Bishop of Winchester. Every county in England was then requisitioned to send a certain number of masons, tilers, carpenters, etc., to the work, as if an army were being levied. During the Civil Wars the castle, which covers an area of twelve acres, became in some degree dilapidated, but Charles II. restored it to its ancient grandeur and state. The Chapel of St. George ranks next to Westminster Abbey as a burial-place of Kings, although no monarch was interred there before Edward IV. Among the Sovereigns who rest there are Henry VIII. and Charles I. Attached to the castle is the Royal Forest, which, though reduced now in size, covered in 1790 an area of 60,000 acres.

Reign of Edward III.

"DEATH OF WAT TYLER."

From the Picture by J. NORTHCOTE, R.A.

Reign of Richard II.

A.D. 1381.—Richard II., son of the Black Prince, was only eleven years of age when he became King. Amongst the least enlightened classes of the community many grievances existed, and the demand for their removal was formulated by Walter, a tyler, of Deptford, known as Wat Tyler. On May 2nd, 1381, the occasion to rebel was found through the severity exercised in the collection of the poll-tax. Headed by Wat Tyler, a formidable rabble of 100,000 men marched towards London, forced the passage of the bridge, and seized the Tower, beheading there the Archbishop of Canterbury and several noblemen. They then burnt the Savoy Palace and the magnificent Priory of St. John's, Clerkenwell. The serious aspect of affairs led the King to proclaim a general pardon, but the majority of the rebels, headed by Wat Tyler, rejected it. A conference being proposed by the King, Wat Tyler behaved thereat with great insolence, threatening the King with his sword, and laying hold of the King's bridle. This drew Walworth, the Lord Mayor of London, upon him, who plunged a dagger into Tyler's throat. In a moment the danger to the King became extreme, but with Royal superiority, in face of the threatening peril, the young monarch, then only fifteen, cried, "Will you kill your King? Who will then redress your wrongs?" This was enough to arrest their resolution, and even eventually to quell the rebellion; arms were thrown down, and submission made to the King.

"CATHERINE GLOVER AND THE GLEE MAIDEN ATTEMPTING TO SUCCOUR THE IMPRISONED DUKE OF ROTHSAY."

From the Picture by MISS M. E. EDWARDS.

A.D. 1395.—Reign of Richard II. David the young Duke of Rothsay, son and heir to King Robert III. of Scotland, was traitorously enticed to Falkland Palace, in Fifeshire, by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, who entertained the criminal purpose of extirpating his brother's children to acquire the crown for his own family. Rothsay was there drugged and thrown into a dungeon. Catherine Glover, who had been accused of heresy, sought protection at Falkland, and with a glee maiden made the discovery that Rothsay was being starved to death. The glee maiden, in searching for a few early flowers for Catherine, had her attention arrested by her French dog, that came whining back from a thicket that grew close to the palace wall. Creeping forward she heard, in the Duke's voice: "Food, food! I die of famine." Quickly returning to Catherine, the two women hurried back with the small cruse which contained their soup and with a few cakes and some milk, but their efforts to succour the imprisoned Duke were doomed to failure, and he perished. Catherine Glover was one of the most beautiful women in the city of Perth, and as such had been the object of much notice from the young, ill-starred Duke of Rothsay. The glee maiden belonged to a class of women numerous in that age. From the precarious life they led their character was not always above suspicion, but they rarely met with insult, being protected by the chivalrous manners of the time, and in honour of the "gay and joyeuse science" which they practised.

"BOLINGBROKE ENTERING LONDON WITH RICHARD II."

From the Water-colour Drawing by J. A. ATKINSON. *By permission of John Aird, Esq., M.P.*

Reign of Richard II.

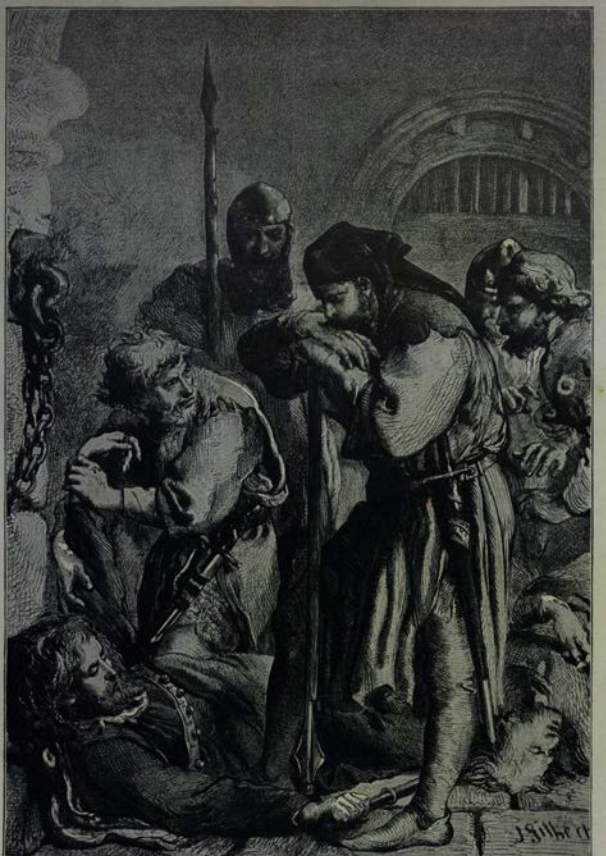
A.D. 1399.—While Richard II. was imprudently absent in Ireland, Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, who had been banished the kingdom, landed in Yorkshire, and was joined by many members of the nobility and gentry. He was a man of great prudence and command of temper, and had acquired by his conduct and abilities the esteem of the people, who appeared to turn towards him as the only person who could retrieve the honour of the nation, or redress the abuses of the Government. He was grandson of Edward III., through Edward's fourth son, John of Gaunt, whereas Richard was grandson of Edward through Edward's first son, the Black Prince. Bolingbroke declared he had no design upon the crown. Enthusiastically his adherents marched with him towards London, becoming greatly augmented on the way. He was received in the capital with joy, and forthwith journeyed thence to Bristol, which surrendered to him at once. Richard, returning in haste from Ireland in view of the change of affairs, was deserted by many of his followers, and fled with a small retinue to the Isle of Anglesea, with the design of returning to Ireland or embarking for France, but he was deterred by the strong expressions of loyalty which reached him from Bolingbroke, who, nevertheless, soon after took advantage of the position and possessed himself of the King's person. Richard and Bolingbroke then proceeded together to Chester, and travelled thence to London. The picture shows them entering the capital—where Bolingbroke was received with acclamation by the mutinous populace.

"KING RICHARD II. RESIGNING THE CROWN TO BOLINGBROKE."

From the Water-Colour Drawing by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S. *By permission of W. V. Baker, Esq.*

Reign of Richard II.

A.D. 1399.—On Richard's arrival in London he was met, it has been said, by the Recorder of London, who entreated Bolingbroke, in the name of the City, and for public safety, to put Richard to death; but Bolingbroke, with characteristic prudence, determined, if that step were resorted to, to make many others participate in it—he would not alone proceed to that extremity. He forthwith issued writs of election in the King's name, and summoned a meeting of the Parliament at Westminster. Richard in the meanwhile had been conducted to the Tower, and his treasures and jewels, to the value, it has been computed, of £700,000, fell into Bolingbroke's hands. On the 29th September, 1399, he made a public resignation of his crown by delivering it up with the sceptre and other insignia of royalty; and by an instrument, sigled by his own hand, he confessed himself unworthy and unfit any longer to govern; the task was indeed beyond his capacity. This instrument was laid before Parliament on the following day, when reasons for the deposition were ordered to be exhibited; thirty-three articles of charge were voted against him; he was deposed by the suffrages of both Houses, and the throne being now vacant, Bolingbroke stepped forth, and having crossed himself on the forehead and on the breast, and called upon the name of Christ, he pronounced, in formal language, his claim to the crown, and assumed it as King Henry IV.



"DEATH OF RICHARD II."

From the Drawing by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S.

A.D. 1400.—The year following Richard's deposition a formidable conspiracy broke out to reinstate him on the throne; but it was defeated, and many noblemen who had taken part in it were executed. This unsuccessful attempt sealed Richard's doom. He was then but thirty-three years of age. Parliament had decreed only a few months before that he should be kept in confinement during his life, with, of course, a princely allowance, but that if any attempt were made to restore him to freedom, he should be the first to suffer death; and this cruel fate soon now overtook him. Historians differ as to the manner in which he met his death; some say he was starved, his life lasting for a fortnight after food had been denied him; but it was for long the prevailing opinion that Sir Piers Exton and others of his guards fell upon him in Pontefract Castle, where he was imprisoned, and dispatched him with their halberds; but the former account appears more consistent with the story that has been handed down to us, viz., that the body was borne with Royal honours to London, and exposed to view that the public might be satisfied not only of its identity, but that apparently no violence had been exercised towards it. He was buried at Abbots Langley, in Hertfordshire, but fourteen years later his remains were removed by Henry V. and honourably interred in Westminster Abbey.

Reign of Henry IV.

"THE PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY: FROM CHAUCER'S 'CANTERBURY TALES.'"

From the Picture by THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of Henry IV.

A.D. 1400.—Geoffrey Chaucer, the "father of English Poetry," was the author of "The Canterbury Tales," from which this picture is taken. He was a man of shining endowments, handsome in person, elegant in manners, and an accomplished scholar. His sweet verses remained long in manuscript, being read first in tapestried chambers to the gracious ear of richly-apparelled lords and ladies. "The Canterbury Tales" were written probably when he was about fifty-four years of age, and first published by Caxton nearly a century later. A company of pilgrims going to Canterbury assemble in an inn in Southwark, and agree that, for their common amusement, each of them shall tell at least one tale on the journey to Canterbury and another on the journey back, and that he who shall tell the best tales shall be treated by the rest to a supper on their return to the Southwark inn. The pilgrims, of various degrees of social status, are seen riding in cavalcade associating on equal terms, the gentlefolk mixing freely with the more lowly born. Knights, squires, monks, prioresses, nuns, lawyers, doctors, clerks, merchants, friars, millers, and ploughmen may all be discovered in the picture, and all move leisurely on along the breezy hillside or by the murmuring brook entertained and entertaining—a merry company, with the English summer sunshine upon them. The play of thought and feeling, and the humour and movement of the various characters, evince a wide knowledge of life on the poet's part, accounted for by the varied experience which must have been his. The brother-in-law of John of Gaunt, Chaucer was much about the Court, and all his works savour of its influence, and breathe a high and chivalrous sentiment. In the invasion of France, in 1359, we find him bearing arms under Edward III., being then taken prisoner and ransomed for £16. He became one of the King's Esquires, and Comptroller of the Customs; in various other capacities also the poet served the Court and the State, being often selected for special missions by reason of his courtesy and tact. He seems to have married Philippa, one of the demoiselles of Queen Philippa. She had a yearly grant of 10 marks, while he himself had 20 marks annually from the King. It was in 1386, when he had reached his fifty-eighth year, that he may be considered to have touched the summit of his fortunes, being then returned to Parliament as a Knight of the Shire of Kent. He died 25th October, 1400, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

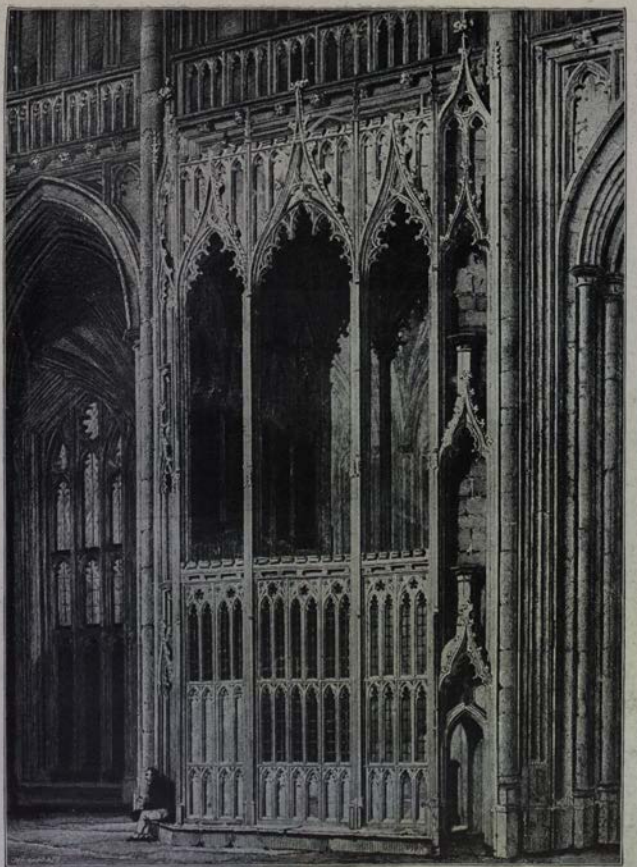
LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

"HOTSPUR AND THE FOP."

From the Picture by ALFRED ELMORE, R.A. *By permission of Thomas Ashton, Esq., J.P.*

Reign of Henry IV.

A.D. 1402.—Henry Percy, surnamed "Hotspur" from his impetuous valour, was the son of the Earl of Northumberland. He appears to have first signalized his courage in battle at the recapture of Berwick from the Scots in 1378. A constant rivalry of the two martial families of Percy and Douglas disturbed at that time the tranquillity of the northern border and led to fierce encounters, in one of which, eleven years later, Hotspur slew with his own hand the leader, Douglas, but was himself defeated on the occasion and taken prisoner. Ever in arms, and shining with a lustre that seemed the proper accompaniment of his headstrong courage, the scene shown in the picture may naturally be regarded as an incident compatible with his experience. At the conclusion of the fight at Homeldon on the Scottish border, where he totally routed the Scots, he discerned and looked with contempt upon a certain lord who, "trimly dressed" and "perfumed like a milliner," and carrying in his hand "a pounce-box which ever and anon he gave his nose"—called to the soldiers in unmannerly style for bringing the dead bodies "between the wind and his nobility." Hotspur pursued his valorous instincts to the last, when, joining in a conspiracy to overturn the throne in favour of the young Earl of March, who was indeed the rightful heir, he met his King in battle at Shrewsbury, 21st July, 1404. Fighting then with the utmost fury, he charged the troops that guarded the standard, slew the standard-bearer, and got nigh to the King and the Prince of Wales ere he fell. Most of the gentlemen of Cheshire lost their lives in this notable battle, besides several thousands of ordinary soldiers on Hotspur's side.



"WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL: VIEW OF WYKEHAM'S CHANTRY."

From a Drawing by EDWARD BLORE, *in South Kensington Museum.*

A.D. 1404.—William of Wykeham was born in 1334; his father was a yeoman, but his mother is said to have been of noble descent. When quite a youth he was placed at a school in Winchester by the Governor of Winchester Castle, and when twenty-three it was his good fortune to be introduced by Bishop Edington to King Edward III., who quickly discerned his talents and took him into his employment. It was not until 1362 that he was ordained deacon and priest, his life meantime being a busy one in the King's service. At the age of thirty-two we find him "Surveyor of the Works at Windsor," acting as architect there of the famous castle, his fame as an architect being established by the building of the great quadrangle east of the keep, a work which occupied him ten years. He appears to have had great influence over Edward. Froissart says, "At this time there reigned in England a priest called Sir William de Wican, so much in favour with the King that by him everything was done." He became Keeper of the Privy Seal in 1364, and shortly afterwards Edward appointed him Chancellor of England. A month later he was consecrated Bishop of Winchester, when he immediately began his educational schemes, founding New College, Oxford, and Winchester College. The name of this good man is encircled with a halo of merits and virtues. Within the chantry where he lies is an altar tomb of white marble, with the effigy of the prelate represented in the dress and ornaments of a bishop, with three monks kneeling at his feet.

Reign of Henry IV.

"HENRY PRINCE OF WALES SUBMITTING TO JUDGE GASCOIGNE."

From the Coloured Sketch of a Cartoon exhibited in Westminster Hall in 1843, by C. W. Cope, R.A.

Reign of Henry IV.

A.D. 1412.—Prince Henry's course of life threw him among companions in whose disorders he was a reckless participator. But the nation at heart was disposed to regard him with indulgence. In his wild behaviour, so many gleams of generosity and fine spirit were revealed that they never ceased to hope for his amendment. When the incident depicted occurred he was only twenty-three years of age. A tumultuous companion was indicted before Sir William Gascoigne, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The Prince was present at the trial in expectation of overawing the judge, and on the criminal being condemned, Henry was so exasperated that he wofully insulted the judge, some saying that he actually struck him in the face. Paying no regard to the lofty station of the offender, Gascoigne had him instantly committed to prison, to which the Prince, to the astonishment and admiration of the spectators, very properly and promptly submitted. When, in the following year, he became King as Henry V., he called together his former companions and acquainted them of his intended reform, exhorting them to follow his example, and strictly forbidding them in the meantime to appear in his presence. Those, on the other hand, who had endeavoured to check him found they had unknowingly been paying him the highest court, and were received with favour and confidence, and Gascoigne himself, who trembled now to approach the Royal presence, was exhorted by Henry to persevere in the same unfearing administration of justice.

"THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT."

From the Picture by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., *in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London.*

Reign of Henry V.

A.D. 1415.—The English Army, under the command of Henry V., is here seen reduced by sickness and the fatigues of the siege of Harfleur. Henry was falling back upon Calais, dysentery among his troops, and with a terrible scarcity of provisions, when the French threw themselves in his way to intercept him. A battle upon which depended the fortunes of England, and even the personal safety of Henry, became inevitable. The distance which separated him from the foe was scarcely a quarter of a mile, and the intervening ground was wet and spongy. His army numbered scarcely 15,000 men, labouring under every disadvantage, while the enemy were four times more numerous. In this solemn time the Host was elevated in sight of the assembled force: "They have said their prayers and they wait for death." The battle took place on the 25th October, and resulted in an unlooked-for but glorious victory for the English. The King fought on foot with great courage, and on the fall of the great Duke of Alençon, who had cut his way to the English royal standard, the French soldiery turned and fled, their defeat being insured by the English bowmen, who discharged such showers of their strong arrows of 3ft. long that they struck terror into their opponents; and the repulse of their final cavalry charge by an array of English pikes completed the defeat, and the slaughter became immense. No battle had been more fatal to France, so great was the number of princes and nobility slain or taken prisoners.

"THE WOOING OF HENRY V."

From the Picture by W. F. YEAMES, R.A. *By permission of the Proprietors of the Art Journal.*

Reign of Henry V.

A.D. 1420.—The further war with France which followed the Battle of Agincourt terminated with a second treaty of peace. One of the stipulations of the treaty was that King Henry should wed the Princess Catherine, daughter of the French King, Charles VI., hold the regency of France during Charles's life, and be the King of France at Charles's death. The picture illustrates the wooing of Catherine by Henry. The two have been left to themselves with the exception of one of the Princess's handmaids. The conqueror of Agincourt, unfortunately, has but little knowledge of the French language, and neither the Princess nor her attendant know much of English, and the wooing consequently becomes no easy task on the part of the Royal suitor. He enters, however, upon the delicate matter (according to Shakespeare) with a compliment, and addresses her as "Fair Catherine and most fair," and thence the conversation is carried along in broken language, assisted here and there by the lady-in-waiting, who is a little more acquainted with English than her mistress, until the interview is brought to a satisfactory termination by the Princess accepting the proffered hand and crown. Of course, she has understood from the beginning the object of the interview, but nevertheless appears throughout not to comprehend, dropping her eyes with maiden modesty. In the background to the right a glimpse is obtained of the members of the French Court, the King and Queen of France and others, who have left the apartment where the lovers sit.

"THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY V. AND THE PRINCESS KATHERINE OF VALOIS."

From the Picture by WILLIAM KENT, *in Hampton Court Palace.*

Reign of Henry V.

A.D. 1420.—It was in 1413 that a marriage was first proposed between Henry and Katherine, who was the youngest daughter of Charles VI. of France, and was then but twelve years of age. Seven years elapsed, however, before the marriage actually took place, a long and disastrous war with France occurring in the meantime. On Trinity Sunday, June 3, 1420, they were wedded in the parish church at Troyes. Great pomp and magnificence were displayed on the occasion by Henry and his Princes, as if the hero of Agincourt had been the king of the whole world. In the picture, King Henry is receiving the hand and vow of Katherine (surnamed then "the Fair"), who repeats the obligation of marriage after the Archbishop of Sens. Scarcely two years had passed when, at the age of twenty-one, she was left a widow, for her Royal Consort died at Vincennes of dysentery in 1422. Parliament gave her Baynard's Castle as her permanent residence; but not many years were over before her relationship and subsequent marriage occurred with Owen Tudor, a poor Welsh gentleman. Thereafter Katherine lived in obscurity, and, in 1437, at the age of thirty-six, she died, at Bermondsey Abbey. On her tomb in Westminster Abbey, erected by her son, Henry VI., no mention was made of her marriage with Owen Tudor; but when her grandson, Henry VII., came to the throne, he replaced this tomb by another monument, on which her marriage with Owen Tudor was inscribed. In the seventeenth century the body was publicly exhibited—Pepys, it is said, kissed the face. In 1878 her remains were reburied in the Chantry of Henry V., where they now lie.

"WHITTINGTON'S BANQUET."

From the Picture by D. W. WYNFIELD. *Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1887. By permission of James Dole, Esq.*

Reign of Henry V.

A.D. 1420.—Richard Whittington was the son of Sir William de Whittington, of Pauntley, in Gloucestershire, who died an outlaw in 1360. It seems that Richard made his first appearance in history in 1379, when he contributed five marks to a City loan. He was elected an Alderman of London in 1392, and served the office of Sheriff, being at that time a member of the Mercers' Company. He was four times Lord Mayor of London, the last occasion being in 1419. There is not much to support the ancient legend of the cat. All was collected that could be, concerning Whittington, by the Rev. Samuel Lysons, and although he argues very strongly in favour of the famous story, he does not bring much in the way of fact in support of it.

The picture shows an event which is said to have taken place on the occasion of Henry and his Queen attending a banquet at the house of Whittington. Everything connected with the entertainment was of the most sumptuous character, the very fires being fed, so it was narrated, with scented woods and spices. On the Queen commenting on this, Whittington observed that he proposed to make the fuel still more costly, and taking a bundle of the King's own bonds, "some for money lent him by the City Companies and which Whittington had redeemed, and the remainder for loans from himself to the King," he placed them in the flames, and so destroyed them. He was member of Parliament for London in 1416, and was subsequently knighted by Henry.

"KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND FIRST SEES HIS FUTURE QUEEN."

From the Picture by JAMES DRUMMOND, R.S.A., *in the National Gallery of Scotland.*

Reign of Henry VI.

A.D. 1424.—At quite an early age James was sent to the Bishop of St. Andrews for protection from his uncle, the Duke of Albany, who had already murdered James's elder brother, David, the Duke of Rothsay. James was subsequently detained in custody in England for eighteen years, lodging first in the Tower, then at Northampton, and finally at Windsor. It was in 1423, while he was in captivity at Windsor, that he saw, walking in the garden of the castle, the beautiful Lady Joanna Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset; and in the poem of "The King's Quair," which he afterwards wrote, his description of her and his own feelings towards her are given. It had been urgently desired that before James returned to Scotland and took his seat on the throne he should be allied by marriage to the English Royal Family, in order that he might be gained over to the English interests; and this fortunate attachment, which was soon reciprocated by Joanna, was consequently cordially encouraged. Romance had found the very match that policy dictated, for Joanna's father was brother to King Henry IV. of England. No better choice could have been found. In February, 1424, the marriage was solemnized with great splendour in the Church of St. Mary Overy, Southwark, and the wedding feast took place afterwards at the adjacent palace of Lady Joanna's uncle, the Bishop of Winchester.

"THE MURDER OF JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND."

From the Picture by JOHN OPIE, R.A., *in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London.*

A.D. 1437.—James I. of Scotland, after his long captivity in England, was permitted now, at the age of thirty, to return to Scotland with his young bride. For thirteen years he proved an able and wise Sovereign, and a faithful ally of England. It was on the 20th February, 1437, that he fell a victim to the plots of his kinsman, the Duke of Athole. The evening had passed in the customary way, with chess and music and with the telling of tales, and about midnight the King drank the parting cup, and the courtiers left. Among them was Robert Stewart, who is thought to have tampered with the bolts on his way out, so that the door could not be made fast. While James was still lingering in the company of the Queen and her ladies, the alarm was given, but too late to save the King. To gain time Catherine Douglass, one of the Queen's maids (afterwards called "The Bar-lass"), heroically barred the door with her arm, but it was instantly broken in the rush of the conspirators, two of whom were thrown down by the King before he was overpowered and slain. It is said there were sixteen wounds in his breast alone. The Queen herself received two wounds in interposing between her husband and the assassins.

Reign of Henry VI.

"THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY VI."

From the Picture by JAN MABUSE. *By permission of His Grace the Duke of Sutherland.*

A.D. 1445.—Reign of Henry VI.—Henry VI., of the House of Lancaster, was scarcely nine months old when he became King, but Parliament provided with judicious care for the protectorate during his long minority. As he advanced in years his character became more fully known. Harmless and inoffensive, he was likewise of very slender capacity, and was practically governed by those around him, so that his reign promised to be to all intents and purposes a perpetual minority. As he reached his twenty-third year it was natural for his advisers to think of choosing him a Queen. The Duke of Gloucester suggested a daughter of the Count of Armagnac, but Cardinal Beaufort and his friends had cast their eye on Margaret of Valois, daughter of the Duke of Anjou, the most accomplished Princess of the age, who possessed just those qualities which would enable her to gain the ascendent over Henry, and thus make good his defects and weaknesses. Her spirit was courageous, her temper enterprising, and she was endowed with great penetration and vivacity of understanding. With these conspicuous talents it was reasonable to expect that, were she to mount the Throne of England, these talents would shine with exceptional lustre. The Earl of Suffolk, therefore, made proposals of marriage to her, which were accepted, the august ceremony being solemnized on the 18th April, 1445, in the ancient city of Tours, the King and Queen of France being present, and the Earl of Suffolk standing proxy for Henry. The marriage was afterwards ratified in England, and the Earl of Suffolk was raised to a Dukedom and given the thanks of Parliament for his part in its transaction. Margaret fell immediately into close connection with the Cardinal, and with the Dukes of Suffolk, Somerset, and Buckingham, and these three, fortified with her powerful patronage, sought forthwith the final ruin of Gloucester, whose political opponents they were, and who had rendered himself distasteful to Margaret by his support of another consort for Henry.

"THE MURDER OF HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER."

From the Picture by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., *exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1880. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company and Alfred A. Lalie, Esq.*

Reign of Henry VI.

A.D. 1447.—The Duke of Gloucester, a high-minded and generous prince, was invariably worsted in all Court intrigues, and he suffered much at the hands of his rivals. One act of theirs in particular touched him with a mortification he could never forgive. They accused his wife, the beautiful daughter of Lord Cobham, of witchcraft, and condemned her to do public penance, and suffer perpetual imprisonment. But these violent proceedings were ascribed by the people to the malice of his enemies; they released the prisoner and increased their regard for a prince who was thus exposed to such mortal injuries. His popularity so grew that the powerful Cardinal Beaufort and his party went in fear of the resentment which a man of such position might be able, sooner or later, to inflict upon them. Not daring to call him before the Parliament in London, a Parliament was held at St. Edmondsbury, where, as soon as he appeared, he was accused of treason and thrown into prison. He was soon after found dead in his bed, and though his body bore no marks of violence, no one doubted but that he had met his death at the hands of his enemies. The deed proved a fatal blow to the popularity of the Crown. Margaret was thought by many to have been privy to it, and the Duke of Suffolk, who was believed to have had an active hand in it, incurred public odium to such a degree, that every grievance which had been the object of dissatisfaction during Henry's minority was imputed to his tyranny and injustice. Their resentment culminated in an accusation of high treason, which led to his banishment from the kingdom for five years, but ere he was half-way across the Channel, he was intercepted and murdered. In the picture the curtain is drawn back, and the murdered Duke of Gloucester is seen, Suffolk, Warwick, and others standing by. Henry crosses the room with genuine dismay and regret in his countenance—but the guilty Margaret is not to be so moved; she sits with hands together, implacable.

"YORK AND LANCASTER."

From the Picture by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. *By permission of J. G. Fenwick, Esq.*

A.D. 1458.—The cruel war that broke out late in the reign of Henry VI. arose from the rival claims of the Houses of York and Lancaster to the crown. The Duke of York was descended from the third son of Edward III., and King Henry VI. from the fourth son. The scene depicted is in the Temple Gardens. Richard Duke of York, standing to the left, plucks a white rose, and calls upon his followers to pluck a similar rose with him. The Duke of Somerset, boldly fronting him, gathers a red rose, and commands the supporters of the House of Lancaster to do the like. The thoughtful lawyer in the rear seems to foresee the calamitous effect on the country of the position taken by these two determined men. The partisans of either House thereafter wore the white or red rose as a distinctive badge, and the contest became known throughout the world as the "Wars of the Roses." Many powerful nobles sided with York, among them the renowned Earl of Warwick. Thirty thousand persons, it is recorded, lived daily at his board, and he was the last of those mighty barons who may be said to have overawed the Crown. But Lancaster could also count many potent nobles, and was, moreover, supported by the actual possession of the Royal authority. Gradually the people grew divided in their sentiments, but not until Henry had sat on the throne for thirty-three years, and a long train of intrigue had been at work, did an appeal to arms take place, followed, however, by a temporary reconciliation. Four years later hostilities again broke out, and fierce encounters took place. At Wakefield, the Duke of York was slain, but his son, Edward, then in his twentieth year, promptly took his place, and after the Battle of St. Albans assumed the crown as King Edward IV. But the animosity between the two families had become implacable, and the tranquillity of the country was yet far off. These "Wars of the Roses" lasted, indeed, for thirty years; no fewer than twelve pitched battles were fought; and the terrible conflict almost annihilated the ancient nobility of the land.

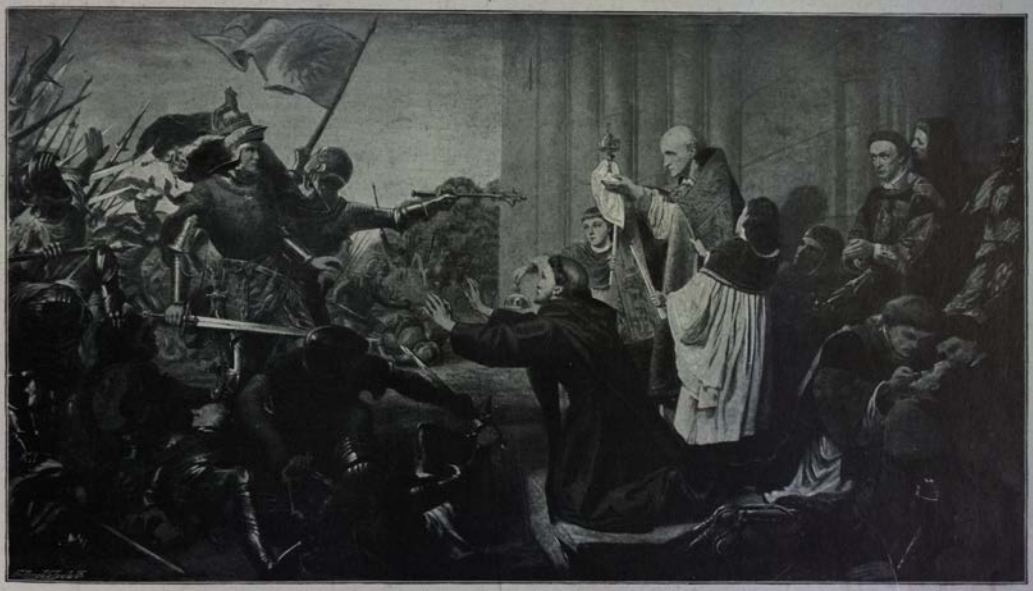
Reign of Henry VI.

"SOLILOQUY OF HENRY VI. DURING THE BATTLE OF TOWTON."

From the Picture by WILLIAM DYCE, R.A. *By permission of Sir John Pender, G.C.M.G.*

A.D. 1461.—After the Battle of St. Albans, Henry, who had been a prisoner of the Yorkists, fell again into the hands of his own party, and his Queen, Margaret, continued the war against the young Edward, who nevertheless had been proclaimed King, thus ending her husband's reign, which had lasted thirty-seven years. More splendid prospects than those which attended Henry at the opening of his reign could not have fallen to the lot of any Sovereign, but his disputed title, coupled with his weakness as a monarch, were sufficient to cause the calamities which befell his period of rule. Margaret succeeded in assembling an army of 60,000 men in Yorkshire, on hearing which Edward hastened northward to check her progress towards London. Arriving at Pomfret, he dispatched a detachment to secure the passage across the River Ayre, but it was attacked and chased back with great slaughter. A second detachment was sent which crossed the river some miles above the spot where the defeat had taken place, and falling unexpectedly on Margaret's men, defeated them and slew their leader, Lord Clifford. It was on March 29th, 1461, that the hostile armies met at Towton, in Yorkshire, where for hours a fierce battle raged, during which Henry, withdrawing to a solitary spot, as shown in the picture, brooded over the tumultuous vicissitudes that had so far attended him, and on the uncertainty of his future. "Would I were dead, if God's good will were so; for what is in this world but grief and woe? Oh, God! methinks it were a happy life to be no better than a homely swain." The conflict ended in a complete victory for York, overturning the Lancastrian sovereignty, and firmly establishing Edward. Henry and Margaret were sensible that no place in England could now afford them protection, and they fled precipitantly into Scotland.

Reign of Edward IV.



"EDWARD IV. WITHHELD BY ECCLESIASTICS FROM PURSUING LANCASTRIAN FUGITIVES INTO A CHURCH."

From the Picture by RICHARD BURCHETT. *By permission of E. J. Brett, Esq.*

Reign of Edward IV.

A.D. 1461.—The victory at Towton was followed by a fierce pursuit of the routed Lancastrian army. Edward's orders were that no quarter should be given, and consequently the bloodshed was great. Thirty-six thousand men are said to have fallen, among them the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland. The picture shows the infuriated Yorkists, with Edward at their head, about to follow some of the fugitive Lancastrians into a church. But this is not permitted them. The safety of a church as a sanctuary in those days was inviolable, and Edward, flushed with victory as he is, pauses before the outstretched arms of the priest and the presence of the uplifted Host, and the fugitives are safe beneath the sheltering wings of the sacred edifice. Sanctuary was a remarkable institution in those times. It was no doubt suggested by the Cities of Refuge of the Levitical law. Originally, every church and churchyard was a sanctuary for criminals. Westminster Abbey was among those that acquired a special reputation in this respect. "The precincts of the Abbey," writes the late Dean Stanley, "were a vast cave of Adullum for all the distressed and discontented in the Metropolis." Its laws were regulated by numerous and very intricate statutes. Briefly, the protection afforded by a sanctuary, at common law, was this, that a person accused of felony might fly to it for the safeguard of his life, and there before the coroner, within forty days, confess the felony and take an oath of abjuration, which entailed upon him perpetual banishment into a foreign Christian country. If ofttimes the refuge of vice, sanctuary was sometimes the refuge of innocence, and being the privilege of the Church, it did not extend to the crime of sacrilege, nor to high treason. As an institution it remained in force until early in the sixteenth century, when all its privileges were abolished by Henry VIII., not only to the laity, but also to the clergy.

"MARGARET OF ANJOU AND THE ROBBER OF HEXHAM."

From the Picture by W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS. *By permission of D. Johnson, Esq.*

Reign of Edward IV.

A.D. 1464.—Immediately after the Battle of Towton Edward returned to London, where he summoned a Parliament for settling the government. Margaret, indefatigable and courageous, persisted in her efforts to reclaim the crown for her husband. She sought the assistance of Louis XI. of France, and that wily monarch gave it, on Margaret's promise to restore Calais to France if by his help her family were restored to the English throne. He sent her 2,000 men-at-arms, and these, with a numerous train of adventurers from Scotland and partisans of the Lancastrian House, enabled her once more to take the field. She encountered Lord Montague at Hedgeley Moor and suffered a reverse. She was then almost immediately attacked at Hexham, and shockingly defeated. Flying with her son into an adjacent forest, she endeavoured to conceal herself, but during the night she was beset by thieves, who, ignorant or regardless of her station, despoiled her of her rings and other jewels. Escaping while her captors were quarrelling over their booty, she wandered in the forest, overspent with hunger and fatigue, and in this condition, seeing a robber approaching her, she embraced the resolution of trusting to his faith and generosity. She presented the young Prince to him and committed to his care "the safety of the King's son." Struck with the singularity of the event, the man vowed to devote himself to her service. By his help she contrived to remain for some time concealed in the forest, and eventually was guided to the sea-coast, whence she made her escape into Flanders.

"KING EDWARD IV. VISITING CAXTON'S PRINTING OFFICE AT WESTMINSTER."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. *By permission of the Countess of Lytton, and of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of Edward IV.

A.D. 1474.—William Caxton was born about 1422, and at sixteen was apprenticed to Robert Large, a mercer of great wealth, who had served the office of Lord Mayor with distinction. Caxton was a man of enterprising spirit, a shrewd and courtly man of business, and of considerable attainments. He was fortunate, in 1470, in acquiring favour at the English Court, when Edward IV., driven into exile, took refuge at Bruges, in which town Caxton was in business, and where the influential position to which he had raised himself enabled him to be of service to the dethroned King and his nobles. It was about 1471 that he learned the art of printing, and some time between that date and 1477 he brought his printing-press to England and set it up at Westminster in the almonry of the Abbey. He shortly after produced a small work translated by himself from the French, entitled "The Game of Chess," which is the first book, known with certainty, to have been printed in England. He soon received valuable patronage, Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. all employing him. His life to the last was one of industry and perseverance. He died in 1492, having reached the age of seventy. In the picture King Edward is seen examining the printing-press and its working, which Caxton is explaining to him. Printing with wooden type had been practised in 1430 by Lawrentius Coster, the keeper of the Cathedral of Haarlem, but metal type is here seen in use, its first introduction being in 1441.

"LUDLOW CASTLE."

From the Water-colour Drawing by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. *By permission of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P.*

A.D. 1483.—The young Prince Edward, afterwards Edward V., was residing in the Castle of Ludlow, in Shropshire, on the borders of Wales, at the time of his father's death. The situation of this fortress, the ruins only of which now exist, is very beautiful, standing on a rock, shaded on the west by a lofty hill and washed by the River Corfe. He had been sent there that his presence as an English Prince might overawe the Welsh and restore the tranquillity of that country, which had, of late, been disturbed. He was committed to the care of the Queen's brother, the Earl of Rivers, one of the most accomplished noblemen in England, who, in the seclusion of this beautiful spot, directed the education of the young monarch. On the death of Edward IV., the Queen at once instructed Rivers to levy a force sufficient to escort the young King to London, and to protect him during his coronation; but, trusting to the sincerity of Richard Duke of Gloucester, the crooked Duke, as he was termed, who discountenanced as unnecessary all appearance of armed power, she recalled these instructions, and the young Sovereign started on his journey to London with merely sufficient retinue to support the dignity of his position. He was met at Stony Stratford by Richard and Buckingham, on the 30th April, 1483, and conducted by them to the Capital, which they entered with considerable ceremony, the young monarch residing for a time in the bishop's palace, but later taking up his residence at the Tower.

Reign of Edward V.

GLOUCESTER: "If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower."
EDWARD: "I do not like the Tower."

"CARDINAL BOUCHIER URGES THE WIDOW OF EDWARD IV. TO LET HER YOUNGER SON OUT OF SANCTUARY."

From the Picture by J. Z. Bell, *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of Edward V.

A.D. 1483.—King Edward IV. died on the 9th April, 1483, leaving two sons, the elder of whom was only twelve years of age, and heir to the Crown. Richard Duke of Gloucester, his eye upon the throne, had already got possession of this young heir, and placed him in the Tower; and fearful of the extremities to which so cruel and unscrupulous a man might go in the furtherance of his ambition, the widowed Queen, with her younger son (the Duke of York) and five daughters, took sanctuary in Westminster. Richard had at first proposed to take this younger son by force out of sanctuary, but Cardinal Bouchier, the Archbishop of Canterbury, deprecated this act of sacrilege, and it was agreed that persuasion should first be tried. For a long time Elizabeth was immovable, shrewdly perceiving that no one would attempt the life of her elder son so long as the younger, and successor, were in safety, and that consequently both her boys were safe. But at length she was led to comply, and produced him to the Archbishop; then, on a sudden, struck with some presage of evil, she passionately embraced the boy, and bidding him what proved to be an eternal adieu, delivered him into the Cardinal's custody.

"PORTRAIT OF RICHARD III."

By permission of the Society of Antiquaries, from a Painting in the possession of the Society.

A.D. 1483.—Richard was capable of the most bloody and treacherous crimes to gain his end, and he was master of the utmost coolness when the necessity of the hour demanded it of him. With the help of Buckingham, who had his own interests to serve, his pretentions to the Crown had so far prospered that, in spite of the existence of the young imprisoned Edward V. and of the evident reluctance of the citizens to call Richard to the throne, the means were not wanting among the creatures who were serving him to bring about some pretence of justification, and on the 26th June Richard assumed the kingship and on the 27th June he was proclaimed. He was now on the throne. He was scarcely thirty-two years of age, small of stature, hump-backed, and, as records say, of harsh, disagreeable countenance, so that his body was no less deformed than his mind. He was believed to have stabbed Prince Edward at Tewkesbury; to have taken the life of the Prince's father, King Henry VI., in that part of the Tower which is now the jewel-house; he had abetted the execution of his brother, the Duke of Clarence; he had hurried to the block the good Earl Rivers, Sir Richard Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Lord Hastings—all loyal adherents to the family of Edward IV.; and now the removal of the two Princes—the only obstacle left in his path—became the absorbing subject of his thoughts. They were both imprisoned in the Tower; the Tower was under his control.

Reign of Richard III.

"THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD IV. IN THE TOWER."

From the Picture by PAUL DELAROCHE, *in the Louvre, Paris. After a Photograph by Messrs. Braun, Clement & Co., of Dornach, Alsace, Paris, and New York.*

Reign of Richard III.

A.D. 1483.—Sir Richard Brackenbury was Governor of the Tower at the time Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, were confined there—Edward was but twelve years of age—his brother nine. With more conscience than his master, Brackenbury refused to execute the commands which were alleged to have been sent him, to put the young Princes to death; and the enraged usurper then dispatched to him a written order to deliver the keys and government of the Tower for one night into the hands of Sir James Tyrrel, who was the bearer of the order. The two boys had been lodged in the rooms over the entrance gate, then known as the Garden Tower, where comparative freedom of exercise was permitted them, but on Richard ascending the throne the cords of a more rigid confinement were drawn round them. Immured in the gloomy prison-house, they have been described as clinging together in the vain hope of finding comfort in each other's embraces; as neglecting their dress, and anticipating with childhood's horror the dark fate that was awaiting them. They are here seen as evening approaches; later, at midnight, the two miscreants whom Tyrrel had selected and guided thither, Miles Forest and Dighton, stole into the Royal apartment in which the young Princes lay together in the same bed, and stifled them with bolsters and pillows. Immediately after the horrible deed the bodies were shown to Tyrrel, who, it is said, had them quickly buried at the foot of a private stair; he then hurried from London to convey the tidings to his master.

"RICHARD III. AT THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH."

From the Picture by A. COOPER. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1485.—This celebrated battle, which gave peace to the kingdom, was fought about three miles from Bosworth, an ancient market-town in Leicestershire. Henry Earl of Richmond was at the head of about 6,000 men, while Richard commanded double that number, but soon after the contest began, Lord Stanley went over to Richmond with 7,000 men; and the remainder of Richard's force was thrown immediately into dismay and confusion. In this desperate strait the tyrant made direct for Richmond, in the hope of deciding the victory at once either by his own or by his rival's death, but he was overwhelmed by numbers, and died fighting fiercely. He was the last of the Plantagenet Kings. After the battle his crown was found on the field by a soldier and placed on the head of Richmond, who was saluted as King Henry VII. Richard's body was thrown across a horse and carried to Leicester, amid the insulting shouts of the spectators, and interred in the Church of the Grey-friars. The monument which Henry VII. put over him was pulled down in the following reign, and the grave became overgrown with weeds and nettles, so that no trace of it could afterwards be found, but it is said that his stone coffin was in after years made into a drinking-trough, and stood outside the White Horse Inn in Leicester, but it has long since disappeared.

Reign of Richard III.

"THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY VII."

From the Picture by MATHER BROWN, *in the Tallow Chandlers' Hall, London. By permission of the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers.*

A.D. 1486.—On the 18th of January, 1486, within five months of the Battle of Bosworth Field, Henry married Elizabeth Plantagenet, called the "White Rose of York," the eldest daughter of Edward IV. Her age at that time was twenty, and Henry's twenty-nine. Henry was regarded by right of his mother as the head of the Lancastrian family, and it had been agreed as a condition of his being offered the crown that he would make the Princess Elizabeth his wife, for, owing to the death of her two ill-fated brothers in the Tower, she had now become the lineal representative and the heiress to the sole rights of the House of York. The white and red roses would then be blended in the Tudor badge by the close ties of relationship, and an end put to the bitter contention which had devastated the country during the previous thirty years. The marriage, which reinstated Elizabeth in a position befitting her illustrious birth, was celebrated in Westminster Abbey. Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, officiated, and the Court signalized the event with great magnificence, and the population with bonfires, dancing, and other festivities. In the picture, embroidered on Elizabeth's bridal dress is a shield with the Arms of England, and towards the end of the train, which is upborne by her attendant ladies, the white and red roses are worked as growing on one stalk.

Reign of Henry VII.

109525

"THE BATTLE OF SPURS."

From the Picture by HANS HOLBEIN, *in Hampton Court Palace.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1513.—It was in the third year of Henry VIII.'s reign, when he was but twenty-two years of age, that he embarked upon a war with France, in continuance, as it would seem, of the policy of conquering France, which had been abandoned nearly a century before, when the vigorous rule of Henry V. came to an end. The capacity Wolsey had shown pointed to him as the man upon whom the direction of this policy should rest, and on 30th June, 1513, Henry, landing at Calais, invaded France in person with a great army. Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, served under Henry, and received for his services 100 crowns a day as one of the captains, and directed all the operations of the English army. While besieging the town of Teroüane, on the frontiers of Picardy, intelligence of the approach of the French horse was received, and Henry at once ordered some troops to cross the Lis and oppose. The cavalry of France consisted chiefly of gentlemen who were noted for their gallantry in many desperate actions; but on sight of the English they were seized with so unaccountable a panic that they took to flight, and were pursued for a long distance by the English. The action is called the Battle of Guinegate, from the place where it was fought, but it is more frequently termed the Battle of Spurs, on account of the French making more use that day of their spurs to hasten their flight than of their swords or military weapons.

"THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD."

From the Picture by J. Faed, R.S.A. *By permission of Lieut. Col. H. C. Gleadowe.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1513.—War with France led as usual to a war with Scotland, and James IV., during Henry's absence in France, invaded England. He passed the Tweed with a brave but tumultuous army, ravaging the country and taking several castles; but instead of promptly pushing his conquests further, he wasted critical hours in pleasure, so that the Earl of Surrey, who had collected a force of 26,000 men, was enabled to come upon him before he could further prosecute his invasion. The picture shows the King and his nobles holding a council of war. The King turned a deaf ear to the cautious advice then offered him, and the battle that took place on the following day was lost by the Scotch. The two armies met on the 9th September, 1513, at the foot of the Cheviot Hills, at a place called Flodden, and a desperate conflict ensued. Although the English lost many men they were persons only of small note—but with the Scotch the flower of its nobility fell and the King himself was slain. For this brilliant victory, which the Earl of Surrey accomplished against a force numerically double his own, Henry conferred upon him the Dukedom of Norfolk, which had been forfeited by the Earl's father, when he engaged himself on the side of Richard III.

"HENRY VIII. AND CARDINAL WOLSEY."

From the Picture by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., *presented by him to the Guildhall Art Gallery.*

A.D. 1515.—Reign of Henry VIII. Wolsey was born at Ipswich of humble parentage. Endowed with great capacity, and being qualified by the education he had—for he took his degree at Oxford at the age of fifteen—he was admitted into the family of the Marquis of Dorset as tutor to that nobleman's children. Later he succeeded in gaining the notice and favour of Henry VII., at whose death he was generally regarded as a rising man. And he rose rapidly after the accession of Henry VIII. He was Bishop of Winchester when he was introduced to the Court of that monarch, and at the Royal parties of pleasure made himself popular by taking the lead in every jovial conversation, neither his age nor his character of clergyman being ever any restraint upon him. He had a genius, too, for administration, which Henry soon perceived, and made him one of the Privy Council. In 1514 he was appointed Archbishop of York; the following year saw him made a Cardinal by the Pope, and ere the year had drawn to a close he was Henry's Chancellor, for, on the resignation of Warham, the Great Seal was immediately delivered to him. From this time until his fall he was one of the most important men in Europe; he lived in great state and magnificence, universally courted, and possessed of immense influence, enjoying from Henry the most unbounded favour and confidence. In the picture he is seen—State papers in his hand—in close converse with his Royal master.

"CARDINAL WOLSEY GOING IN PROCESSION TO WESTMINSTER HALL."

From the Picture by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., *presented by him to the Guildhall Art Gallery.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A D. 1516.—Accompanied by his officers and servants, and in his accustomed state, Wolsey, now Chancellor of England, moves quickly through a throng of people, each one of whom appears to desire something at his hands. With ostentatious display, his Cardinal's hat is borne before him by a person of rank, and the historical pillar of silver follows. "He would issue out to them," says Cavendish, "apparelled all in red, in the habit of a Cardinal, with a tippet of sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out and filled up again with the part of a sponge wherein was vinegar or other confections against the pestilent airs the which he commonly smelt when passing among the press—or else when he was pestered by many suitors. Then his gentlemen ushers cried out and said, 'Oh, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my lord's grace,' and thus he passed down from his chamber through the Hall."

"THE EMBARKATION OF HENRY VIII. AT DOVER."

From the Picture by HANS HOLBEIN, *in Hampton Court Palace.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1520.—Cardinal Wolsey tried hard to keep the peace with France, and towards that end he readily fell in with an interview that was projected between Henry and King Francis I. Francis, who had made himself well acquainted with Henry's character, was prepared to accommodate himself to it, and had solicited this interview with the English monarch, in expectation of being able by familiar conversation to gain upon his friendship and confidence; Henry on his part, being a lover of show and magnificence, promptly and cordially acquiesced in a function that could not fail to be of an imposing character, and he entertained moreover a curiosity to become personally acquainted with the French King. To Wolsey also it gave the opportunity of making parade of his riches and splendour before both Courts, and of showing to the world the influence he exercised over both monarchs. His following alone consisted of twelve chaplains, 238 servants, and 150 horses. On him devolved the arrangements for the interview; and these, with his wonderful capacity for organization, he ably adjusted to the satisfaction of both Henry and Francis. On 30th May, 1520, accompanied by his Queen Catherine, and by his entire Court, with 4,334 men and 1,637 horses, Henry embarked at Dover and, escorted across the Channel by a formidable fleet of war ships, landed at Calais, whence he proceeded at once to Guisnes, a small town on the French frontier.

"THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD."

From the Picture by HANS HOLBEIN, *in Hampton Court Palace.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1520.—When Henry arrived at Guisnes, Francis I. had already reached Ardres, a few miles distant, and the meeting, which had engrossed the thoughts and anticipations of both monarchs, and the preliminaries of which had been so skilfully arranged by Wolsey, took place in the fields that lay between these two towns; but the spot was nevertheless on English ground, for Francis determined to pay this compliment to Henry in consideration of his having passed the sea, to the interview. It has, in fact, been said that this circumstance was adroitly contrived by Wolsey, who personally directed the ceremonial, and whose primary object was to do honour to his master. The nobility of both France and England displayed their magnificence with such emulation and profusion of expense, as to gain for the spot where the meeting took place the name of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Many who took part in the ceremony involved themselves in serious debt, and were not able by the penury of their whole lives to repair their position. Two thousand eight hundred tents, many of them covered with silk and cloth of gold, were pitched on the surrounding plain, but even this number was insufficient for the multitudes that flocked thither, and many ladies and persons of rank were compelled to obtain lodging in barns and to sleep upon hay and straw. The festivities were attended throughout by the Queens and their ladies, and the French and English vied with each other in the splendour of their dresses. A whole fortnight was consumed in feats of arms and gay carousals. Tilting with spears, the tourney with the broad-sword on horseback, and fighting on foot occupied the brilliant company in this loveliest month of the year. In the picture the two Kings are seen meeting, and saluting one another; neither monarch had before seen the other.

"THE DAWN OF THE REFORMATION."

From the Picture by W. F. YEAMES, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1521.—It was in the early part of the sixteenth century that the great religious revolution took place which divided the Western Church into the two sections of Protestant and Roman Catholic. The way for the revolution had been prepared by the gross corruptions of the Romish Church, for when Leo X., who filled the Papal throne, opened a sale of indulgences, or absolution from sin, as a means of replenishing his coffers, the grossness of such an imposture, coupled with the diffusion of knowledge which the art of printing had brought about, stimulated reform. It was introduced by Martin Luther, a Saxon friar, and the voice of this daring innovator roused in a very little while the whole of Europe. The most ancient and most received opinions were called in question. Men had been taught for centuries to hold intercourse with God only through the ordinances of the Church, but now the vital doctrine was held up of a man's individual faith and personal relation with God without any human intervention. The first whisperings of this great revolution in religious thought and practice date, however, from John Wycliffe, who lived nearly two centuries earlier. He it was who was called "The Morning Star of the Reformation," and is here seen giving "the poor priests" who are his disciples copies of his translation of the Bible, bidding them make the Gospel known throughout the land.

"HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN."

From the Picture by T. STOTHARD, R.A.

A.D. 1522.—Anne Boleyn was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, of Blickling Hall, Norfolk, and Rochford Hall, Essex. When she was thirteen she went as maid of honour to Henry's sister, Mary Queen of France. There she was first initiated into the gaiety and grandeur of Courts. Returning to England at twenty-one, the joyful news came to her that she was to go to Court and be presented to Queen Catherine. Of singular beauty, this volatile maid of honour was accomplished and witty, quick at repartee, and a skilful player on the flute and on a small instrument resembling a violin with three strings. Henry first met her about this time, and in the picture he is seen courting her with great gallantry. She was already betrothed to the eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland, but Henry soon took measures to terminate this engagement, and Anne, in grief, absented herself from Court. Four years later she returned, Henry, in the meantime, having found means of seeing her, of assailing her with love-letters of the most passionate description, and presenting her with costly jewels. About 1528 he first entertained raising her to the throne by displacing Catherine. Years went by, however, and it was not until Anne had turned thirty-one that the way was in any way cleared. Henry then privately married her, and later the marriage was openly solemnized, and Anne was crowned Queen in Westminster Abbey. Ere three years were over the fickle King had wearied of her, and a new beauty having appeared on the scene in the person of Jane Seymour, charges were forthcoming against the unfortunate Anne, which, whether true or false, served the purpose for which they were brought; they led to her speedy divorce from Henry, and to her death four months later at the hands of the executioner; her cruel and treacherous husband wedding the new beauty the very next day.

Reign of Henry VIII.

"SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS FATHER."

From the Picture by S. A. Hart, R.A., *in the possession of the Corporation of London.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1523.—The father of the celebrated Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, was Sir John More, who rose, it has been said, from being a butler to be Reader at Lincoln's Inn and ultimately a judge. He did not apparently distinguish himself in any great degree, but owed his advancement to his high judicial position to the superior talents and powerful influence of his son. He was made Serjeant-at-law in 1503, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1517, and finally a Judge of the King's Bench. When seated there as judge (the oldest judge then of the King's Bench, being nearly ninety years of age), it was the habit of his son, on his way to his seat in the Court of Chancery, to turn aside to the court where his father was sitting, and reverently on his knees ask and receive his aged parent's blessing. This strange and touching spectacle was witnessed every morning when the father and son were sitting in their respective courts.

"TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHERINE."

From the Picture by HENRY O'NEILL, A.R.A., *in the Art Gallery, Birmingham. By permission of the Corporation of Birmingham.*

A.D. 1529.—Henry VIII. married Catherine of Arragon (the Infanta of Spain and his brother Arthur's widow) on the 3rd June, 1509. She was then twenty-three years of age and Henry not quite eighteen. After nearly twenty years of wedded life, in which she had borne him several children, all of whom, however, were daughters, he fell in love with Anne Boleyn, and sought the dissolution of his marriage on the ground, as he declared, of the scruples he entertained as to its legality, and with a view of establishing the succession in an undoubted line. The trial opened at Blackfriars, 31st May, 1529. The King and Queen both presented themselves, and on the Queen being called upon to answer her name, she threw herself down at the King's feet, in sight of all the Court and assembly, and made him a pathetic address, rendered the more affecting by her virtue, dignity, and misfortunes. At the conclusion of her speech she made the King a low reverence, and withdrew from the court, never again appearing in it. Catherine appealed to Rome, and the proceedings were consequently delayed; not until 1533, when Henry found the Pope was not to be moved, did his patience come to an end. The Court then declared his marriage invalid, and it was annulled. Henry in the meantime had secretly married Anne Boleyn; this was on the 25th January, 1533, and in the following year the marriage was ratified by Parliament, and Anne was shortly after publicly crowned Queen.

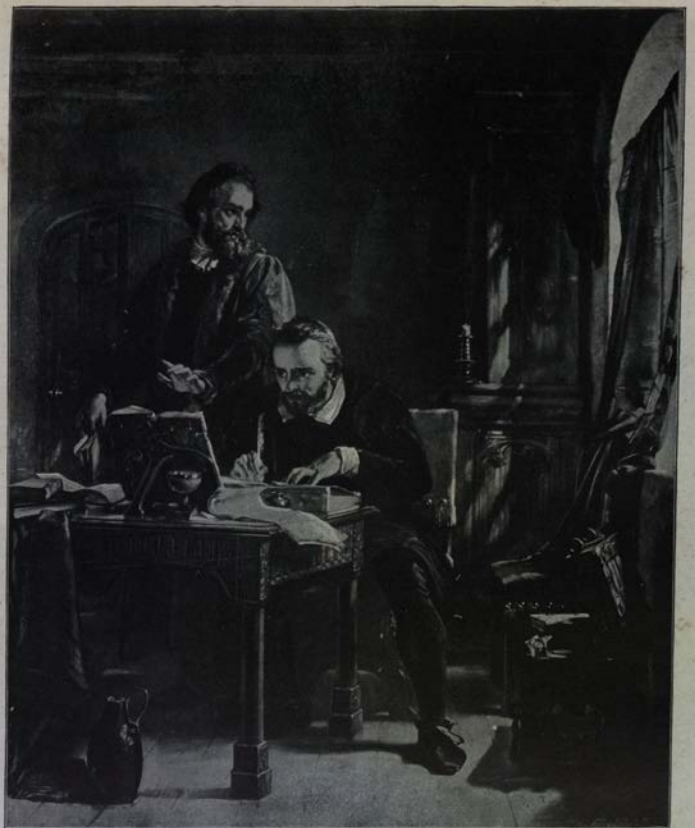
Reign of Henry VIII.

"CARDINAL WOLSEY AT LEICESTER ABBEY."

From the Water-Colour Drawing by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., *in South Kensington Museum.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1530.—On failing to persuade Henry to abandon his project of marrying Anne Boleyn, Wolsey had set himself, with what grace he could, to bring the marriage about, and when the proceedings in England for the divorce of Catherine were annulled by Pope Clement, Henry visited all his wrath and disappointment on Wolsey, whose efforts on his behalf, however sincere, had been unsuccessful. Surrounded by enemies, it was no difficult task to find a cause of accusation against him, and he was eventually driven from the various high offices he held, and all his wealth and estates were seized, so that this once great man became reduced to poverty. Although innocent apparently of any disloyal motive, reason was found to accuse him of treason for having opened communication with the French Ambassador, and on his journey from York to London to answer this charge, he turned aside, sick in body and broken in heart, for refuge in Leicester Abbey. On his arrival there the abbot, with all his convent, came out to meet him at the gates with many torches, and received him with great reverence. "Father Abbot," said the Cardinal, "I am come hither to leave my bones among you," then alighting from his mule he was led up the stairs to his chamber. His death took place on the 29th November, 1530, and as it drew near, he is said to have made utterance of the memorable words, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies."



"TYNDALE TRANSLATING THE SCRIPTURES."

From the Picture by ALEXANDER JOHNSTON. *By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London.*

A.D. 1533.—William Tyndale, scholar and reformer, was born in Gloucestershire, 1484. He soon became obnoxious to the clergy on account of his doctrines, and dreading the King's authority he fled with others to Antwerp, where in safety they employed themselves in writing books in English against the corruptions of the Romish Church; against images, reliques, and pilgrimages; and these books, finding their way to England, made converts everywhere—but it was his English translation of the New Testament that was regarded as really dangerous to the established faith. The first edition of this work was composed hurriedly and with considerable inaccuracy, but it was eagerly received in England. Tyndale would fain have delayed its publication in order to correct the errors of which he was quite sensible, but his means were small, and he could not afford to lose probably the greater portion of the impression. Tonstal, the Bishop of London, gave, it is said, private orders for buying up all the copies of the work that could be found in Antwerp, and he burned them publicly in Cheapside. He was a man of moderation, and it has been said that he acted thus in order to supply money to Tyndale to enable him to print a new and correct edition of the work, and in 1534 Tyndale published a revised edition, and another in 1535. In this latter year he was treacherously arrested, and after a confinement of sixteen months he was publicly executed, and his body burnt at Vilvorde.

Reign of Henry VIII.

"SIR THOMAS MORE IN PRISON IN THE TOWER."

From the Picture by J. R. HERBERT, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1535—Sir Thomas More, born in 1483, was a man of learning and a zealous Papist. At the age of thirty-three he produced his notable book entitled "Utopia," a satire against the Government of the day. Three years later, Henry, who delighted in men of intelligence and wit, made him a Privy Councillor. At forty we find him Speaker of the House of Commons, and six years later Chancellor of England in the room of Wolsey. This appointment he resigned after holding it for three years, preferring to withdraw altogether from Henry's service than to be associated with an attack on the Papal organization which he felt Henry was contemplating. Two years later he incurred the King's disfavour by refusing to swear to the illegality of Catherine's marriage; and in 1534 he was indicted for high treason for declining to acknowledge the King's supremacy as head of the Church of England. His constancy and integrity led him to the scaffold, and he was beheaded 6th July, 1535, in his fifty-third year. The picture illustrates an incident during his imprisonment in the Tower. Looking forth from his window one day, he saw four monks on their way to execution for refusing, as he had done, to subscribe to the oath of supremacy. He called the attention of his daughter Margaret to those "blessed fathers who were going as cheerfully to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage."

"THE DEATH OF QUEEN CATHERINE."

From the Picture by C. R. LESLIE, R.A. *By permission of J. Broughton Dugdale, Esq.*

Reign of Henry VIII.

A.D. 1536.—The King amid his scruples and remorses had invariably treated Catherine with respect and distinction. He saw her for the last time 14th July, 1531, and on his separation from her being finally determined, he desired her to make choice of any one of his palaces in which she would please to reside. She had fixed her abode for some time at Ampthill, near Dunstable, ranking, according to Henry's treatment of her, merely as "Princess Dowager of Wales." But she would accept of no such title, and continued firm in maintaining the validity of her marriage, no one ever being admitted to her presence who did not approach her with the accustomed ceremonial. She was at last seized with a lingering illness, which brought her to her grave, and she died at Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, in January, 1536, in the fiftieth year of her age. A little before she expired she wrote a tender and affectionate epistle to the King, which concluded with these words: "I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things." By this last tender proof of Catherine's affection, Henry, it is said, was so touched that he even shed tears.

"EDWARD VI."

From the Picture in the Royal Collection, Windsor. By permission of the Autotype Company.

A.D. 1547.—Edward VI. was born at Hampton Court on the 12th October, 1537. His mother was Jane Seymour, who was the third wife of Henry VIII. Edward at the time of his father's death was residing at the then Royal mansion of Hatfield, and was in his tenth year. He was conducted thence in regal state, and proclaimed King of England, being crowned at Westminster Abbey on the 20th February, 1547. He is reported as having been handsome in person and of possessing abilities beyond most boys of his age. He wrote down and kept the characters of all the chief men in the nation, their way of living, and their zeal for religion. He studied the business of the mint and of the exchange and value of money. He also knew all the harbours in his dominions, and the depth of water in each. Of everything he heard he took notes, which he wrote in Greek characters, and then copied out in the daily journal which he kept, and which is still preserved. In the picture the robe he wears is rich with embroidery, and the hat ornamented with jewels is set, as was the fashion, on one side. The portrait was painted when he was just thirteen years of age.

Reign of Edward VI.

"EDWARD VI. IN COUNCIL."

From the Picture by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. *By permission of Mrs. Perrins.*

A.D. 1552.—Henry VIII. had willed that a council should govern until Edward should have reached the age of eighteen, and although Edward did not survive to exercise, as the records suggest, the functions of government, still the scene before us might, under certain circumstances, have taken place, more especially at the period when he was approaching his majority. Here at the Council Board the frail monarch is represented as having a warrant laid before him for his signature for the execution of some criminal or political offender. Naturally of a gentle disposition, and certainly of very tender age, his sensitive mind is recoiling from committing an act which will deliver to death the offending person whoever he may be, and as the aged and experienced councillors thrust the warrant before him, and one even presents to him the pen ready dipped in ink wherewith to sign, he turns aside in hesitation, the leaves of the white rose he has been absently plucking falling at his feet.

Reign of Edward VI.

'OFFER OF THE CROWN TO LADY JANE GREY"

From the Picture by C. R. LESLIE, R.A. *By permission of the Duke of Bedford.*

A.D. 1553.—Mary, the elder daughter of Henry VIII., was the presumptive heir to the crown on the death of Edward VI., but the Duke of Northumberland had prevailed upon the late King to set aside both her and her sister Elizabeth in favour of Lady Jane Grey, who was Edward's half cousin and daughter of the Duke of Suffolk. She had married Lord Guildford Dudley, the fourth son of Northumberland. Immediately after Edward's death, Northumberland, with other members of the nobility, hurried to Sion House, where Jane, who was then but sixteen, resided, and approached her with all the customary respect paid to a Sovereign. She was a lady of amiable person, and of many accomplishments. She had passed most of her time in study, and had attained a familiar knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. The intelligence of her elevation to the throne was in no wise agreeable to her; she is even recorded as having refused to accept the position in face of the preferable title of the two Princesses, Mary and Elizabeth; but at last she was prevailed on to waive her own judgment and inclination. In the picture her husband is by her side, while leaning on a table is her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk. Kneeling before her is Northumberland, with an unrolled document in his hand; beside him is Suffolk, while farther to the left are the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Bedford, and Archbishop Cranmer.

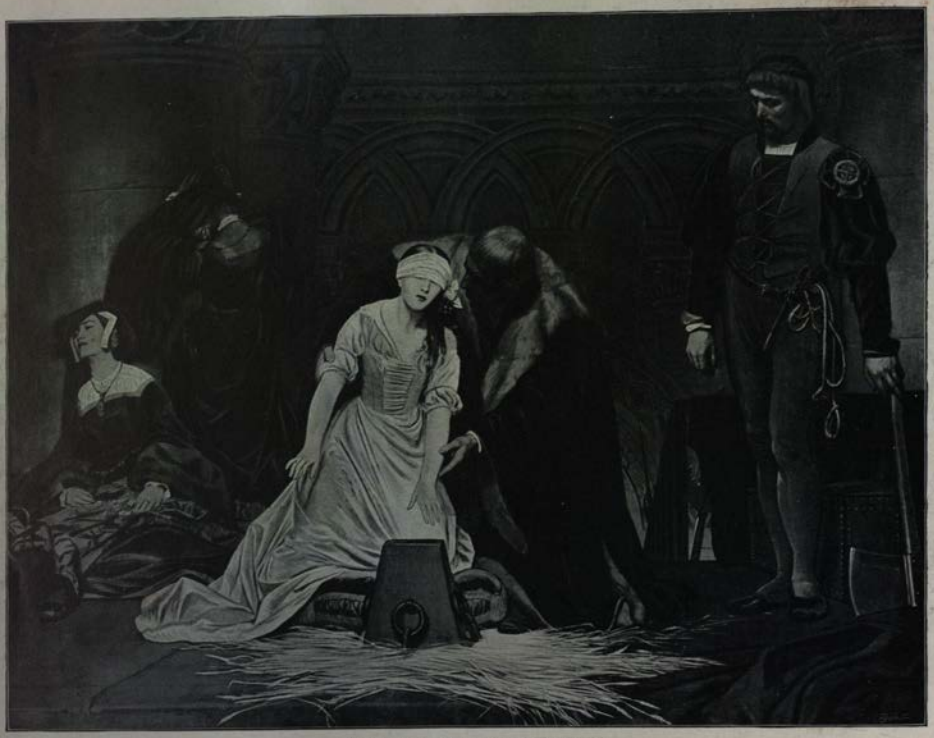
Reign of Mary.

"LADY JANE GREY IN THE TOWER."

From the Picture by W. F. YEAMES, R.A., *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

Reign of Mary.

A.D. 1553.—At the time when Lady Jane was proclaimed Queen, Mary was in Suffolk, where the people showed the greatest loyalty to her, and whither the nobility and gentry daily flocked, bringing her reinforcements to support her claim to the crown. Northumberland saw the danger that was gathering round him, and taking command of the troops at his disposal marched against Mary; but he had got no farther than St. Edmundsbury when his counsellors and supporters in London deserted him, and Mary was proclaimed Queen. Lady Jane had worn the crown but for ten days, when she returned to the private life she had so unwillingly forsaken; but a few days only had elapsed when, by Mary's order, she was conducted, with her husband, to the Tower. This was on the 28th July, barely three weeks from the date of Edward's death. Mary sent her own chaplain to minister to her, but being a staunch Protestant, she declined his ministrations. In the picture she is seen hearing and not hearing, as the zealous priest unfolds his doctrines to her. A few weeks later and sentence of death was pronounced upon both her and her husband, but with no present intention of carrying it into effect. Neither of them had yet reached their seventeenth year, and their youth and innocence pleaded sufficiently in favour of their lives being spared.



"EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY."

From the Picture by PAUL DELAROCHE. *By permission of Lord Cheylesmore.*

Reign of Mary.

A.D. 1554.—When Philip of Spain became betrothed to Mary, so much public dissatisfaction was displayed that an insurrection took place, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, its object being to dethrone Mary and to replace Lady Jane Grey on the throne. The insurrection, however, was suppressed, Wyatt was executed, and Mary, to rid herself of a dangerous rival, ordered the sentence against both Lady Jane and her husband to be carried out. On the eventful day, 12th February, 1554, Lady Jane saw from the prison window her husband being led to execution, and his headless body brought back. To Sir John Gage, the Constable of the Tower, she gave her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences on seeing her husband's lifeless body; the purport of which was, that human justice was against his body, but Divine mercy would be favourable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth, at least, was worthy of excuse. On the scaffold she made an affecting speech to the bystanders, saying that her offence was, not the having laid her hand on the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy—that she had erred less through ambition than through reverence to her parents. She caused herself then to be disrobed by her women, and with serene countenance she submitted herself to the executioner.

"CRANMER AT TRAITORS' GATE."

From the Picture by F. GOODALL, R.A., *in South Kensington Museum.*

A.D. 1553.—Reign of Mary.—Cranmer was popular with Henry VIII., and wrote in favour of his divorce from Catherine. In 1533 Henry made him Archbishop of Canterbury, and appointed him one of the Regency during the minority of Edward VI., on whose death he was induced to sign the patent for the succession of Lady Jane Grey. But the active part he had borne in promoting the divorce of Queen Mary's mother, and in supporting the Reformation, laid him open to the Queen's hatred, and the publication by him soon after her accession of an inflammatory manifesto, defending himself against a report that he had promised to officiate in the Latin service, led to his being thrown into the Tower, and in the picture he is seen entering that gloomy fortress through the Traitors' Gate. His enemies were many and powerful, and he was without delay brought to trial for the part he had played in supporting Lady Jane Grey for the throne to the exclusion of Mary; and sentence of death was pronounced upon him. The following year, 1554, he was removed to Oxfordshire, where he was tried on a charge of heresy, but to save his life he recanted. Finding, however, that it was determined to take his life, the old man retracted his recantation, and he was burnt in front of Balliol College, Oxford, 21st March, 1556, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH IN A FANCY DRESS."

From the Picture by LUCAS DE HEERE, *at Hampton Court Palace.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1558.—The most distinguished name in the annals of female royalty, saving our present Majesty, Queen Victoria, is that of the great Elizabeth, only child of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. She was born at Greenwich Palace on the 7th September, 1533; born, as Heywood says, "on the eve of the Virgin's nativity, and died on the eve of the Virgin's annunciation: even she that is now in Heaven with all those blessed virgins that had oil in their lamps." This sagacious woman ascended the throne of England on the death of her sister Mary in 1558. She is said to have been fair, with well-marked features, but not beautiful. Her love of finery was extraordinary; at her death between two and three thousand dresses were discovered in her wardrobe, with an immense quantity of jewellery. She was very partial to flattery, and as she got on in life her indignation was so great because the looking-glasses would not flatter her, that her lady attendants removed the mirrors from any room through which she was known to be about to pass. But she was learned and accomplished, and her capacity for directing the government of the country was conspicuous. The great events of the reign of this remarkable Queen were the re-establishment of Protestantism in England, the effectual resistance of the power of Spain, and the development of commercial enterprise and the spirit of maritime discovery.

"THE CONVENT GARDEN, FRANCE."

From the Picture by ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.

A.D. 1558.—Mary Queen of Scots was but seven days old when her father, King James IV., died and left her the Scottish crown. To escape an English alliance, which had been proposed for her, she was entrusted by her people, when she was six years of age, to the care of the French Admiral Villegaignon, who landed her safely at Brest, and conducted her to Paris, where, soon afterwards, she was betrothed to the Dauphin, who eleven years later (1559) became King of France, Mary being then but seventeen. For a brief while she shone as the Queen of the most splendid Court in Europe, entering eagerly into all its gaiety and dissipation. Her young husband then died at the age of eighteen, after a year only of sovereignty. But the years of happy girlhood preceding her marriage had been surrounded with that peace and delight which would naturally attend the educational period of one so distinguished, and the memory of those years was a cherished one through all her subsequent eventful career. The picture portrays the character of her life during that time; the grace and accomplishments attending her in the persons of her beautiful companions, and the thoughtful calm as well as the girlish joy that were hers in the pleasant convent garden, in contrast to the perpetual conflict and vicissitude that shadowed her after life to its early close.

Reign of Elizabeth.

"THE CONSECRATION OF ARCHBISHOP PARKER."

From the Picture by WILLIAM DYCE, R.A. *By permission of the Autotype Company, the publishers of the Autotype.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1559.—Matthew Parker was born in 1504, and when thirty-one years of age was appointed chaplain to Queen Anne Boleyn, and nine years later became Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He lived in retirement during Mary's reign, but on Elizabeth ascending the throne he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. The old Catholic prelates refused to consecrate him, for he was an ardent promoter of the reformed doctrines of the Church, and a commission of reformed bishops was therefore issued to perform the ceremony. It took place on the 17th December, 1559. In the picture, William Barlow, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, is seated and addressing the Archbishop-elect, and between these two is seen Nicholas Bullingham, Archdeacon of Lincoln, who stands with an open volume; to the extreme right, holding a closed book, is Edward Cest, Archdeacon of Canterbury; while to the left, behind the chair, stand Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, John Scory, Bishop of Chichester, and John Hodgkins, Suffragan Bishop of Bedford. Parker was an incessant worker. He published at his own expense the "Bishops' Bible," and founded the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was the first president. On one occasion Queen Elizabeth paid him a visit at Lambeth Palace. He died in 1575, at the age of seventy-one.

"JOHN KNOX PREACHING BEFORE THE LORDS OF THE CONGREGATION."

From the Picture by SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

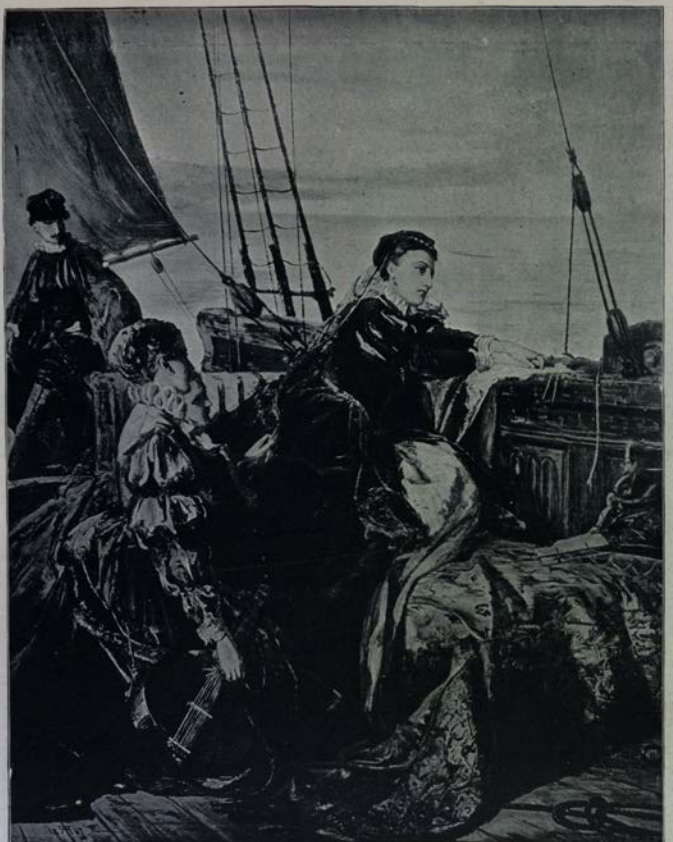
A.D. 1559.—The scene depicted took place in the month of June, 1559, during the regency of Mary of Guise, in the parish church of St. Andrew, in Fifeshire. There the zealous reformer, having just arrived from Geneva, after an exile of thirteen years, appeared in the pulpit, in defiance of a threat of assassination, and while an army in the field was watching the movements of his party. He there discoursed to a numerous assembly, including many of the clergy; when, such was the influence of his doctrines that the provost, bailies, and inhabitants unanimously agreed to set up the reformed worship in the town. The church was stripped of all images and pictures, and the monasteries were pulled down. On the left of the picture is Lord James Stuart, who appears later as the Regent Murray. Under the pulpit is the precentor with his hour-glass. The schoolboy below is John Napier, inventor of logarithms, and further to the right a child is seen whose baptism will take place when the discourse is over. At the back of the gallery is discerned a crucifix, which attracts the regard of Catholic penitents, and in the obscurity above is an escutcheon to the memory of Cardinal Beaton.

"THE EARL OF LEICESTER AND AMY ROBSART."

From the Picture by H. FRADELLE. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1560.—Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, the powerful favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who termed him her "Sweet Robin," was indebted for the high honours he acquired more to his handsome person and courtly manners than to any qualities of head or heart. He was three times wedded, the first occasion being to Amy Robsart, a wealthy heiress, to whose murder the general voice of the time has charged him with being an accessory. His object in abetting this crime was to make way for his marriage with Queen Elizabeth, whose attachment to him had been declared and constant. Amy at the time was living at Cumnor Place, a solitary mansion of the Earl's in Berkshire, where also lived Anthony Forster, the Earl's confidential servant, who was the means, it is alleged, of compassing the poor girl's destruction. Some say she was smothered and then flung downstairs, as if she had come there by pure misadventure; but others say that outside her lofty room a trap-door was placed, which gave way beneath her as she hurriedly emerged on hearing what she took to be the bugle of Leicester announcing his welcome arrival, but which in reality was the ruse employed by the treacherous Forster. In the picture the false Leicester is seen in one of his brief visits to Cumnor Place, whither he hurriedly journeyed at such times as he could spare from the more attractive gaieties of Court.



"AT SEA. FAREWELL TO FRANCE."

From the Picture by ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1561.—Mary on the death of her husband, being no longer Queen in France, turned her thoughts to her native country, and at the same time a deputation from Scotland was dispatched to invite her thither. Her natural prepossession in favour of France, where she had lived from her childhood and borne so high a rank, made the coming change of abode far from agreeable to her. Her memory lingered upon the brilliant past, the refinements and gaieties of which had made her life one of unclouded sunshine, and after she had embarked at Calais, she kept her eyes fixed on the beloved shore, nor turned them thence till darkness fell. She then had her couch spread in the open air, that in the morning, if the land were still in sight, she might be awoke for one parting look. The weather, as it chanced, was calm, so that the vessel made but little way, and one more opportunity was thus afforded her of seeing the land she loved so well. Gazing yearningly towards it, she several times repeated the words, "Farewell, France; farewell, France: I shall never see thee more." And so her barque sped over the waves to her northern home. Elizabeth feared her as a dangerous rival for the English crown, and endeavoured, it is said, to intercept her, but she passed the English fleet in a fog, and arrived safely at Leith in the middle of August, 1561.

"JOHN KNOX REPROVING MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS."

From the Picture by W. P. FRITH, R.A., *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1562.—Mary was now in her nineteenth year, beautiful in person, engaging in manners, and accomplished in all the refining arts of music, eloquence, and poetry. Her arrival in Scotland seemed to give universal satisfaction, and nothing appeared about the Court but affection, joy, and festivity. One circumstance alone affected this promising outlook: she was a Papist. Prayers were offered up in the churches that God would turn the Queen's heart, and later she was openly vilified. The ringleader in these proceedings was the reformer, John Knox: he termed the Queen, Jezebel; and though Mary endeavoured by the most gracious condescension to win his favour, she could gain nothing on his obdurate heart. She desired him, if he found her blamable in any way, to reprimand her freely in private, and not to vilify her in the pulpit before her people. In the picture his scorching speech has had the effect of making her weep and sob with bitterness. Her faithful attendant, a man of kind and gentle spirit, tried to mitigate her grief and resentment by praising her beauty and accomplishments, but here, the severe and inflexible mind of the reformer displayed itself; he continued silent and with unaltered countenance until the Queen had given vent to her feelings.

"THE NIGHT OF RIZZIO'S MURDER."

From the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A. *By permission of Sir John Pender, G.C.M.G.*

A.D. 1566.—In 1566, Mary had married her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, a heartless man, who, leading a degraded life himself, believed that his wife also was quite capable of sacrificing her honour, and probably had already done so. There was at the Court one, David Rizzio, who had obtained an extraordinary degree of confidence and favour with the Queen of Scots. He was a Piedmontese of mean birth, son of a teacher of music, and himself a musician; he was shrewd and sensible, and his aspirations were beyond his rank and education. He became Mary's chief confidant, so that no favours could be obtained but by his intercession, and he speedily drew on himself the hatred of the nobility. For the lavish and indiscreet kindness with which Mary honoured him she incurred the suspicions of Darnley as to her infidelity to him, and his jealousy being still further influenced by the insinuations of certain of his nobles, he concerted in a plot for Rizzio's ruin. On the eventful night when the plot was to be carried out—9th March, 1566—Mary, who was then residing at Holyrood Palace, was supping in private with the Countess of Argyle, who was her natural sister, and Rizzio. The conspirators, as seen in the picture, have just entered the apartment; Rizzio, aware of his danger, is appealing for protection to the Queen, who, having risen to her feet, is grasping the wrist of her weak and vicious husband as if at least to control him, while she speaks with all her queenly authority to Lord Ruthven, whose hand is already on the doomed man's shoulder.

Reign of Elizabeth.

"THE MURDER OF RIZZIO."

From the Picture by JOHN OPIE, R.A., *in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1566.—This shocking incident occurred but three months before the birth of Mary's first child, who was afterwards James I. of England. Her husband (Darnley) was the first to enter the room, where, as seen in the preceding picture, the party were seated around the supper table. Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, Kerr of Falconside, and others in the plot, all well armed, hurried in after him, and almost immediately after the door leading into the bedroom was thrown open, and the Earl of Morton's followers poured in. The Queen was told that they intended no violence to her, but only to bring the detested Rizzio to account. Rizzio in his terror ran, it is said, behind Mary, seizing her by the waist and calling loudly to her to protect him, while she with menaces and entreaties interposed her utmost to save him. Regardless of her efforts the assassins rushed upon him, and, overturning everything in their way, increased the horror and confusion of the scene as they tore Rizzio from her. Douglas, it is recorded, struck the first blow with Darnley's dagger that he had snatched from him. The obnoxious Italian was then carried alive through the adjacent apartment as far as the stair-head, where he was fiercely dispatched, and then dragged down the stairway, where he laid at the foot with fifty-six wounds in him.

"THE EARLS OF DESMOND AND ORMOND."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. *By permission of Lady Dalton Fitzgerald.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1567.—The broad estates of the Earls of Desmond and Ormond adjoined one another in Ireland. The Earl of Desmond was the head of the Fitzgeralds, an all-powerful family in Munster, and the Earl of Ormond was the chief of the Butler family. There were incessant disputes between the two houses, and whereas at the present day they would be settled by a judicial court, they were then determined at the point of the sword. Open battles were fought to settle the litigated questions, which, however they might carry victory or defeat, never brought conviction. It was in one of these mêlées that the Earl of Desmond, being wounded and taken prisoner, was borne from the field on a litter slung across the shoulders of some of Ormond's men. "Where now," cried they, "is the great Earl of Desmond?" "In his proper place," was the fierce and witty retort of the disabled combatant: "on the necks of the Butlers." With one hand uplifted in defiance, the other is tenderly given to the sorrowing wife, who wearily follows him, while behind paces the prisoner's horse. The winding road marks the course down which the group have hurriedly come, not unexpectant of an attempt at rescue, as is seen by the anxious backward glance of the leader.

"THE ABDICATION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS."

From the Picture by ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1567.—Mary was but twenty-two when she married Darnley, who before two years had passed was murdered (some say with the Queen's complicity) at a lonely house near Edinburgh, the deed being laid to the charge of the powerful Earls of Murray and Bothwell. Bothwell, a man of considerable family but of profligate manners, with apparently no resource, but in desperate councils and enterprises, had succeeded in gaining the favour and eventually the entire confidence of Mary. For his part in the murder of Darnley he was brought to trial, and on his acquittal Mary married him. This unpopular step in the eyes of the people eventually lost her her throne. Apart from the scandalous divorce which Bothwell had first to obtain from a lady of the distinguished house of Huntly, to whom he had only been two years wedded, it gave point to the suspicion that Mary had been privy to Darnley's murder. What might now follow, with the Queen no longer at her own disposal, but led by a man known to be of abandoned principle, occasioned widespread alarm. A confederacy was formed against her; Bothwell fled over seas and Mary was conducted to Edinburgh, whither she was sent under guard to the Castle of Loch Leven. Here, on the 24th July, 1567, she signed the abdication of the throne which was forced upon her; and her infant son, scarcely twelve months old, was proclaimed King, as James VI. The Earl of Murray, a man of vigour and ability, who had retired to France on Mary's marriage with Bothwell, now returned to act as Regent during the young King's minority.

"THE ESCAPE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS FROM LOCH LEVEN CASTLE."

From the Picture by THOMAS DANBY, R.A., *in Bethnal Green Museum.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1568.—The autumn and winter of 1567 had passed and the spring of 1568 had arrived, and Mary was still a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle. All this time she was contriving means to escape, and at last by her charms and caresses she succeeded in inducing the young laird of Loch Leven, George Douglas, to assist her. She even went so far, it is said, as to give him hopes of espousing her as soon as her marriage with Bothwell could be dissolved. Douglas had free access to the castle, and by dint of perseverance and skill he was at last successful in conveying her in disguise to a small boat, which he himself rowed to the shore. Hastening to Hamilton, she was there quickly joined by many of the nobility, who flocked to her with their forces as the news of her escape became known, and in a very few days an army of 6,000 men was assembled around her.

"DEATH OF THE REGENT MURRAY."

From the Picture by SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.S.A. *By permission of His Grace the Duke of Bedford.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

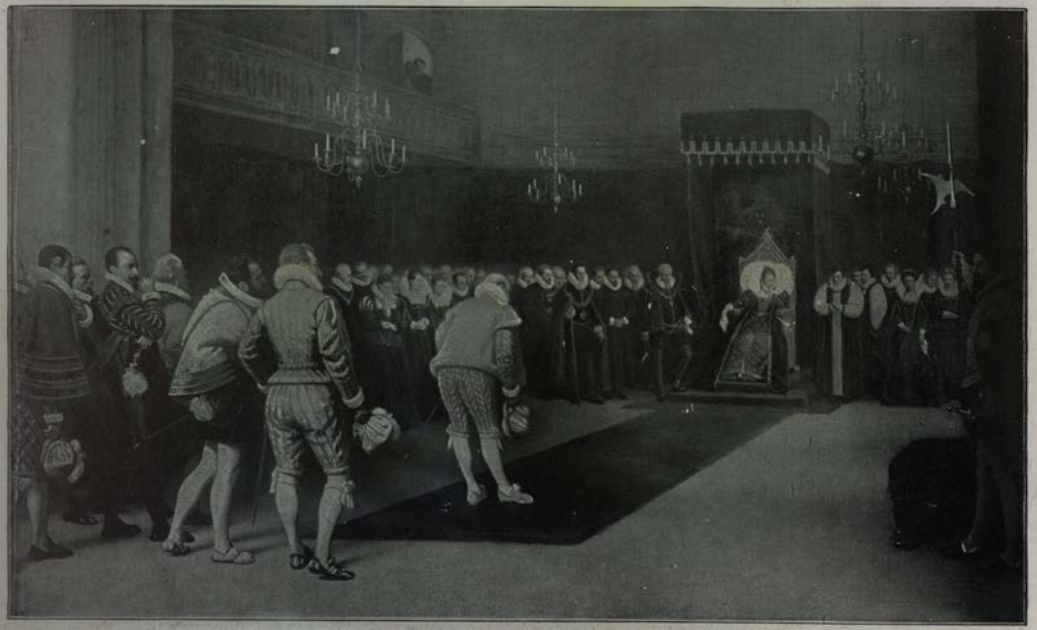
A.D. 1570.—Within fourteen days of Mary's escape from Loch Leven the Regent Murray met her at Langside, near Glasgow, where a battle was fought, in which he entirely defeated her. The unhappy Queen fled southwards with great precipitation, and came with but few attendants to the borders of England. Here she determined to trust to the generosity of Elizabeth, and, embarking on board a fishing boat at Galloway, landed in Cumberland, whence she dispatched a messenger to the English Queen, claiming her protection. The opportunity, however, for Elizabeth was too great a one to be lost. Ostensibly extending to her the hand of hospitality, she in reality determined to detain her as a prisoner, and Carlisle, by its proximity to the border, affording facilities for escape, she was removed to Bolton, Lord Scrope's seat, in Yorkshire. While the important question of her detention was occupying Elizabeth in conference with the Regent Murray, a startling event occurred in the streets of Linlithgow, which for the time put aside any projects that had been formed concerning her. The Regent Murray was assassinated, shot by a gentleman of the name of Hamilton, whose wife had lost her reason through the cruel treatment she had received from one of Murray's retainers. Scotland thereupon lost the strong guidance of an able man, and relapsed once more into anarchy.

"MAY-DAY IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME."

From the Picture by C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1570.—May-Day was a day dedicated to revelry and festive mirth in Queen Elizabeth's time. It was impossible to make the people sleep on May morning. The young people of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight and betake themselves to a neighbouring wood, with music and the blowing of horns; branches were broken down and adorned with nosegays and crowns of flowers; about sunrise they returned, and in a convenient part of the village, which they consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, the festivities of the day began. A tall pole, called a May-pole, was brought with great veneration to the spot, by some thirty yoke of oxen, two or three hundred men, women, and children accompanying it, and each ox having a sweet posy of flowers tied on the tip of its horns. The pole was bound round and round with coloured strings from top to bottom and decorated with flowers, and being then reared up in its place, handkerchiefs and flags streamed from its top, and people fell to banquet and feast, to leap and dance about, and engage in all sorts of games about it through the livelong day.



"QUEEN ELIZABETH RECEIVING THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AFTER ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY."

From the Picture by W. F. YEAMES, R.A. *By permission of Mrs. Coope.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1572.—On the 24th of August, 1572, St. Bartholomew's Day, a crime was perpetrated in Paris which struck dismay and horror through the civilized world. The Protestants inhabiting that city, being charged with conspiracy against the Government, were indiscriminately massacred—many of them in the streets, some even in their beds or on the roofs of their habitations, whither they had climbed in the frantic endeavour to escape. For eight days and nights the horrible slaughter and pillage lasted—the King himself (Charles IX.) taking part by discharging his arquebuse from the windows of the Louvre on the defenceless Huguenots. At the Spanish capital the shocking event was celebrated with Court festivals; at Rome the Pope gave thanks, but in England the tidings were received with the fiercest indignation, and all ranks of people were ready to take up arms to avenge the murdered Protestants. When the French Ambassador sought an audience of Elizabeth to say what he could in extenuation of the dreadful business, she declined to receive him, but after three days' consideration she granted him an interview. Nothing, it is said, could have been more awful and affecting than the solemnity of this audience; silence as in the dead of night reigned through the apartment, a melancholy sorrow sat on every face, and the courtiers and ladies clad in deep mourning and ranged on either side allowed the Ambassador to pass without one salute or favourable look.

"KENILWORTH CASTLE BY MOONLIGHT."

From the Picture by E. DUNCAN *in the Bethnal Green Museum.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1574.—Kenilworth Castle in Warwickshire, here seen in the placid moonlight, was a notable and princely place in Elizabeth's time. It was no inheritance of the Dudley family, but had descended to Elizabeth from some of her most illustrious ancestors, and she had granted it to her favourite five years after her accession. It was eleven years later, in the summer of 1574, that she honoured the Earl of Leicester with a visit to his newly-acquired domain, and no more brilliant scene had the old castle witnessed than that it looked down upon on the occasion of this queenly visit. Elizabeth stayed from the 10th to the 27th of July. During her stay all the clocks in the castle were stopped, and remained pointing to the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of the time during the Royal sojourn there. Days of unclouded sunshine are recorded, passed in every kind of princely pleasure in vogue in those days—hunting the hart, bear-baiting, banquets and gorgeous masques, music, dancing, and grand water pageants, so that the whole countryside for many miles around was alive with the festivities. The castle is now in ruins, but it will ever be identified with the reign of the illustrious Queen who bestowed it upon her favourite, and then honoured it by her presence.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH AND LADY PAGET."

From the Picture by H. FRADELLE. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1580.—It was about 1579 that Queen Elizabeth first began to distinguish Sir Walter Raleigh with her favour. He was the younger son of a country gentleman of small fortune, but of good descent, and his handsome person and gallant bearing made so favourable an impression upon her, that she soon after made him captain of her guard. Quickly assuming the airs of a courtier, he vied with the gayest of those about the Queen. Dainty and luxurious in her habits, Elizabeth, it is said, was once impeded in her daily walk by a miry slough, and that Raleigh promptly spread his new plush cloak, with deep obeisance, on the ground before her, so that she trod over with unsullied feet. It was soon after this act of gallantry — worthy of the age of chivalry — that Raleigh was standing in a window recess, where, observing the Queen's eye to be upon him, he wrote on one of the window panes with the point of a diamond, which the Queen had given him, the famous words, "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall." After reading these words to Lady Paget, Elizabeth condescendingly inscribed beneath them the equally famous line, "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all." To the ambitious Raleigh this hint was irresistible, and he was thereafter both bold and successful in his ascent to fame and fortune.

"THE END—FOTHERINGAY."

From the Picture by ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.

A.D. 1587.—A prisoner in England, shifted for better security from one place to another, Mary's melancholy captivity had lasted for nearly eighteen years when the plot known as the Babington conspiracy proved the means of hurrying to a close her eventful life. She was charged with being concerned with a number of young Catholics, of whom Anthony Babington was one, in an endeavour to effect her freedom by the assassination of Elizabeth, and on 25th October, 1586, the Commissioners appointed to try her agreed as to her guilt and sentenced her to death. On the 8th February, 1587, the last day dawned upon the tragic life of this beautiful and accomplished woman. She bade her ladies dress her as for a festival; a gown of black brocaded satin spangled over with gold, a petticoat of crimson velvet, and a white veil descending to the ground, were the main features of her attire. Her dignified composure and the melancholy sweetness of her face impressed all as she advanced to the fatal spot. Here the death-warrant was read to her, and she then prepared herself for the executioner. Kneeling upon the cushion she intrepidly bowed her head on the block, exclaiming as she did so: "*In manus tuas.*" A moment later, and the severed head was held up to the gaze of those assembled. The silence, the tears, and the emotional groans of the witnesses of the terrible tragedy testified to the feelings with which the cruel act was regarded.

Reign of Elizabeth.

"MARY STUART—1587."

From the Picture by EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1587.—The remains of the ill-fated Queen were covered with an old cloth torn from a billiard-table and carried into a large upper chamber, where they were left, as seen in the picture, to await the process of embalming. Scarcely forty-four years of age, Queen of Scotland, sometime Queen of France, and claimant of the Crown of England, three times wedded ere she was twenty-five, her eighteen years of English captivity has ended here. So great was the indignation in Scotland at the piteous execution, that King James would not receive the envoy whom Elizabeth sent, to express her sorrow for what she termed the "miserable accident." An express was dispatched to warn him not to advance further than Berwick, as it would be impossible to protect his life from the fury of the people if he ventured to enter Scotland. The remains of Mary were conveyed from Fotheringay Castle six months later to Peterborough Cathedral, where they were interred with great pomp. All her faithful attendants followed her, and indignantly repelled the courtesies offered them by the English Queen, preferring their own dresses to the black cloth which Elizabeth sent for them, and declining altogether the banquet provided for the mourners, saying that "their hearts were too sad to feast." Twenty-five years later, by order of her son, who was now James I. of England, the body was exhumed and conveyed with reverential care to Westminster, where it was deposited in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel.

"SHAKESPEARE'S COURTSHIP."

From the Picture by THOMAS BROOKS *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1583.—William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire in 1564. It is said that a short course in the Stratford Grammar School was all the regular education that the great dramatist ever received. In the picture he is seen, at the age of nineteen, courting Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself, and whom he afterwards wedded. A few years later and he removed to London, where he soon vindicated the immense superiority of his genius by universal popularity. He rapidly acquired fame and fortune. Companion of the nobles and wits of the day, he became also a favourite of Elizabeth herself. He wrote thirty-seven plays, two long poems, and a collection of sonnets. Many of his plays were published during the reign of Elizabeth, and they were the delight of the Court, the town, and the country. They were all acted by men and boys, it being considered at that time a great indecorum for women to act; and it is said that instead of painted scenes, as now in use, a board was hung up over the stage with an inscription on it to tell the spectators what the scene was supposed to be. The poet Dryden said of him, "He was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul; all the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily; when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too." He died in 1616, on the 23rd April, and was buried on the north side of the chancel in the church of Stratford. The stone above his grave bears the following epitaph:—

Reign of Elizabeth.

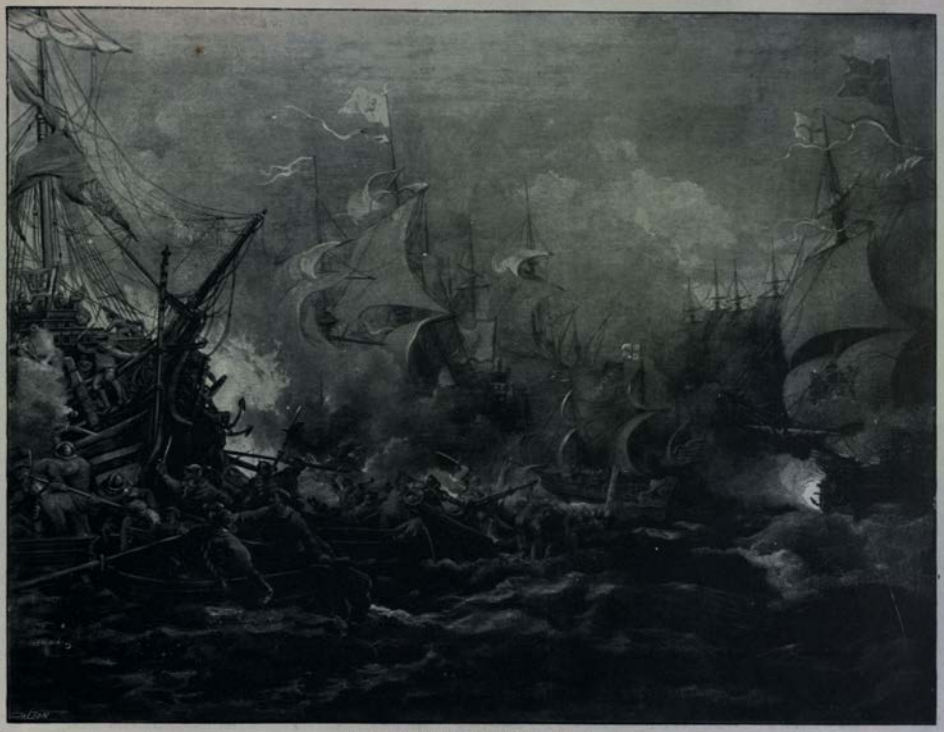
Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here:
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY FORT."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. *By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1588.—In 1588 news came to England from many quarters of the vast preparations that were being made in Spain for the invasion and conquest of England. Elizabeth had foreseen this step on the part of the Spanish King, and on her side had made preparations for resistance, undismayed by that power by which all Europe apprehended she must of necessity be overwhelmed. The English navy was vastly inferior to that of Spain in point of numbers, but the dexterity and courage of the English sailors far exceeded that of the Spaniards. Of the land forces of England a body of 22,000 foot and 1,000 horse were stationed at Tilbury, under the command of Leicester, and the more to excite the martial spirit of the threatened action, Elizabeth appeared in person in the camp at Tilbury, riding through the lines with animated countenance, and exhorting the soldiers to remember their duty to their country and religion, saying she would lead them herself against the enemy, and perish in battle rather than survive the ruin and slavery of her people. All the barbarities of Mary's reign, the unrelenting cruelties by Spain in the Netherlands, and the iniquities of the terrible inquisition, were set before men's eyes, and every artifice and reason employed by this able Queen to animate the people to effectually resist the coming foe.

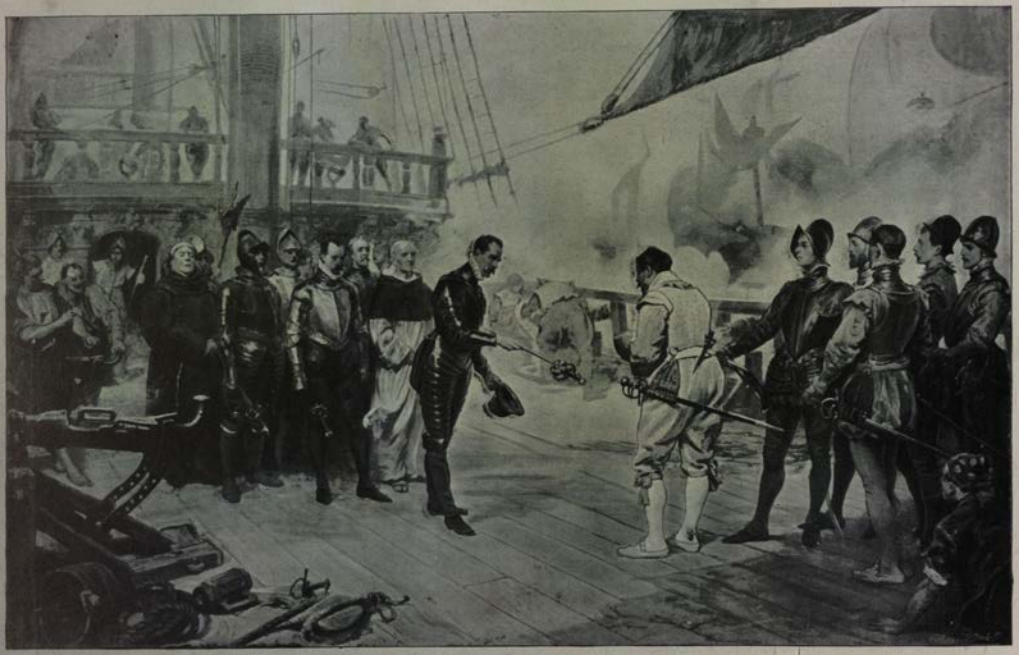


"THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA."

From the Picture by P. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1588.—The preparations of Spain for invading England were carried along for some time in secrecy, but the time arrived when the King's resolution was made publicly known, and then every port of his vast empire resounded with the noise of armaments. Vessels of enormous size and force were built; naval stores were bought, and plans laid for fitting out a fleet such as had never before its equal in Europe, and all with the intention of subduing England at a moment when its throne was occupied by a woman. No doubt was entertained throughout Europe that such vast preparations would accomplish their aim, and the Spaniards, ostentatious in their power, termed their enormous fleet "The Invincible Armada." From the first the elements fought against it. Off Cape Finisterre a storm was encountered which scattered it, and it had to be put back for repairs. At length it was sighted off the Lizard. Extending over a length of seven miles, it advanced up the Channel. Lord Howard of Effingham was not long in observing how heavily the Spanish ships sailed, and how ill-built and unmanageable they were, and his confidence in his small fleet increased, with such commanders among it as Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. Harassed by these redoubtable men, the Armada laboured along, casting anchor at last at Calais. Here the English gave it no rest, and the fleet becoming nearly disabled, determined to return to Spain.



"DRAKE ON BOARD THE 'REVENGE.'"

From the Picture by J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A. *By permission of John Paddon, Esq. Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1889.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1588.—This daring and skilful mariner, the fiery Drake, as he was called, was the first man who circumnavigated the globe, and who ably did his part towards discomfiting the Armada. He was born about 1540, and at the age of twenty-nine was brought to the notice of Elizabeth's great Minister, Sir William Cecil. He was already looked upon as a man of reckless bravery; no opposing force daunted him; his incessant attacks on the Spaniards were marked by the taking of their ships and their forts, and the capture of immense booty. So vexatiously did he harass the shipping of that nation that he went by the name of the Old Dragon and the author of all evil. Twenty thousand ducats were offered for his head by the King of Spain, whose navy Drake regarded with disdain, saying that twelve of Elizabeth's ships were more than a match for all the galleys of the King of Spain. This splendid spirit of courage and confidence was infused into the officers and men wherever he commanded. On one occasion he captured a Portuguese East Indiaman, homeward bound, with value on board estimated at £100,000, and this is said to have given the English merchants the first clear idea of East India trade, and to have led a few years later to the foundation of the East India Company. Throughout his life, whether he were commissioned by the Government or not, he was a brilliant and invaluable servant of the State at a highly critical period in its career. In this incident of the Spanish Armada, the picture shows him receiving the sword which Pedro de Valdez presents to him in token of submission—for Drake had chased Pedro, who surrendered as soon as he learned who it was had him in chase. Drake died off Portobello, in Central America, on the 28th of January, 1595, aged fifty-five, and his body was committed to the deep.

> The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb;
> But for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room.

"THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA."

From the Picture by ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S., *in the Manchester Art Gallery. By permission of the Corporation of Manchester.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

A.D. 1588.—When the Spanish fleet attempted to sail home westward the wind was contrary, and it was compelled to bear away to the north and to make the circuit of Scotland. In hot pursuit, the English, it is said, would have taken every ship, had not their ammunition run short. But the tempestuous weather made up for the attacks of the English, and well-nigh completed the total destruction of the Armada. Such of the ships that escaped the English guns beat about for some days at the mercy of the winds, and many of them were driven either on the western isles of Scotland or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. Not half of the fleet returned to Spain, and those Spaniards who survived the expedition gave their countrymen such formidable accounts of the bravery of the English and the dangers of their coasts as effectually to repress all inclination to attempt a second invasion; such was the mortifying and dishonourable end of that enterprise, the preparations for which had occupied Spain for three years, exhausting its revenues and filling Europe with alarm. The picture shows the wrecked hull of one of the battle-ships of "the Invincible Armada," lying where the winds and waves have borne it—on to the iron-bound coast of Scotland. The joy and thankfulness that were felt throughout England at this signal deliverance from a cruel and vindictive power could not be described.

"SPENSER READING THE 'FAERY QUEEN' TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH."

From the Picture by JOHN CLAYTON. *By permission of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.*

Reign of Elizabeth.

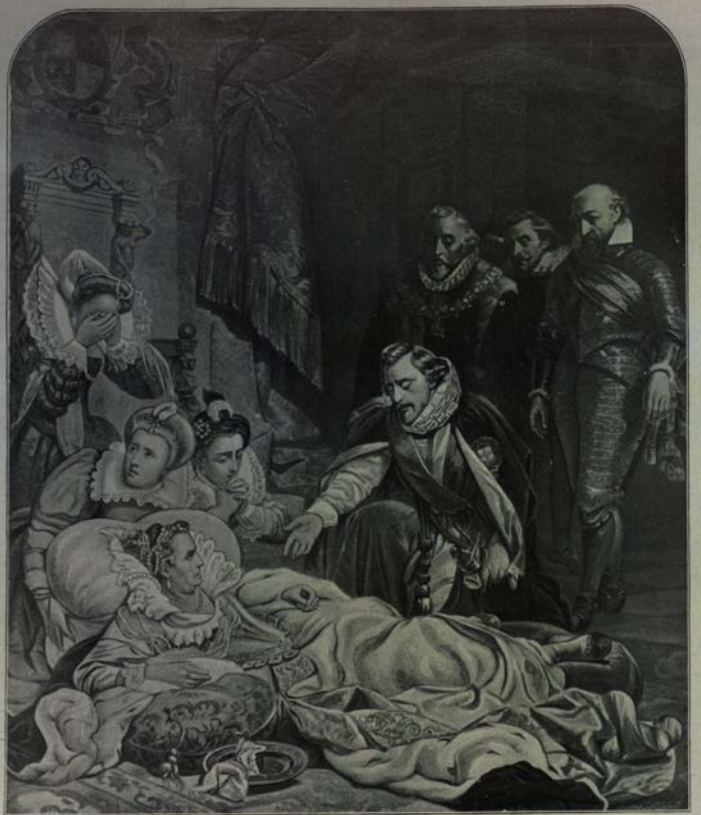
A.D. 1589.—Edmund Spenser is reckoned among the great poetical ornaments of Elizabeth's reign. Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh were among his patrons, but for a long time he was neglected. He was about thirty-three when he received from Elizabeth a grant of land, part of the forfeited estates of the rebel Earl of Desmond, in the county of Cork, which being obliged by his patent to cultivate, he betook himself to Ireland and resided at Kilcolman Castle, near Donerailе. It was in this picturesque retreat that he wrote the famous "Faery Queen," which he read in manuscript to Sir Walter Raleigh, himself a man of letters, and celebrated by Spenser under the quaint title of "The Shepherd of the Ocean." The first three books were published in 1590, the poet sailing to England to superintend them through the press. The lady standing by him in the picture was probably the one on whom he lavished some of his most exquisite verse, and whom he subsequently married. The latter part of Spenser's life was shrouded in misfortune. His castle was stormed by the followers of the Earl of Desmond, and his infant child perished in the flames. In January, 1599, he died at Westminster, at the age of forty-seven, and was buried in the Abbey, close to Chaucer. Over his remains the Countess of Dorset, thirty years later, erected the monument which now stands over his grave.

"INVENTION OF THE STOCKING LOOM."

From the Picture by ALFRED ELMORE, R.A. *By permission of Sir Thomas Basley, Bart.*

A.D. 1591.—The invention of the stocking loom by the Rev. William Lee was an important epoch in British industry. Lee received part of his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, and having no fortune, his wife was obliged to contribute to their support by knitting. Lee, it is said, watching the motion of her fingers, conceived the idea of imitating their movements by a machine. When its construction was sufficiently advanced, he removed it from Claverton, in Somersetshire, to London, where he set it up in Bunhill Fields, and it was there that Queen Elizabeth came to see it in action; but the work it produced appears to have been too coarse to captivate the Queen. In 1598 the machine had been so improved as to produce a pair of silk stockings of sufficient fineness to offer to Her Majesty; but Elizabeth feared the invention would prejudice the hand-knitters' industry, and she did not encourage the inventor. Henry IV. of France, however, invited Lee to settle in France, and with nine workmen he took up his residence in Rouen, where stockings were manufactured with great success. Unfortunately for Lee, the special privileges he had been promised were lost to him by the King's assassination, and he died of grief in Paris. Seven of his workmen returned to England, and there laid the foundation of the industry in this country.

Reign of Elizabeth.



"THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH."

From the Picture by PAUL DELAROCHE, *in the Louvre, Paris.*

A.D. 1603.—Towards the close of 1602 Elizabeth became very much out of health. She was at that time in her seventieth year. The beginning of January saw her no better, and on the 31st of that month she was removed to Richmond for quiet and change of air, but towards the end of February she relapsed into a state of stupor, refusing all food and consolation. She had herself laid on the floor, supported by cushions which her maids brought her, and her physicians could not prevail on her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any medicines prescribed for her. Her anxious mind had so long preyed upon her frail body that her end was visibly approaching, and the Council being assembled, sent the Keeper, the Admiral, and the Secretary to know her will in regard to a successor. They are seen in the picture entering the apartment in which the determined old Queen is lying. She nominated as her successor her nearest kinsman, James the King of Scots. Her voice soon after left her; she fell into a lethargic slumber, and at two o'clock on the morning of the 25th March, 1603, she peacefully expired. She had reigned for forty-four years. A month later this last and greatest of the Tudors was laid in Westminster Abbey, in the chapel of the founder of the dynasty. Here the coffin rests on that of her half sister Mary. The bigoted daughter of Catherine of Aragon and the illustrious daughter of Anne Boleyn lie in the low, narrow vault, "partners of the same grave, sleeping in the hope of resurrection."

Reign of Elizabeth.

"THE PILGRIM FATHERS WATCHING THE RECEDING OF THE 'MAYFLOWER.'"

From the Picture by A. W. BAYES. *By permission of James Dole, Esq., and of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of James I.

A.D. 1620.—It was in 1608 that the religious persecutions in England led a number of Nonconformists to withdraw from their native land and settle in Holland, where, after a residence of some years, chiefly at Leyden, they resolved to remove altogether from Europe and to make their home the newly-discovered Continent of America, where, still under the protection of England, they might enjoy entire liberty of conscience and lead undisturbed an ideally religious life. On the 6th September, 1620, a party of emigrants, numbering a hundred in all, embarked in the *Mayflower*. "They left their goodly and pleasant land, but they knew they were pilgrims and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to the heavens — their dearest country, and quieted their spirits." After a boisterous voyage of sixty-three days, during which the pilgrims endured much hardship and illness, they sighted land, and two days later the *Mayflower* was safely moored in the Harbour of Cape Cod, on the New England coast. In the picture they are seen watching, not without sadness, the slowly disappearing vessel as she speeds over the waters on her homeward voyage to Europe. On the journey out the pilgrims had determined unanimously that John Carver should be their Governor for the coming year. These first courageous emigrants had but poor welcome to that hitherto unknown shore. Half their number lost their lives by cold and disease during the first winter in the inhospitable land, but their advent was the origin of New England, for a successful and flourishing colony was soon founded, and a grateful posterity has marked the rock which first received the footprints of this characteristic people.

"EPISODE IN THE HAPPIER DAYS OF CHARLES I."

From the Picture by F. GOODALL, R.A.

Reign of Charles I.

A.D. 1628.—In 1625, five weeks after his accession to the throne, Charles married Henrietta Maria, daughter of King Henry IV. of France, and her subsequent reception in the capital was signified by great public rejoicings. The pens of all writers were eloquent in praise of her beauty, and Charles's affection for her was well reciprocated by her, as he found alike in the hour of misfortune and peril as in his prosperous days. Their wedded life was characterized by the peaceful exercise of accomplished pursuits and the enjoyment of refined pleasures, that shed a tranquil lustre over their early years; and the moral worth of Charles, his devotion to the Queen, and the cultured tastes of both, gave to the Court a degree of elegance till then unknown. The picture shows the Royal party in a stately barge, enjoying on a still afternoon the simple pleasures of the lake. Courtiers and attendants are seen on the platform from which the barge has started, and who await its return. All is peaceful and suggestive of repose throughout the land he governs, and the shadows which enveloped the latter years of his reign have not yet begun to gather.

"GEORGE HERBERT AT BEMERTON."

From the Picture by WILLIAM DYCE, R.A *By permission of Charles Gassiot, Esq.*

A.D. 1631.—George Herbert, writer and poet, was born at Montgomery Castle, in 1593. He was educated until he was eleven by his mother, whose virtues he afterwards commemorated in verse. His refined literary talents were liberally encouraged by James I., but the death of that monarch in 1625, together with two other of his chief patrons, led him to forsake "the painted pleasures of Court life," and to betake himself to a study of divinity. In 1630, Charles I. presented him with the Rectory of Fugglestone with Bemerton, in Wiltshire. His life thereafter was characterized by a saint-like devotion to the duties of his office, the exemplary discharge of which earned him the appellation of "holy." At Bemerton he wrote his far-famed series of sacred poems, inspired by the calm of his surroundings and by the simplicity of his daily life. In the picture he is represented as speaking the first lines of one of his most beautiful and best-known pieces :—

Reign of Charles I.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
The bridal of the earth and sky, For thou must die.

His life was brief, consumption declared itself, and after three years at the rectory he died, and was buried beneath the altar of his church. While much of what he wrote has descended to posterity, very many of his productions were burnt with Higham House, Gloucestershire, by the Parliamentary forces during the Civil War.

"CROMWELL ON HIS FARM."

From the Picture by FORD MADOX BROWN. *By permission of J. Holyer, Esq.*

A.D. 1635.—Oliver Cromwell first sat in Parliament in the Session of 1628 as member for Huntingdon. The Session lasted but one year. It was about 1631 that he disposed of his properties in Huntingdonshire, and rented certain grazing lands from the Slepe Hall Estate at St. Ives, five miles from his native place, when he removed thither. With the sum of £1,800, which his Huntingdonshire property realized, he stocked his farm. He continued there for about five years. "A studious imagination," said Carlyle, "may sufficiently construct the figure of his equable life in those years; diligent grass-farming, mowing, milking, cattle-marketing . . . prayer, religious reading and meditation, household epochs, joys and cares, and we have a solid, substantial, inoffensive farmer of St. Ives." The ground that he farmed is still partly capable of being specified, certain records and leases being still in existence. It lies at the south-east end of the town, a broad, flat tract, between the houses of St. Ives and the banks of the River Ouse, and an ancient massive barn is still standing called "Cromwell's Barn."

Reign of Charles I.

"THE FOUNDER OF ENGLISH ASTRONOMY."

From the Picture by EYRE CROWE, A.R.A., *in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool; exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1891. By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*

Reign of Charles I.

A.D. 1639.—Jeremiah Horrocks, born at Toxteth, in Lancashire, in 1619, was sent, at fourteen years of age, to Cambridge University to study classics, on quitting which he entered the Church, and became curate of Hoole, near Preston. At an early age he studied Kepler and Tycho Brahe, and later he recompiled the Rudolphine Tables with great accuracy. He was the first to make the discovery that the moon revolves in an ellipse with the earth in the lower focus. It was on Sunday, the 24th November, 1639, that, having previously set his instrument for the observation of the transit of Venus, he returned at the conclusion of his religious duties just in time to witness the event which he alone had predicted as about to take place. His preparations had consisted of a room made perfectly dark, with the exception of one small opening through which the disc of the sun was thrown on to the opposite wall; across this bright disc the shadow of Venus slowly passed at very nearly the time his elaborate calculations had led him to predict. The previous transit in 1631 had been observed, but not predicted, by reason of inaccurate computation of the time of crossing. The diameter of the planet, which he believed had been greatly over-estimated, also engaged his attention, and he appears to have had little difficulty in reducing it to about an eighth of that hitherto accepted. His death in his twenty-third year occurred very suddenly. He had arranged to visit his friend and fellow-student Crabtree, at Broughton, but died on the day preceding the proposed visit.

"THE EARL OF STRAFFORD ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION."

From the Picture by PAUL DELAROCHE. *By permission of His Grace the Duke of Sutherland.*

Reign of Charles I

A.D. 1641.—After Buckingham's death, in 1628, at the hand of the assassin Felton, Charles placed his confidence in Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, a man of high reputation for experience and capacity. He was at that time about thirty-six years of age. After twelve years of power, during which his great talents and strong will slowly fostered a jealous animosity towards him, he was impeached for high treason on the general charge of endeavouring to subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom by the alteration of the laws from a limited to an absolute monarchy. He was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, when he defended himself with conspicuous judgment and eloquence. A Bill of Attainder was passed against him first by the Commons and then by the Lords, and four days later he was beheaded on Tower Hill. In passing from his apartments to the place of execution he stopped under the window of his fellow-prisoner, Archbishop Laud, with whom he had long lived in intimate friendship, and entreated the assistance of his prayers in the awful moments that were approaching. The aged Primate pronounced with broken voice a tender blessing on his departing friend, and Strafford then moved on with elated countenance, and with dignified step. Going to disrobe, he said, "I thank God that I am nowise afraid of death, nor am daunted with any terrors, but do as cheerfully lay down my head at this time as ever I did when going to repose." With one blow the executioner then put an end to his life.

"THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I."

From the Picture by F. GOODALL, R.A., *in South Kensington Museum.*

A.D. 1642.—Ere the storm of war between Charles and his Parliament had broken over the kingdom there were days of sunshine and peace for the Royal circle. Here in the picture three of his children are seen amusing themselves at the water's edge. His eldest daughter, the pretty Princess Mary, is stooping down endeavouring to entice the timid swan by the offer of food, while her little brother Charles, afterwards King Charles II., and her smaller sister, the Princess Elizabeth, stand by looking on. Princess Mary afterwards became the Princess of Orange and mother of King William III., but the little Princess Elizabeth died, it is said, of grief, in her fifteenth year, a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, about a year and a half after the execution of her Royal father. The scene is probably in the grounds of Hever Castle, a notable historical pile in one of the prettiest parts of the County of Kent. It is surrounded by a moat formed by the River Eden, and its grey walls are now nearly four hundred years old. Formerly it was the residence of the Boleyns, and it was here that the ill-fated Anne Boleyn was courted by King Henry VIII., a little more than a century before the happy scene of childhood which the present picture portrays.

Reign of Charles I.

"THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR."

From the Picture by E. CROFTS, R.A. *By permission of James Dole, Esq.*

A.D. 1644.—The first battle between the King and the Parliament was fought at Edgehill, in Warwickshire, when the King was victorious. Then followed the siege of Reading, a battle at Lansdown, near Bath, another near Devizes, and a skirmish near Oxford, at which latter place the great Parliamentarian, John Hampden, met his death. Then occurred the siege of Gloucester by Charles, followed rapidly by several contests in various parts of the kingdom; but it was not until the summer of 1644 that the Parliament obtained a decisive victory. Prince Rupert, it appears, had come to the relief of York, where the Marquis of Newcastle was besieged by Cromwell's troops under Sir Thomas Fairfax. Rejecting the advice of the Marquis to wait for a more advantageous time, Rupert rashly led his forces against the besiegers, and the two armies met at Marston Moor, about nine miles from York. Here a long and fierce battle was fought, each side by turns having the advantage, but victory in the end declaring itself for the Parliament. Fifty thousand men, it is said, took part in the struggle; the Parliamentary troops were commanded by Cromwell, and the issue was a terrible blow to the King. The picture represents a scene that took place immediately preceding the battle. Rupert, calling for provisions, dismounted and began to eat his supper. A large number of his servants did the like. Newcastle strolled towards his coach to solace himself with a pipe, but before he had time to take a whiff the battle had begun.

Reign of Charles I.

"THE SACKING OF BASING HOUSE."

From the Picture by CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of Charles I.

A.D. 1645.—Charles's disasters fell apace. The victories gained by the Parliamentary forces increased, and after Rowton Heath, and the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, the discomfiture of the Royalists became general. Fairfax and Cromwell divided their forces: the former marched westwards to complete the conquest of Devonshire and Cornwall, and the latter in the opposite direction, taking Berkeley Castle by storm, and on the 8th October, 1645, entering Basing House, in Hampshire, sword in hand. In the picture the plunder of the last-named stately mansion by Cromwell's men is going on. The venerable Royalist, the head of the house, keeps faithful to his King regardless of the consequences, and having made such resistance as he and his retainers could, has now the mortification to see his cherished possessions in the rough hands of the soldiery, and his store of money the spoil of the violent intruders. The old man keeps firm even under the touch of his daughter's hand; she, stung with grief, can scarcely endure the sight of the familiar precious things thus rudely handled. On the left is seen the body of a Cavalier, Major Robinson, who has been killed in defending the house, and a Puritan civilian in the background flings open the oaken doors of a richly carved cabinet, and helps himself to the wine ready there at his hand.

"THE CAVALIER AND THE PURITAN."

From the Picture by W. S. BURTON. *By permission of Albert Wood, Esq. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1856.*

Reign of Charles I.

A.D. 1645.—The scene here depicted may be taken as one characteristic of the time. The Royalist Cavalier and the Roundhead Puritan are singularly brought together. A lady and her Puritan lover are walking on a roadway that skirts a dense wood, when they come on a spot where evidently a fierce combat has taken place, and where one of the combatants has been left desperately wounded, his pockets being then searched for papers, and the cards falling out which are seen on the right of the picture. In striking a blow at his adversary he has cut deeply into a tree, breaking his sword and leaving part of the weapon in the tree. He has lain there so long that a spider has woven its web round the sword, and upon it has gathered the morning dew. A butterfly, emblem of life, has alighted on the blade. The lady is compassionately endeavouring to do what she can, however late, to tend the terrible wound, while the Puritan standing by merely looks on, the cold and bitter spirit felt by him for all Cavaliers showing itself especially in this case, where the richly apparelled and evidently high-born Royalist awakens immediate jealousy, shown by the closely drawn lips and the clenched hand behind him.

"WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

From the Picture by W. F. YEAMES, R.A., *in the Walker Art Gallery. By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool and of the Council of the Art Union.*

Reign of Charles I.

A.D. 1645.—During the Commonwealth great vigilance was exercised to watch and control the movements of those who were supposed to favour a restoration of the Monarchy. Here the commissioners and soldiers of Cromwell have invaded the manor house of a Royalist, whose person they are endeavouring to secure, and to that end are engaged in examining and cross-questioning the inmates of the house. The bluff soldier on the right looks on admiringly at the gallant bearing of the pretty boy, probably the heir of the house, whom the members of the band are seeking to entrap into disclosing when it was he last saw his father, in the hope thereby of getting some idea of the length of time the Royalist had had to escape. The mother at the door looks on with apprehension lest the little fellow should yield the desired information, and the little girl, brought forward by one of the soldiers, is weeping at the prospect of a similar ordeal to that of her brave little brother. The stern-looking Puritans seem determined to repress their feelings as men in the firm determination to do their duty to Cromwell and the Commonwealth, although the examiner himself seems to have a gleam of good nature in his face. Through the door at the right a man is entering with a brass-bound casket, probably containing treasure, which shows that the house is being ransacked.

"CHARLES I. LEAVING WESTMINSTER HALL AFTER HIS TRIAL."

From the Picture by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

A.D. 1649.—The King was brought to trial in Westminster Hall on the 20th of January, 1649; he sustained throughout the majesty of a monarch. With great temper and dignity he refused to submit himself to the jurisdiction of the Court. He was accused of high treason against the nation for appearing in arms against the forces commissioned by the Parliament, and sentence of death was pronounced against him. During this eventful scene he never forgot his part, either as a prince or as a man: firm and intrepid, no passion rose in him at the unusual authority which was assumed over him; his soul, without effort or affectation, seemed only to remain in the situation familiar to it, and to look down with kingly contempt at the efforts of human malice and iniquity. In this picture the trial has just ended, and the doomed King is passing out of the Hall, preceded by a Parliamentary soldier. In the background are the Commons who have tried him—the one in the chair being John Bradshaw, a native of Cheshire, who was elected President of the Court. While some of the soldiers were permitted to insult the King, as he walked out with dignified bearing, the people, though under the rod of lawless power, could not forbear to pour forth their prayers and wishes for his preservation, and some went further in their expressions of loyalty, one, as seen in the picture, devotedly kissing his robe as he passes.

Reign of Charles I.

"CROMWELL."

From the Picture by PAUL DELAROCHE *in the Museum at Nismes.*

A.D. 1649.—Three days after the conclusion of the trial, viz., on the 30th January, 1649, Charles was executed. When he came upon the scaffold, he found it so deeply surrounded with soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people. At one blow his head was severed from the body. The grief, indignation, and astonishment throughout the realm at this fatal execution are impossible to describe. Never was monarch more dear to his people than his misfortunes and magnanimity had rendered the unhappy King; their feelings of duty and affection to him returned, and they openly reproached themselves with their too indolent defence of his oppressed cause. Exposed, without revenue, and without arms, to furious, implacable, and bigoted factions, it was never permitted him to commit the smallest mistake without the most fatal consequences, a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity. The scene depicted is an impressive one: drawing aside the black pall that covers the coffin, Cromwell, the strong leader of the opposing factions, the man upon whom mainly rests the guilt of Charles's death, brings himself face to face with his fallen Sovereign.

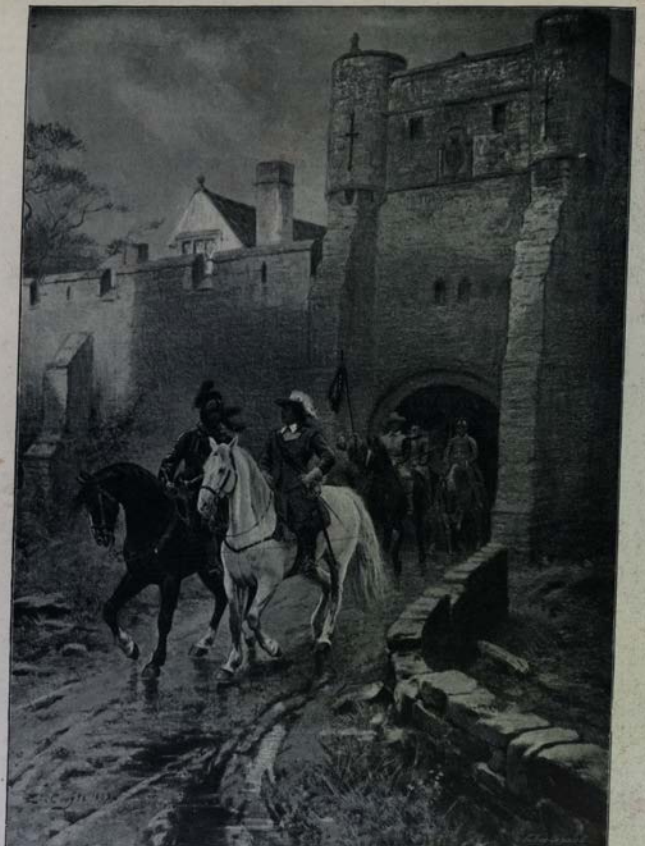
Commonwealth.

"THE EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONTROSE."

From the Fresco by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in the Houses of Parliament. By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London.*

A.D. 1650.—The Duke of Montrose, the heroic partisan of Charles I., whose energy in the field had vexed the Parliamentary forces time after time, strenuously supported the claim of Charles's son to the throne, and raised forces in support of it, but on the 29th of April, 1650, he was taken prisoner through one Ashton, a friend to whom he had intrusted his person, and who received £2,000 for delivering him up. He was carried to Edinburgh, and on entering that city was subjected to the greatest insults. Here he was tried and sentenced to death, and on the 21st of May he was led forth, encountering again the insults of his enemies and the tears and sympathy of many of the people. Every attempt which the insolence of the governing party had made to subdue his spirit proved fruitless, and when at the last the book, which had been published in elegant Latin, setting forth his great military actions, was tied by the executioner about his neck, he merely smiled at this new instance of their malice, and having asked whether they had any more indignities to put upon him, he patiently and bravely endured the last act of the executioner. Thus perished, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, this man of illustrious birth, who, by his military capacity in the field, had earned the greatest renown, and who through all was devoted to the rights of his King, and to the upholding of the laws of his country

Commonwealth.

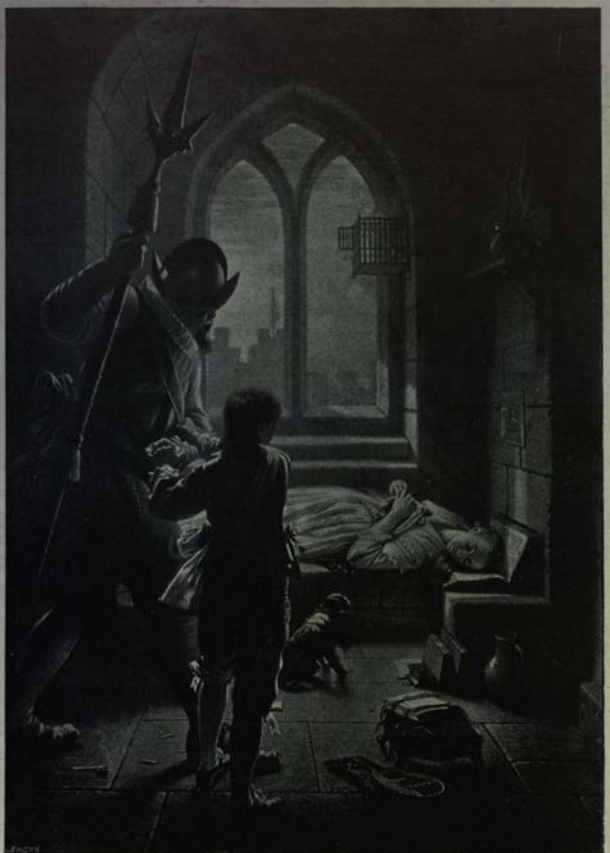


"CROMWELL AT BOOTHAM BAR."

From the Picture by ERNEST CROFTS, R.A. *By permission of James Dale, Esq.*

A.D. 1650.—It was in June, 1650, that Cromwell was appointed Captain-General of the Forces in place of Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had resigned his commission, and on the 29th of June, Oliver set out from London for Scotland, called thither by Charles (afterwards Charles II.), who on the 23rd of June had landed there to find the whole Scottish nation prepared to support his claim to the British Monarchy. When, on the 4th of July, Cromwell arrived at the City of York all the artillery in the Tower were discharged, and on the following day he dined with the Lord Mayor, and afterwards continued his journey to Scotland. On leaving the city he issued, as seen in the picture, from the great gate known as Bootham Bar, which opens on to the main north road. Partly to compliment "His Excellency" and partly to show their zeal for the cause, the magistrates of York thought fit to take down the King's arms both at Micklegate, where by the south road he entered the City, and at Bootham Bar, where he quitted it, and put up the State's arms in their stead. Cromwell crossed the Tweed on the 22nd July, and on the 3rd September signally defeated the Scots at Dunbar.

Commonwealth.



"CARISBROOKE—THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH."

From the Picture by C. W. Cope, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Commonwealth.

A.D. 1650.—In view of the claim which the eldest son of Charles I. maintained to the Crown of England, the two other children of the fallen monarch—who were prisoners of the Republicans—were treated with additional harshness. It was talked of binding one of them ("Master Harry," the Duke of Gloucester) apprentice to a shoemaker, and the other, the young and pretty Princess Elizabeth, to the trade of a button-maker. The Princess was of a lofty and independent spirit, and the anguish she suffered at the death of her father was aggravated by her removal from St. James's Palace to Carisbrooke Castle—the very place from which her beloved father had been taken for conveyance to the scene of his trial and death. The continual brooding she indulged in on the disasters of the Royal House brought on a slow but fatal fever, for the alleviation of which she resolutely refused to take medicine. She was alone when, on the 8th September, 1650, she expired in her apartments at Carisbrooke Castle, her fair cheek resting on a Bible—the last gift of her adored father—and which had been her only consolation in the last months of her life. Sir Theodore Mayerne, her father's faithful physician, came to prescribe for her, but too late. She was only in her fifteenth year. On the 24th September she was buried with scant ceremony at Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

"CROMWELL DICTATING DESPATCHES TO THE KING OF FRANCE."

From the Picture by FORD MADOX BROWN. *By permission of Albert Wood, Esq.*

A.D. 1655.—It was on the 13th March, 1648, that John Milton was appointed by the Government Secretary for the Foreign Languages. He was at that time living in a small house in Holborn, which opened at the back into Lincoln's Inn Fields. A committee was appointed to inquire of him whether he would undertake the office, and he consented to do so. His first foreign letter was to the Senate of Hamburg. It is recorded that his services gave great satisfaction to the Council. In the picture, Cromwell is seen dictating to Milton the celebrated despatch to the King of France regarding the terrible outrages which had taken place amongst the peaceful mountaineers in the Vaudois by the soldiers of the Duke of Savoy, "which now, O most Christian King, I beseech and obtest thee by thy right hand which pledged a league of friendship with us — by the sacred honour of that title of most Christian—permit not to be done, nor let such license of savagery be given to those most cursed assassins." These words, as Cromwell utters them, are being translated by Milton into French or Latin — and written out by Andrew Marvel — Milton being blind. The persecutions were stopped, and liberty of worship was thereafter secured to the Vaudois.

Commonwealth.

"ADMIRAL BLAKE BEFORE TUNIS."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. *By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London.*

A.D. 1655.—The vigorous courage of the English on the seas, and the great naval power which the country had become, excited the Protector to hope that he might by some great conquest render for ever illustrious that dominion which he had assumed over the country. While one of the squadrons he equipped sailed westward, the other proceeded to the Mediterranean under Blake, whose fame had now spread over Europe. He was an inflexible Republican and Sectarian, who had been engaged in hostilities by sea and land since the commencement of the Civil War. Meeting now with success wherever he appeared, he at last presented himself before Tunis, and demanded the release of certain English captives and the cessation of further violence on the part of the Tunisian pirates on English subjects. The Bey, in answer, bade him to look to the Castles of Porto-Farino and Goletta, and do his utmost. Promptly did Blake draw his ships close up to the Castle and tore them in pieces with his cannon, afterwards destroying nine ships in the harbour, and compelling full compliance with his terms. His bold action was executed with little loss to his own men, and filled that part of the world with the renown of his valour. He died two years later on his return home from the Canaries, where he had been conquering and burning the Spanish ships. Cromwell buried him in Westminster Abbey with great ceremony.

Commonwealth.

"CROMWELL REFUSING THE CROWN."

From the Picture by J. SCHAX *in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*

A.D. 1657.—The death of Charles in 1649 had been followed by the abolition of the House of Lords; and the powers of the three estates of the realm, viz., the Sovereign, the House of Lords, and House of Commons, were merged into the House of Commons, under the name of the Parliament of the Commonwealth. Eight years later, in 1657, a committee of Parliament offered their reasons to Cromwell for his accepting the title of King, but several influential men, among them his brother-in-law and son-in-law, demurred to his accepting it, and went so far as to threaten him if he did. Cromwell carefully weighed the consequences of his taking the regal title, among them being the probable disapproval of the Army; and on Friday, the 8th of May, 1657, the Parliament, as Carlyle relates, attended at Whitehall to hear his reply. He concluded his speech in answer by saying, "I am persuaded to return this answer to you: that I cannot undertake this government with the title of King, and this is mine answer to this great and weighty business." Carlyle further quotes Whitelocke to prove that Cromwell had arranged to accept the title, but afterwards, at the solicitation of the "Commonwealth" men and "many officers of the Army," he decided "to attend some better season and opportunity in the business, and refused it this time."

Commonwealth.

"THE DEATH OF CROMWELL."

From the Picture by D. W. WYNFIELD *in South Kensington Museum. Exhibited at the Royal Academy*, 1867.

A.D. 1658.—Cromwell was taken ill of fever while at Hampton Court, and returned at once to Whitehall, where he died on the 3rd of September, 1658, which was a date he always considered most fortunate for him, as it was the anniversary of his two great victories of Dunbar and Worcester. When one of his physicians expressed some apprehensions of danger, he answered God assured him of his recovery, for his chaplains, who were dispersed in various parts of the palace to pray for his recovery, all brought him the same answer to their prayers, viz., that he would recover. Towards the morning of the day on which he died, he used, says Carlyle, "divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace; among the rest he spoke some exceeding self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself. And truly it was observed that a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him, as in his lifetime, so now to his very last." He was in his sixtieth year, and was buried with great pomp in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey; not long, however, to rest there, for at the Restoration, the remains, it is said, were disinterred, and the body buried elsewhere, while the head was exposed for many years over the gate of Westminster Hall.

Commonwealth.

"MONK DECLARING FOR A FREE PARLIAMENT."

From the Fresco by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in the Houses of Parliament. By permission of the Art Union of London.*

A.D. 1660.—Through the Army gaining the upper hand in opposition to the Parliament, the country was rapidly falling into anarchy. General George Monk, who commanded the forces in Scotland, was not only a soldier but a resolute and capable man, and in January, 1660, he determined to proceed to London, where the Rump Parliament had resumed its sittings. On his arrival in the capital he quickly discovered the true state of feeling existing there, and on the morning of the 16th of February, 1660, he openly declared himself to be in favour of a free Parliament. A month later and the Long Parliament, which had lasted for twenty years (and which had got itself termed the Rump Parliament, being the remnant which still continued to sit), came to an end, and the destinies of the country were to be intrusted to a new and freely-elected Parliament. The restoration of the Monarchy was the natural consequence of this step, for the people had shown themselves extremely averse to the military rule which had been prevailing, and they turned with enthusiasm and hope to the prospect of the re-establishment of the old system of Government, under which the country had flourished for many hundreds of years.

Commonwealth.

"THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLE."

From the Fresco by E. M. Ward, R.A., *in the Houses of Parliament.*

Reign of Charles II.

A.D. 1661.—At the restoration of the Monarchy, the close connection established by Cromwell between England and Scotland was necessarily broken up. Scotland hated English control, and the old relation of separate states united only by the Crown was at once resumed. It was the patriotic Earl of Argyle who endeavoured to arouse the people of Scotland in vindication of their violated laws and privileges; but it was doomed to failure. His enemies were promptly apprised of his movements, and hastened to defeat them. In face of the superior and ever-increasing force of an enemy that harassed them on all sides, his followers daily lost courage and fell away from him, and at last the brave man was left almost alone. Falling soon into the hands of his enemies, he was carried to Edinburgh, where, after enduring many indignities, the gallant and patriotic nobleman was convicted of high treason, and publicly beheaded on 28th May, 1661—his head being afterwards set upon the Tolbooth, where the head of the Duke of Montrose had been placed eleven years before. In the picture Argyle is seen serenely sleeping the night before his execution. It has been said that it was the baseness of Monk in betraying the private correspondence of this nobleman that chiefly proved the means of his conviction.

"SOLOMON EAGLE."

From the Picture by P. F. POOLE, R.A., *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

A.D. 1665.—The great plague that broke out in London in the spring of 1665 appeared first in the parish of St. Giles. The mortality was at first confined to the labouring classes, children being carried off in larger proportion than adults, and women in larger proportion than men. The first symptoms of the malady were shivering, headache, and delirium; on the third or fourth day a sudden faintness, accompanied by the appearance of spots on the breast, were fatal tokens, and within an hour life was extinct. All through the summer of 1665 the scourge raged; the City was a scene of desolation, all houses were shut up, streets deserted, and scarcely anything to be seen there but grass growing, fires burning to purify the air, and pest carts to carry away the dead. Red crosses were painted upon doors to denote the presence of the disease, with the words underneath, "Lord have mercy upon us." As many as 10,000 died in one week. At the time when the plague was at its height a terrifying figure appeared in the streets in the person of Solomon Eagle, an enthusiast, who went about denouncing judgment upon the City in a frightful manner. Often he wore scarcely any clothing, and he always had on his head a pan of burning charcoal. Not until December was the City deemed sufficiently clear of the plague to induce those who had fled to return. They then came back in crowds to take possession of their homes.

Reign of Charles II.

"THE FALL OF CLARENDON."

From the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of Charles II.

A.D. 1667.—Lord Clarendon was Chancellor under Charles II., and for many years the King's favourite Minister; but he was a haughty, overbearing High Churchman, of whom Evelyn said that "he never did nor would do anything but for money," but he was an upright man, and had done much to establish the restored Monarchy. During the Dutch wars in 1667, when the enemy's vessels sailed up the Thames, sinking the shipping and bombarding the coasts, there was a great outcry against him, as being the cause of the disasters. He had already excited the King's anger by remonstrating with him on the licentiousness of the Court, and on his waiting on Charles to offer his support, the King arose after a lengthy interview without saying anything, but appearing not well pleared with all that had been said to him, more especially in the latter part of the discourse, which, according to the Duke of York, had offended His Majesty. The scene in the picture is at Whitehall: the King has already emerged from the audience, and is walking away along the path, towards the gate of the garden, turning his back upon the following Clarendon. As the Chancellor appears, all eyes are turned towards him, and from a balcony close by, the Lady Castlemaine, Lord Arlington, and Mr. May are seen, gaiety and triumph on their countenances, which none present could fail to observe. The fallen Chancellor was banished from the kingdom, and died seven years after at Rouen.

"CHARLES II. AND NELL GWYN."

From the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in South Kensington Museum.*

Reign of Charles II.

A.D. 1670.—The personal character of Charles was palpable; his wit and licentiousness, his good humour and gaiety, his indolence and aversion to serious pursuits, are traits well known of the "Merrie Monarch." Without virtue himself, he was careless of it in others. The picture shows an interview between Charles and Nell Gwyn, or as she was sometimes called, "Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne." Of very humble birth, this notable favourite of the King had risen from the daily occupation of selling oranges at the theatre, to appearing on the stage herself, and of attracting the notice of the dissolute King, who eventually installed her in a house in Pall Mall, the garden of which ran down towards what is now the Mall, and over the terrace-wall of which she is now leaning in the sunlight of a summer morning, in conversation with Charles. Evelyn in his Diary, speaking of the King, says, "I thence walked with him through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between him and Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian; she, looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and the King standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene." Nell Gwyn refused all titles of honour from the King.

"THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE."

From the Picture by A. JOHNSTON.

Reign of Charles II.

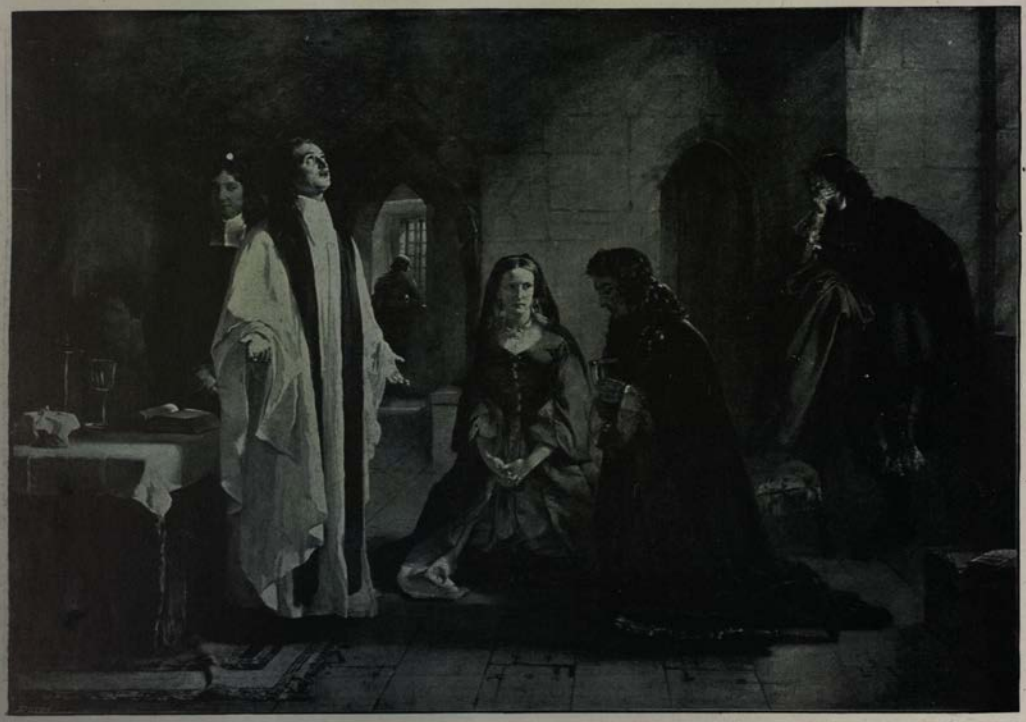
A.D. 1679.—When Charles I. with indiscreet zeal endeavoured in 1638 to introduce Episcopacy with the Liturgy of the Church of England into Scotland, the Presbyterians immediately resisted the innovation. They threw off their allegiance and entered into a covenant against the Government, at the same time compelling all people to subscribe to it, from one end of Scotland to the other. All ranks were so inflamed with party zeal that even ladies were seen mixing with the lowest rabble, carrying loads upon their shoulders and assisting to complete the fortifications necessary to resist the army with which they were threatened from England. When the forces sent against them to appease the fanaticism to which the feeling had grown arrived in Scotland, the Covenanters averred they would sooner renounce their baptism than their covenant, the first tenet of which was a renunciation of Popery. In the picture a marriage among the Covenanters is being celebrated. Away, in a solitary spot among their own Scottish hills, the solemn ceremony is taking place. At any moment the alarm of approaching danger may be given, and to the left some hurrying messenger may be observed just appearing over the brow of the hill.

"THE TRIAL OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL."

From the Picture by Sir George Hayter. *By permission of His Grace the Duke of Bedford.*

A.D. 1683.—In June, 1683, a plot, known as the Rye House Plot, was discovered to assassinate the King. The Rye House was a farm, near Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, through which Charles usually passed on his way to Newmarket, and it belonged to Rumbold, one of the boldest of the conspirators. It was proposed to stop the King's coach on the high road, and to fire upon him from the hedges, his assailants then making their escape through by-lanes and across the fields. The plot failed, as the King passed the Rye House eight days earlier than he was expected, but the discovery of the plot brought to light the formidable character of the conspiracy, in which, among other notable people, Lord William Russell was implicated; not that he had any knowledge that the King's death was intended, the object of the conspirators, so far as he was concerned, being merely to bring pressure on the King to summon another Parliament. On the 13th June, 1683, Russell was brought to trial on a charge of high treason in conspiring the death of the King, and to that end consulting with others to raise a rebellion. His defence was feeble, and he contented himself with protesting that he had never entertained any design upon the life of the King, but did not deny his connection with a conspiracy. The jury were men of fair and reputable character, but zealous Royalists, and after a short deliberation they brought in the prisoner guilty.

Reign of Charles II.



"LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL IN THE TOWER."

From the Picture by A. JOHNSTON *in the National Gallery*

A.D. 1683.—Sentenced to death on the 14th of July, on the 20th he was led out for execution in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Holy Sacrament was administered to him the day before by Dr. Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who was attended by the well-known prelate and historian, Dr. Burnet. With him also was Lady Russell, his devoted wife. This exemplary and high-minded woman, daughter of the Earl of Southampton and the young widow of Lord Vaughan, watches her unfortunate lord, and her face shows how deep and tender is her affection for him. She was present at the trial, taking notes for his use, and after his condemnation had pleaded on her knees to the inexorable Charles that his life might be spared. Failing in this, her fortitude, prayers, and affectionate words cheered his few remaining hours. By her example she endeavoured to strengthen his resolution. They took leave of one another on the morning of his execution, and as he turned from his beautiful and loving wife he is said to have exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is now passed." Three years after his execution, in the first year of the reign of William and Mary, an Act was passed for annulling his attainder.

Reign of Charles II.

"THE TRIAL OF ALGERNON SIDNEY."

From the Picture by F. STEPHANOFF. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1683.—Four months after the execution of Lord William Russell, Algernon Sidney, son of the Earl of Leicester, was brought to trial at the King's Bench Bar. He had entered deeply into the war against the late King Charles I., and had been appointed one of the High Court of Justice that tried and condemned Charles, though he did not sit there. In every scheme, however unpromising, which tended to promote the Republican cause he was ardently active, and was in consequence extremely unpopular with the Court and the Ministry. The charge now brought against him was that of high treason, more especially for a treasonable libel wherein he asserted the power to be originally in the people and delegated by them to the Parliament to whom the King was subject, and might be called to account. He had not printed, or in any way published or circulated in manuscript, this writing of his, but it was contended successfully against him by the violent and inhuman Jefferies, now Chief Justice, that in law the writing of a treasonable though private paper amounted to an act of treason. On the 26th November, 1683, he was condemned to death, and on the 7th December he was executed on Tower Hill, glorying that he died in "the good old cause in which he had been engaged from his youth."

Reign of Charles II.

"THE LIFE OF BUCKINGHAM."

From the Picture by A. L. Egg, R.A. *By permission of J. Broughton Dugdale, Esq.*

Reign of Charles II.

A.D. 1683.—Charles II. had surrounded himself with courtiers who were most of them only too ready to uphold him in his dissipated ways, and to participate in his vices. The foremost among them was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, second son of the Duke whom Felton had assassinated. He had an unenviable notoriety in the annals of licentiousness. In the picture he is seen at one of his midnight orgies, and his Sovereign is among those present. Another is the Earl of Rochester, the Duke's equal in wit and profligacy, and the rest of the men are of the same stamp. Some beauties of the Court are also at the table—the celebrated Duchess of Portsmouth and Cleveland, Miss Davis, the actress, and Nell Gwyn, who for long was the favourite of the King. The health of Buckingham is being drunk, the men uprising, and the King himself, decorated with the Order of the Garter, has stood up, and smiles as he too honours the toast.

"THE DEATH OF BUCKINGHAM."

From the Picture by A. L. Egg, R.A. *By permission of J. Broughton Dugdale, Esq.*

A.D. 1684.—Reign of Charles II.

The courtly, witty, and licentious noble seen in the full tide of prosperity in the preceding page has here come to an unlooked-for end. His life had been only too true a type of the life prevailing at the Court and in high circles at that time, and his death was such as not unfrequently follows a course of extravagance and vice. It is said he was at length reduced to absolute destitution—his health was ruined by his long career of unrestrained dissipation, and his fortune was diminished by his reckless waste. He was compelled to leave the gay town, and he retired to a country mansion at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, where he devoted himself to field sports. It was in this neighbourhood at Kirkby-Moorside at the house of a tenant that his death occurred at the age of forty-one. Fever attacked him, resulting from sitting on damp ground after a long run with the hounds. The furniture of the room is poor and scanty, the mattress stuffed with straw, and the aspect of the apartment comfortless. It would seem that he died without a friend or one sympathetic individual near him.

"THE ANTE-CHAMBER, WHITEHALL, DURING THE DYING MOMENTS OF CHARLES II."

From the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool and of the Autotype Company.*

Reign of Charles II.

A.D. 1685.—Charles II. died in his fifty-fifth year, and he had reigned twenty-four years. He had scarcely known illness, and his death in consequence came upon his subjects with surprise. A fit seized him, and though by being bled he recovered from it, he survived but five days. The picture shows the ante-room of the chamber wherein he lies. The gorgeously bedizened apartment, with its rich tapestries, has in it, over the carved chimney-piece, a portrait of the dying King when a youth as Vandyke painted him, and the fresh promise then and the dark termination now of the Royal existence are thus skilfully indicated. The room opens into a vestibule, where a flight of stairs goes up and down. A lady weeping is ascending the stairs with her attendants. To the right a door leads to the King's chamber; a hand is seen taking from a salver the glass of water which a page has brought; on the other side of the stairs is a group of gaily attired women, quaintly patched and bedecked with ribbons, acting immeasurable grief at the evil news from within, which means to them probably dismissal from Court, and the occupation of a much lower social position.

"LADY ALICE LISLE ARRESTED FOR CONCEALING FUGITIVES."

From the Fresco by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in the Houses of Parliament.*

Reign of James II.

A.D. 1685.—The atrocities perpetrated by the Royalist troops on the suppression of the Monmouth rebellion were bitterly remembered for many years in the West of England. Lady Alice Lisle was the widow of a man who had taken part in the death of Charles I., and had been held in high esteem by Cromwell. She was however herself a Royalist. After the Battle of Sedgemoor John Hickes (a Nonconformist divine) and Richard Nelthorpe (a lawyer who had been outlawed for his share in the Rye House Plot) sought refuge at Lady Lisle's house. Courageous and hospitable, she readily gave them the shelter they sought, set meat and drink before them, and showed them where they could rest. The next morning the dwelling was found surrounded by soldiers; search was made, and Hickes was found concealed in the malt-house and Nelthorpe in the chimney. Their generous benefactress was brought to trial for harbouring the fugitives, and condemned by Jefferies, who twice was compelled to threaten the jury because they would have acquitted her, and she was executed. To the right a trooper is threatening Nelthorpe with instant death if he resists, while to the left Hickes is seen being pinioned by James's soldiers.

"JUDGE JEFFERIES BULLYING RICHARD BAXTER."

From the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

A.D. 1685.—The "inhuman Jefferies," as he has been sometimes termed, was in James's time Lord Chief Justice. He was a man who wantoned in cruelty, and wherever he appeared he carried consternation along with him. In dealing with the Monmouth rebellion, in the West of England, he sent hundreds brutally to the scaffold. The juries of his court were so struck with his menaces that they frequently gave their verdict with precipitation, and often merely according to his dictate, the consequence being that many innocent persons were involved with the guilty in the punishment of death. Dorchester and Exeter, Taunton and Wells, were the places where he sat with savage joy unabated by any appearance of clemency, dealing death and destruction among the terrified inhabitants. In the picture, Richard Baxter, the most learned and moderate of the Dissenters of that time, has been hustled to the bar of the dreaded judge, who, eager to gain favour with the newly-ascended monarch, James II., a Roman Catholic, is bullying and insulting the gentle preacher, whom he afterwards commits to prison.

Reign of James II.

"JAMES II. AND MONMOUTH."

From the Picture by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons. Exhibited at the Royal Academy*, 1882.

Reign of James II.

A.D. 1685.—The Duke of Monmouth, natural nephew of King James II., was exiled during the reign of Charles II., on whose death he returned to England and raised a rebellion. He landed in Dorsetshire, and so popular was his name that he soon assembled round him an army of 2,000 men, which rapidly increased to 6,000. He termed James a tyrant and a usurper, and marched on to Sedgemoor, in Somersetshire, where he met the King's forces in battle, and after a desperate struggle was driven off the field. He fled until his horse sank with fatigue, and he was afterwards found disguised as a peasant, in a ditch covered with fern. He burst into tears when taken, but in spite of the known severity of James, he trusted that his life would be spared. The King had him brought into his presence. In prospect of the interview Monmouth, it is recorded, ordered a good dinner, and partook of it by himself with excellent appetite. For the King to see him, and not to spare him, was, as Macaulay says, "an outrage on humanity and decency, and this outrage the King resolved to commit." The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord, and thus secured he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged. Monmouth threw himself on the ground, and crawled to the King's feet. James required of him the names of his accomplices, but Monmouth would not purchase his life by such a disclosure. He was only thirty-six when he was led to the scaffold.

"THE PRINCE OF ORANGE LANDING AT TORBAY."

From the Picture by J. M. W TURNER, R.A., *in the Nationas Gallery.*

Reign of James II.

A.D. 1688.—James II., who had gradually been growing in unpopularity with the people, chiefly by his palpable efforts to restore the Roman Catholic religion in the kingdom, listened to no remonstrance that was offered him. Not, however, until a son was born to him, and the people had in prospect a Popish successor to the crown, did they become seriously desirous of the King's dethronement. Secret negotiations were then opened with the Prince of Orange by many persons of rank; but neither the increased and gradually more open intercourse with this Prince, nor the rising discontent of the nation, appeared to affect James's conduct, which was one of blind infatuation, having but one object, the re establishment of Popery. At length a declaration was received from the Prince of Orange assuring the people of England that he was coming to redress their grievances. The assurance was in no wise unwelcome to the nation, and on the 31st of October, 1688, he sailed from Helvoetsluys with a numerous army and fleet. He landed, five days later, under the mild light of an autumnal moon, his fleet passing round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and riding safe in the harbour of Torbay, where disembarkation at once followed. The Prince himself landed at the spot where the quay of Brixham now stands.

"JAMES II. RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE."

From the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in the National Gallery. Exhibited in the Royal Academy in* 1850.

Reign of James II.

A.D. 1688.—The King's dismay and perplexity at the course events were tending were now great. He was completely prostrated when the intelligence reached him of the actual landing of the Prince of Orange on English soil. Conscious that his troubles were of his own creation, the result of his Popish tendencies and general misgovernment, he had no nerve to face the danger that threatened his throne and very possibly his life. He was surrounded by his courtiers and by some of his more intimate friends in a brilliantly lit Royal apartment in Whitehall Palace on the night when the fatal letter was put into his hands. He turned pale and remained motionless, the letter dropped from his hand, and in striving to conceal his perturbation, he betrayed it. Bending towards him is the stately form of the Queen (Marie, daughter of the Duke of Modena), who points to the young Prince of Wales, as if to rouse the King to energetic action by the sight of him whose future is in jeopardy. To James's right is the execrable Jefferies, and with his back to the spectator is the Pope's Nuncio. The Lord-in-Waiting, who has borne to James the letter of bad tidings, is listening intently behind the screen to ascertain its contents if he can, and observe their effect.

"THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE."

From the Picture by BENJAMIN WEST, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of William III. and Mary.

A.D. 1690.—This famous battle between King William III. and his father-in-law, the late King James II., was fought on the banks of the Boyne on the 1st July, 1690. Assisted by Louis XIV. of France, James had been enabled to land in Ireland, where the greater part of the people, being Papists, adhered to him. After entering Dublin he unsuccessfully laid siege to Londonderry, and ultimately met William in the above-pictured decisive battle. At six o'clock on the morning of that eventful day the operations began. William's infantry crossed the river—some by Slane Bridge and others waist-deep at the ford—amid a shower of bullets. James's Irish troops soon gave way, and his foreign troops, though forced to retreat, did so in good order, leaving William master of the field. Looking on at the battle from the neighbouring hill of Dunmore, and seeing his forces give way, James turned his horse's head towards Dublin, and a few days later sailed for France, where he passed the rest of his days under the protection of the French King.

"GLENCOE."

From the Picture by J. B. MACDONALD, R.S.A., *in the National Gallery of Scotland.*

Reign of William & Mary.

A.D. 1692.—Though after the Battle of Killiecrankie the Scotch had offered no resistance to William's authority, the Highlanders could not thoroughly reconcile themselves to the loss of their ancient race of Kings. Whatever the opposition had been, a general pardon was promised to all who on a particular day should take the oath of allegiance to William. Macdonald of Glencoe, a Highland chief, omitted to take the oath at the proper time, and under colour of this omission his private enemy, the Earl of Breadalbane, obtained a warrant from William for military execution against the whole Macdonald clan. A party of Breadalbane's clan thereupon went to Glencoe, where they were received by the Macdonalds as friends, and sojourned a fortnight with the clan, at the end of which time (the mountain passes being meantime secured) they fell like butchers on their unarmed and unsuspecting hosts, and massacred nearly forty of them. The rest made their escape, to perish in several cases from the inclemency of the season or from famine or grief. This horrible outrage brought the people to regard with hatred the government of William, and was the beginning of a long series of troubles and sorrows in Scotland. The King endeavoured to exculpate himself by saying that he had signed the fatal warrant in the hurry of business, without being aware of its full purport.

"THE BATTLE OF LA HOGUE."

From the Picture by BENJAMIN WEST, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1692.—It was in 1692 that Louis XIV. of France made another attempt to effect the restoration of James II. on the throne of England. He prepared a large fleet, commanded by the great French Admiral, Tourville, with the intention of invading England, but it was met on the 19th of May, 1692, by the combined fleets of the English and Dutch, under the command of Admiral Russell. After severe fighting the French were driven back to their coasts, and at La Hogue, three days later, a number of their largest war-vessels were destroyed, among them the French Admiral's ship, the *Rising Sun*, which ran ashore near Cherbourg; it was set on fire in the very sight of the French army that had been assembled to invade England. Eighteen other ships of the French fleet ran into La Hogue, where they were fearlessly attacked by the English, who destroyed them, with a great number of transports laden with ammunition. Such as remained escaped through the Race of Alderney by such a dangerous passage that it could not be attempted by the English without imminent risk. This signal defeat was a mortifying blow to Louis, and it reduced James to the lowest ebb of despondency, as it frustrated the whole scheme for his reinstatement, and overwhelmed his friends in England with disappointment. So great was the delight of the English Court at the brilliant achievements of the nation's fleet, that the Queen sent £30,000 to be distributed among the sailors on their arrival at Spithead, and gold medals for the officers.

Reign of William & Mary.

"PETER THE GREAT AT DEPTFORD DOCKYARD."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., *in the Royal Holloway College, Egham. By permission of the Governors of the College.*

A.D. 1698.—With the accession of Peter as Czar, in 1696, the Empire of Russia dates its greatness. Peter's first resolve was to establish a great standing army, and later his attention was directed to the formation of a naval armament. To gain experience, he determined to travel, and with but twelve attendants set out in the year following his accession. On his way through Holland he adopted the dress of a dockyard artificer, purchased carpenters' tools, and set to work as a common shipwright. He arrived in England in January, 1698, the chief object of his visit being to learn the theory of ship-building. He followed his craft with great zeal at Deptford, keeping those about him diligently at work at the models of ships, and never permitting himself to indulge in repose or amusement. In St. Petersburg are still kept the coarse woollen stockings and sailor's coat in which he worked, and the "Annual Register" of 1769 records the testimony of a Deptford shipwright, who well remembered hearing his father say forty years previously that "the Czar of Muscovy worked with his own hands as hard as any man in the yard." He is here seen with his Royal retinue in Deptford Dockyard. William III. is paying him a visit, attended by Lords Carmarthen and Shrewsbury (President of the Council and Foreign Secretary). After three months' stay, Peter returned to Russia, taking with him engineers, officers for his navy, and several men of science.

Reign of William & Mary.

"DE FOE IN THE PILLORY."

From the Picture by EYRE CROWE, A.R.A. *By permission of J. L. Newall, Esq.*

A.D. 1703.—Daniel Foe, alias De Foe, the celebrated author of "Robinson Crusoe," was born about 1663, and was fifty-six years of age when he wrote his famous story. He was also the author of a great number of political, satirical, and commercial publications. He stood several prosecutions for his venturesome language, being on one occasion sentenced at the Old Bailey to the pillory for writing and publishing a seditious libel, entitled "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." The pillory was set up at Temple Bar, and the 31st July, 1703, was the day on which he suffered his punishment. He was protected by some of his friends from the missiles of his enemies, and the general public, instead of pelting him, as was invariably the case with a man in that position, resorted to the act of drinking his health. He was one of the keenest wits of the day, and enjoyed a wide popularity, insomuch that the pillory in which he ignominiously stood was on this occasion actually decked with garlands. On the very day of his punishment he published his verses, entitled "Hymn to the Pillory." He died at his house in Cripplegate, in April, 1731 at the age of sixty-eight.

Reign of Anne.

"MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM."

From the Picture by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. *By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London.*

Reign of Anne.

A.D. 1704.—Of the twelve years of Queen Anne's reign, ten were years of fierce warfare on the Continent, occasioned by the contest between France and the confederate powers in regard to the Spanish succession; as to whether a grandson of Louis XIV. of France, or the Archduke of Austria, should inherit the Crown of Spain. The famous Battle of Blenheim was fought on the 13th of August, 1704. The confederate army of 55,000 men were led by Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, and their opponents, French and Bavarians, to the number of 60,000, were commanded by Marshal Tallard. The wing which Marlborough commanded passed the rivulet which separated him from the enemy, and ascending the hill on which the French were posted, engaged them in a fierce and furious conflict. The French at length gave way. Their commander was taken prisoner, and the victory over them was complete. The loss on both sides was heavy; but while that of the confederates was 12,000 men, the loss to the French and Bavarians was far greater—10,000 were computed to have been killed in battle; thirty squadrons of cavalry to have perished in the Danube, and 13,000 to have been taken prisoners. The French force in Germany was thus totally annihilated.

"THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE."

From the Picture by F. M WARD, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

A.D. 1720.—The South Sea Scheme was an audacious project, promulgated in the summer of 1720 for discharging the National Debt by inducing those to whom the nation owed money to take shares in a company called "The South Sea Company," in place of their claim upon the nation. The project was actually adopted by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, however, was afterwards found to have been privately interested in it. At first the South Sea Stock did not rise according to expectation, but after a few days it mounted prodigiously; the £100 Stock rose to £600, and very soon to £1,000. The whole nation became infected with the spirit of stock-jobbing to an astonishing degree. All distinctions of party, religion, sex, and circumstances were forgotten, and Change Alley became filled with a strange concourse of statesmen, Whigs, Tories, Churchmen and Dissenters, physicians, lawyers, tradesmen, and a multitude of women of all ranks. So great were the crowds within doors that tables with clerks were set in the streets. The fever of speculation spread rapidly, and new companies were formed every day for the most impossible purposes, one company being, as S. R. Gardiner relates, "for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain"; while one audacious impostor actually asked the public to take shares in an undertaking, "the nature of which was in due time to be revealed." New reports, new subscriptions, new transfers, flew from hand to hand, and the voices of the ladies especially rose loud and incessant above the throng. By the 17th of August, the South Sea Stock had fallen to £850, by the 10th of September to £400, by the 30th of September to £150. In the general crash that subsequently ensued, thousands were reduced to beggary, and the directors of the company and many in high positions were called to account, some being largely fined, while others were punished with imprisonment.

Reign of George I.

"FLORA MACDONALD'S INTRODUCTION TO PRINCE CHARLIE."

From the Picture by ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

A.D. 1746.—Prince Charlie, known as the "Young Pretender," was a grandson of James II. of England, and was born at Rome in 1720. At the age of twenty-five he landed in Scotland, and proclaimed his father King. He was met at Preston Pans by Sir John Cope, and at Falkirk by General Hawley, and defeated them both; but at Culloden, on the 16th of April, 1745, he sustained a total defeat, and had to take to flight. A large reward was offered for the head of the fugitive, but no one betrayed him. At length, when he was in South Uist, General Campbell appeared and subjected the island to a rigorous search. It was then that Flora Macdonald (aged twenty-four) appeared on the scene. Attended by her maid (Betty Burke) and her servant (Neil MacEachan), she was conducted to the cabin of the Prince by a Jacobite chief, and she is here seen in the picture being introduced to him. By her courage and guidance the "Bonnie Prince Charlie," in the guise of her maid, reached in safety the Isle of Skye, whence he effected his escape to the Continent. For the part she had taken in his escape Flora was seized and sent to London, where for a year she underwent imprisonment. On her release, the ladies of London, in admiration of her, subscribed £1,500 for her. She at once returned to Scotland, where she, shortly afterwards, married, and resided in the Isle of Skye until her death, which occurred in 1792 in her seventieth year.

Reign of George II.

"THE DEATH OF WOLFE."

From the Picture by BENJAMIN WEST.

A.D. 1759.—In the great Colonial war begun in 1755 upon the question of the respective boundaries of France and England in America, Canada was conquered from the French and annexed to England. General Amherst formed the design of achieving this conquest in a single campaign, by directing an expedition on Montreal and another on Quebec. The latter, which was the more difficult, was intrusted to Wolfe. Repulsed near the Falls of Montmorenci, Wolfe endeavoured to draw the French from their unassailable position by boldly scaling the heights of Abraham. The plan succeeded, and the French general risked a battle. While brilliantly leading his troops Wolfe received a wound in the wrist, and another in the breast, which rendered it necessary to carry him to the rear. There, roused from faintness by the cry of "They run, they run!" he eagerly asked, "Who run?" and being told the French, and that they were defeated, he exclaimed, "Then I thank God, and die contented," and almost instantly expired. He was in his thirty-fourth year. Five days later Quebec surrendered, and, like Gibraltar, conquered by a somewhat similar bold exploit, has remained in the hands of the English.

Reign of George III.

"WATT DISCOVERING THE CONDENSATION OF STEAM."

From the Picture by MARCUS STONE, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1763.—James Watt was the son of a small merchant and shipowner resident at Greenock. Early in life he became known as a boy of studious habits and extensive reading. At the age of nineteen he came to London, and employed himself in the manufacture of mathematical instruments. It was in 1763, when he was twenty-seven, and had located himself in Glasgow, that he commenced those researches into the properties of steam that had occupied his childish thoughts and which have rendered his name one of enduring fame. In place of the old coach roads which then threaded the country, and over which a journey could rarely be accomplished at a greater speed than ten miles an hour, the British Isles are now, as a consequence of Watt's discovery, covered by a network of railways, over 20,000 miles of railroad being at the present day open for traffic, and rendering a journey, say to Edinburgh, a matter of nine hours, instead of four days, as was the case in the middle of the eighteenth century. On his monument in Westminster Abbey is the eloquent inscription by Lord Brougham, who refers to the celebrated man who "enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world." Watt died in 1819, at the age of eighty-three.

Reign of George III.

"DR. JOHNSON IN THE ANTE-ROOM AT LORD CHESTERFIELD'S."

From the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

A.D. 1770.—The Lord Chesterfield of a century ago was a patron not only of men of letters, but of all who looked to the affluent and powerful for encouragement. His doors were consequently ever besieged by suitors of all ranks. Here the great philosopher of the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson, is seen awaiting an audience. It must have been galling for a man of his intellect and independent spirit to find himself unheeded among a motley group such as the picture shows. "Seven years, my Lord" (wrote he to Lord Chesterfield), "have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I have never had a patron before." The Doctor was referring to his dictionary, a work of almost herculean labour, and which has associated his name with the English language. In the picture his attention is directed to a lady of fashion who has just left the audience chamber, to which she has evidently been promptly admitted; he regards her with a mingled expression of pity and contempt.

Reign of George III.

"DEATH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM."

From the Picture by J. S. COPLEY, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

A.D. 1778.—The Earl of Chatham, then in his seventieth year, had entered the House in a rich suit of black velvet, a full wig, and wrapped in flannel to the knees. He was supported to his seat by Viscount Mahon and his son, William Pitt. He looked emaciated, and when he rose to speak against the recognition of the independence of the American Colonies, he spoke with difficulty, but, as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever. "My Lords," said he, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, and that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy." He was replied to with great respect by the Duke of Richmond; when on attempting to rise again he fell back, in a convulsive fit, before uttering a word, and was carried from the House. The scene represented took place in the old House of Lords (the Painted Chamber), on the 7th of April, 1778. He never again rose from his bed, and died on the 11th of May following. The heads in the picture, of which there are fifty-five, are all portraits. The peers are in their State robes, and the prominent figure to the left is that of the Duke of Richmond.

Reign of George III.

"THE DEATH OF MAJOR PEIRSON."

From the Picture by J. S. COPLEY, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1781.—On the 6th of January, 1781, a body of French to the number of 800 unexpectedly landed in the Island of Jersey, and marched unperceived towards St. Helier. They arrived in the market-place of the town at six o'clock in the morning, and promptly made prisoners of the lieutenant-governor and the magistrates. The militia, however, and other forces in the neighbourhood were quickly collected by Major Peirson, a brilliant young officer in his twenty-fourth year, who boldly attacked and overcame the invading force, destroying or taking prisoners the whole of them. At the moment, however, of victory, Peirson was killed. The French soldier who was answerable for his death was instantly shot down, as seen in the picture, by the Major's black servant. The moment seized by the painter is the carrying of the body of Peirson out of the fight. On the left is a dying sergeant, while to the right, a group of frightened women are flying from the scene. The background shows a part of the invaded town, with a distant hill beyond

"THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR."

From the Picture by J. S. COPLEY, R.A., *in the Corporation of London's Art Gallery.*

A.D. 1782.—It was in 1713 that England became, by the Treaty of Utrecht, the possessor of the formidable fortress of Gibraltar. Sixty-six years later France and Spain endeavoured to wrest it from England, and for nearly four years their fleets and armies were besieging it. All the expedients of warfare were tried against it, but ineffectually. During that momentous time the Governor of Gibraltar was Sir Gilbert Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield. On the 13th of September, 1782, the enemy as seen in the picture assaulted the fortress with a cannonade from floating batteries, but by well-directed red-hot shot this formidable flotilla was set on fire, and the scene of destruction was indescribable. The moment seized by the artist is when Sir Gilbert Elliott, who is on horseback, is pointing to Sir Roger Curtis, who, with a detachment of British seamen, are rescuing their enemies, at considerable risk to themselves, from the burning vessels. At the stern of one of the battering ships some sailors are seen striking the Spanish ensign. Away in the distance are the tents of the allied armies of France and Spain, with the head-quarters of the Duc de Crillon.

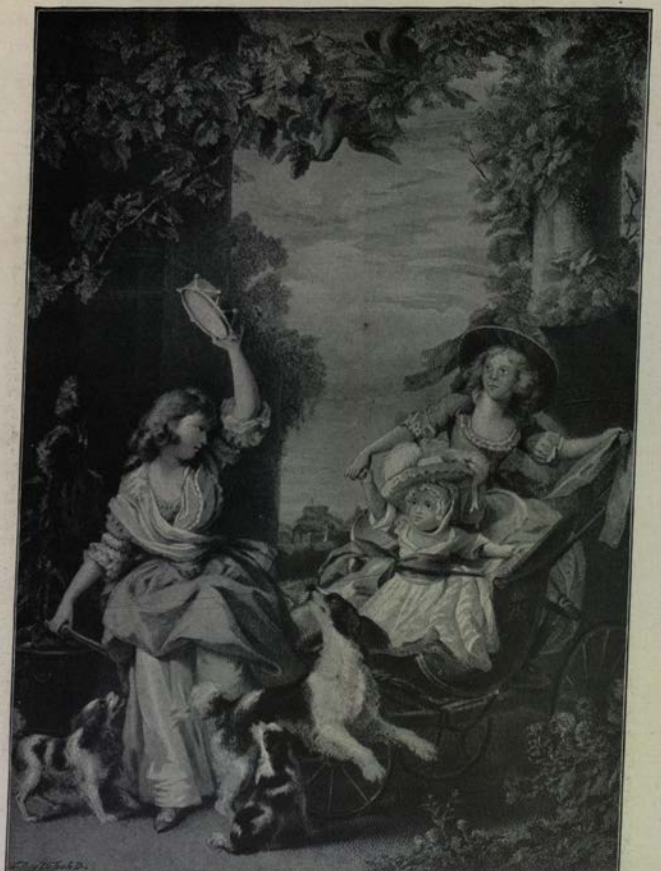
Reign of George III.

"BETROTHAL OF ROBERT BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY."

From the Picture by JAMES ARCHER, R.S.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1785.—Robert Burns, the great poet of Scotland, was about twenty-four years of age when he first met Mary Campbell, known as Highland Mary. She was a dairymaid at Coilsfield, and her character commanded his respect as well as his love, for he long cherished her memory. At the time he met her, Burns had just been forsaken by Jean Armour, whose parents had forbidden her to wed him, and he was about to quit his beloved Scotland. Mary consented to become his wife, and to give up her place at once in order to return home to arrange matters for their marriage, but before she left, the lovers met in a lonely spot on the banks of the Ayr. It was the second Sunday in May; they stood one on each side of a small brook, and laving their hands in the limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them, they pronounced their vows to each other; they then exchanged Bibles. It is thought that a union with Burns was not considered by her parents desirable for her, for the marriage was deferred. Mary spent the summer with her parents, and then took another place at Glasgow, but ere she entered upon it, she accompanied her brother Robert to his place of apprenticeship at Greenock, secretly, it is imagined, to bid a last farewell to Burns ere he sailed for the West Indies, but she was destined never to see him again. After nursing her brother through a fever, she took the malady herself, and died in a few days.

Reign of George III.



"THE CHILDREN OF GEORGE III."

From the Picture by J. S. COPLEY, R.A., *in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1785.—These pretty Princesses, the children of King George III., were painted by Copley in 1785. The Princess Mary, the charming figure on the left, with a loose, flowing gown, and gaily uplifting a tambourine, was but nine years old at the time; she was afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, and died in 1857, at the age of eighty-one. Behind the carriage is the Princess Sophia, aged eight, her sash gracefully held in her left hand, and her gaze on her elder sister. The baby-child in the carriage is the Princess Amelia, aged two. She was the youngest and favourite child of the King, and her death, at the early age of twenty-seven, brought on, it is said, the sad malady with which he was afflicted shortly after her decease. The dogs are skilfully introduced in the picture, and mingle in their play with the happy children. The broad leaves of a vine are clustered round the pillar to the right and trailed overhead, and in the distance Windsor Castle is seen.

"INTERIOR OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER IN 1793."

From the Painting by KARL ANTON HICKEL, *in the National Portrait Gallery.*

A.D. 1793.—This picture represents the animated debate which took place in the month of February, 1793, upon a Royal message which was delivered to Parliament, informing them that the King had determined to augment his forces "for supporting his allies and for opposing views of aggrandisement and ambition on the part of France." At that time it must be remembered the great French Revolution had begun, and the declared aim of the allies was the restoration of the French Monarchy, and was alleged to be, though not avowed, the aim also of the English Ministers. The head of King Louis XVI. had fallen on the 21st of the preceding month, and the terrible Reign of Terror was in force throughout France. Conspicuous on the left of the Speaker stands William Pitt in the act of addressing the House, and also in the front row are Charles James Fox, Sheridan, and Erskine. The picture is a most interesting record of what the House of Commons was like a century ago. The painter of this picture had but just quitted France, and after his painful experience there, naturally turned with interest to such a discussion; he at once selected it for a picture, and was specially favoured with sittings from those members who were present at the debate.

Reign of George III.

"LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OF THE 1ST OF JUNE."

From the Picture by P. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

Reign of George III.

A D. 1794.—After partial engagements on the 28th and 29th of May, 1794, Lord Howe succeeded in bringing the French fleet to action, in the Bay of Biscay on the 1st of June. The respective armaments were fairly matched, the French consisting of twenty-six line-of-battle ships, and the British of twenty-five. The fight proved a terrible contest; no fewer than six of the French ships were captured by Howe, and one was sunk; her name was *Le Jacobin*, and not a man of her crew, who heroically cheered as she foundered, was saved. The loss of life was great, the killed and wounded in the captured ships alone numbering 1,270. London was illuminated three nights in celebration of this great victory, the enthusiasm rising to such a pitch that several houses, particularly Lord Stanhope's, had their windows broken by the mob for refusing to illuminate.

"KING GEORGE III. PRESENTING A SWORD TO LORD HOWE."

From the Picture by H. P. Briggs, R.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

A.D. 1794.—Richard Howe, known later as "Black Dick," from his dark complexion, had joined the naval service at the age of fourteen, in one of the squadron that sailed in the Pacific, under Commodore Anson. At the age of thirty the command of the *Dunkirk* was given him, and at forty-five the Commandership of the Mediterranean service. On the breaking out of the revolutionary war in 1793, he took the command of the English fleet, which on the 1st of June, in the following year, obtained the brilliant victory pictured on the preceding page. On his return to England later in the month, King George III., accompanied by the Queen and several members of the Royal Family, journeyed to Portsmouth for the purpose of visiting the fleet, and inspecting the prizes which had been taken by the celebrated admiral, to whom it was the King's purpose to present a valuable sword. This august ceremony took place at Spithead, on board the *Queen Charlotte*. Accompanying the sword was a gold chain and a medal struck for the purpose, followed ere a year had passed by the Order of the Garter. His last public act was at the age of seventy-two, when he quelled the mutiny among the sailors at Portsmouth.

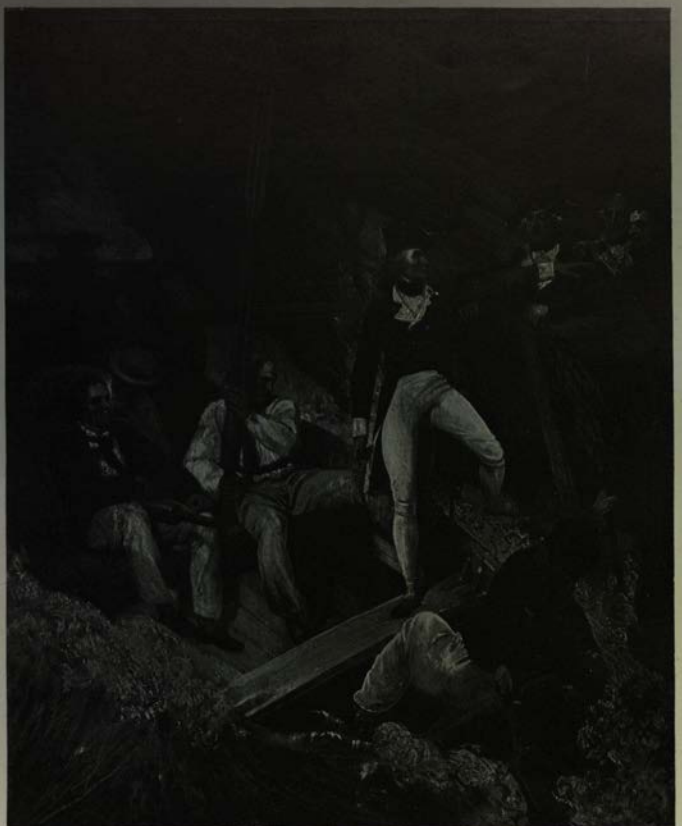
Reign of George III.

"THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN."

From the Picture by P. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1797.—While Lord Bridport, at Spithead, was looking after the French fleet, Admiral Duncan was engaged in blockading the Dutch at the mouth of the Texal, at which harassing service he had been engaged for nearly two years. It was at this time that the unfortunate mutiny in the British fleet occurred, and at one time Duncan was left with only one ship besides his own to carry out the blockade. On the subsiding of the mutiny by the execution of the ringleaders, the crews were quickly and loyally at their posts again, so that when the Dutch fleet put out to sea Duncan was in a position to pursue it. He came up with it off Camperdown, on the coast of Holland, and, after a severe engagement, totally defeated it, capturing eight battleships and four frigates, only three of the Dutch ships escaping. Admiral de Winter, the Dutch admiral, fell a prisoner to the British. For this brilliant victory Duncan was raised to the peerage, with an hereditary pension of £2,000 a year. He was at this time sixty-six years of age, and had many times distinguished himself since his entry into the naval service, by his skill and courage.



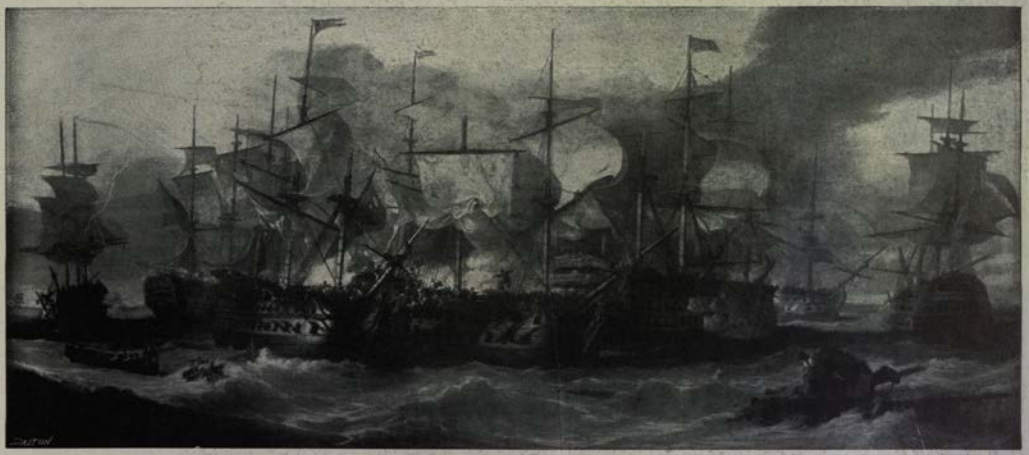
"LIEUTENANT NELSON VOLUNTEERING TO BOARD A PRIZE IN A VIOLENT GALE."

From the Picture by R. WESTALL, R.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1777*.—One of the first exploits of Nelson occurred when he was under twenty years of age. On the 6th November, 1777, the *Lowestoffe* and *Gayton* sailed from Port Royal, and on the 20th, between Cape Nichola and Cape Maize, took an American privateer. The first lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*, on receiving his captain's orders to board the prize, went below to put on his hanger, which could not immediately be found; in the meantime the captain came on deck, extremely anxious that the prize should be instantly taken in charge, as it might otherwise founder. Perceiving that his ship's boat was still alongside, and in danger every moment of being swamped from the heavy sea that was running, he exclaimed: "Have I no officer of the ship who can board the prize?" Lieutenant Nelson was still waiting for the return of his superior officer, but on hearing the captain's words, immediately hastened to the gangway, and, getting into the boat, said: "It is my turn now." The prize was so heavily water-logged from having carried a heavy press of sail, that Nelson's boat went in on the deck and out again with the scud. When at length he got on board, he was long separated from the *Lowestoffe* by the gale, and for some time great uneasiness was felt for his safety.

* This picture has been taken out of its strict chronological order to allow of the Nelson pictures being grouped together

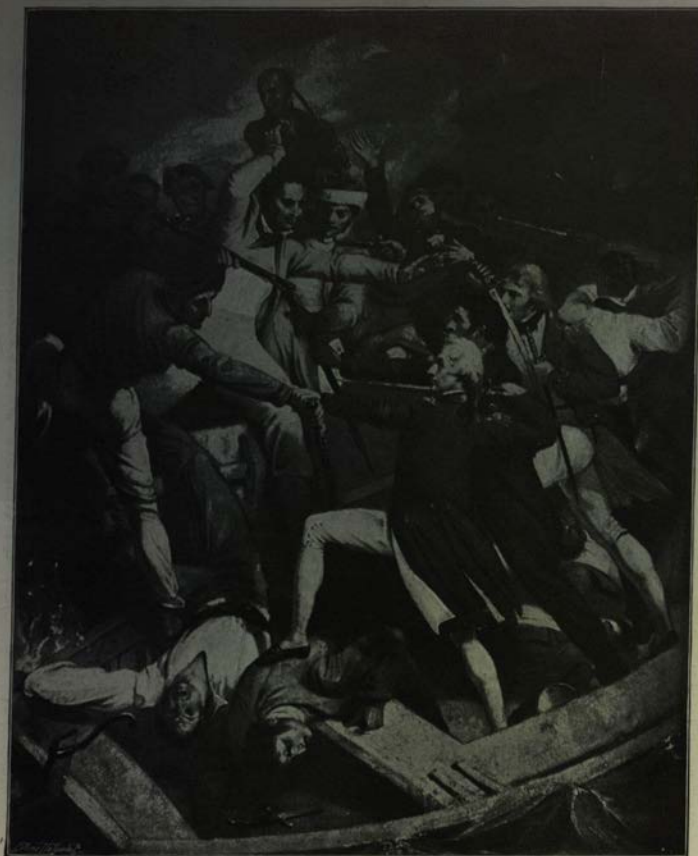


"NELSON BOARDING THE 'SAN NICOLAS.'"

From the Picture by SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.A., P.R.S.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

Reign of George III.

A. D. 1797.—The famous battle off Cape St. Vincent fought between the English and Spanish fleets on the 14th of February, 1797, was the scene of two brilliant exploits on the part of Nelson, who at that time was in his fortieth year, and held the rank of Commodore of H.M.S. *Captain*. After engaging the enemy's four-decker, the *Santissima Trinidada*, he directed the guns of his ship against the *San Nicolas*, which vessel ran foul and entangled her rigging in that of the *San Josef*. The *Captain's* foremast having gone, Nelson feared his vessel would drop astern, and so he ran her into the starboard quarter of the *San Nicolas*, and carried that ship by boarding, as shown in the picture. Immediately on her surrender he pushed forward and led his men with great bravery over the bulwarks of the *San Josef*, where they quickly overcame the resistance offered to them, and the ship surrendered, the swords of the officers being given up to Nelson.



"NELSON'S CONFLICT WITH A SPANISH LAUNCH."

From the Picture by R. WESTALL, R.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1797.—On the 3rd of July, 1797, occurred the bombardment of Cadiz, which had been intrusted to Nelson by Sir John Jervis, the Commander-in-Chief. Nelson, who at that time was Rear-Admiral of the Blue, was in his barge with Captains Freemantle and Miller, and a crew of ten men, when he was attacked by Don Micquel Tyrason, the commander of the Spanish gun-boats, who, in his launch with a crew of thirty, came alongside of Nelson with the intention of boarding, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued, which may fairly be recorded as one of the sharpest and most thrilling encounters in Nelson's career. Twice was his life saved by the bravery of his coxswain, John Sykes, who was himself severely wounded. Eighteen of the Spanish crew were killed, the commander was taken prisoner, and all the rest were wounded. Never had the Rear-Admiral been in a more perilous position. Jervis, writing to the Admiralty two days later, recorded the brave exploit, and ended by saying that, "Nelson's actions speak for themselves—any praise of mine would fall very short of his merit."

"NELSON WOUNDED AT TENERIFFE."

From the Picture by R. WESTALL, R.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

Reign of George III.

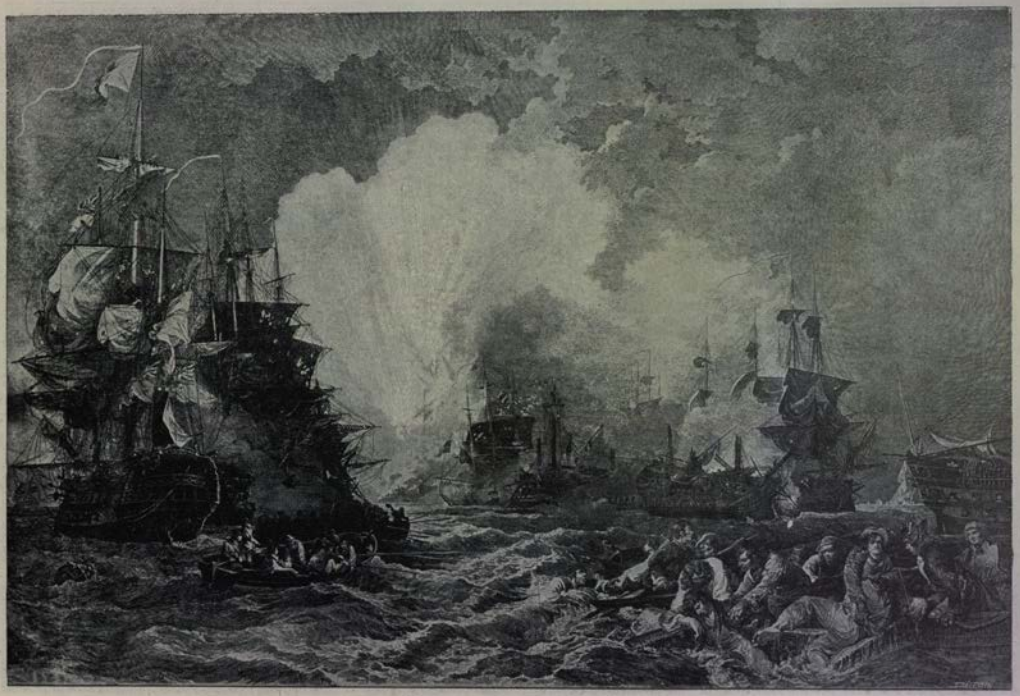
A.D. 1797.—Three weeks after the conflict with the Spanish launch, Nelson was dispatched by Sir John Jervis, with three ships of the line, to Teneriffe, to take possession of a prodigiously rich ship, *El Principe d'Asturias*, which, on her way from Manilato Cadiz, had put into the port of Santa Cruz to land her treasure there, as had previously been done with other rich cargoes, for security. Nelson's orders were to make a vigorous attack, but not personally to land, unless his presence were absolutely necessary. The latter injunction was thought to have been given for the sake of preserving his valuable life, which might otherwise, from his known disregard for danger, be too much in jeopardy. The British marines were got ashore under cover of the darkness, in which, however, several of the boats missed the landing-place; their presence was soon discovered, and they were instantly under a withering fire. Nelson, in spite of orders, was among the earliest to land, and he was in the act of drawing his sword when his right elbow was hit by a grape-shot. He was laid in a boat, his wound bound by pieces of one of the boatmen's shirts, and rowed back to his ship, up the heeling side of which he swung himself by his remaining limb, and the injured arm was at once amputated. The intelligence under which the assault was made was fallacious, for the enemy was far too numerous for Nelson successfully to attack. Three days later, it was his melancholy lot to pen to Sir John Jervis, with his left hand, the account of the futile expedition, in which fifty-one officers and men had been killed, a hundred and ten wounded, and a hundred and two drowned.

"THE BATTLE OF THE NILE—SHOWING THE BLOWING UP OF THE 'ORIENT.'"

From the Picture by G ARNALD, A R A, *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

A.D. 1798.—A British squadron under Nelson had long been in anxious pursuit of the French fleet, which had contrived to get out of Toulon, and at length he descried it lying at anchor across the Bay of Aboukir at the mouth of the Nile. Like his own, it consisted of thirteen line-of-battle ships, and its position was protected by shoals and batteries, but notwithstanding this Nelson decided on an immediate attack, and with his usual courage ran into close contact. A grave error was committed by the French Admiral Brueys in not at once getting his ships under way, for the British were enabled to attack each ship in succession as it rode at anchor. The battle began at sunset on 1st August, 1798, and about nine o'clock a fire was observed in the after-part of the French Admiral's ship, the *Orient*, a huge three-decker, of 120 guns. Shortly afterwards came a roar which deadened the roar of battle; the vessel had blown up. For fully ten minutes not a gun was fired on either side, and a silence fell on the startled ships. The event had been anticipated by the British, who had closed their ports and hatchways, and cleared their decks of all combustible material, but the ships were shaken fore and aft by the tremendous explosion. The French Admiral had been already killed, and the crew of the *Orient*, to the number of 1,000, perished, with the exception of seventy, who were saved by the British boats.

Reign of George III.

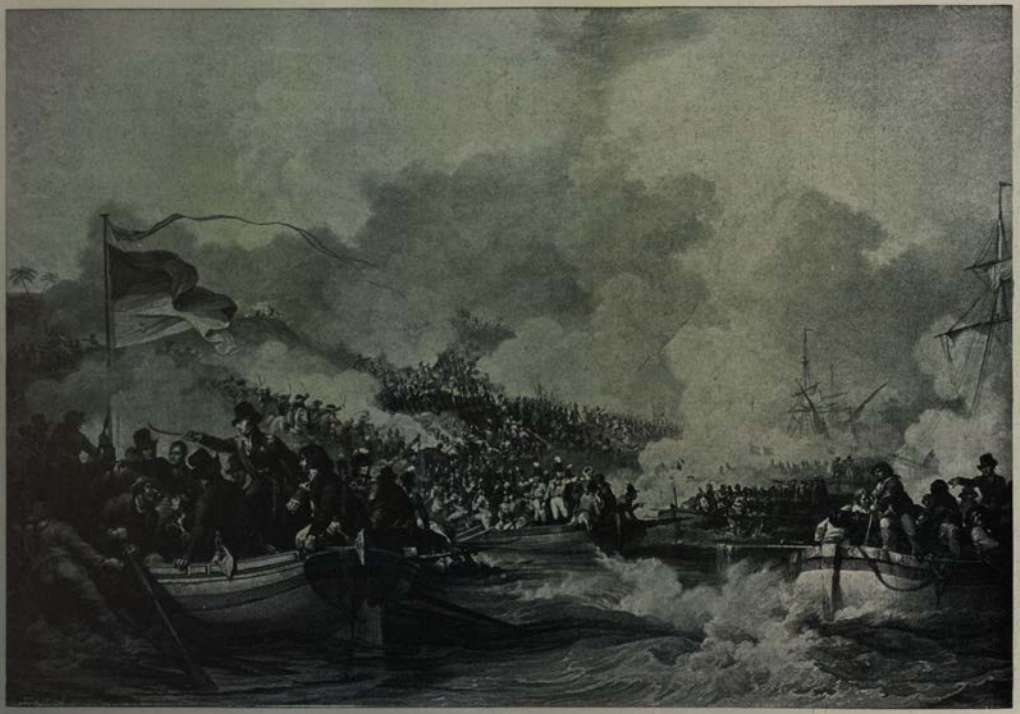


"BATTLE OF THE NILE"

From the Picture by P. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1798.—Early in the fight, Nelson had received a severe wound on the head from a piece of shot; carried below, he would not allow his injury to be examined until every man who had been previously wounded had been properly attended to. He fully believed the wound was mortal, and that he was about to meet his death, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, and the joy was great alike to the wounded man and to the crew when it became known that his hurt was merely superficial. It was at a moment when he was left alone that the cry was suddenly heard that the *Orient* was on fire; springing up, he found his way unassisted to the quarter-deck, where he appeared, to the astonishment of everyone, just as the tremendous explosion on the French vessel occurred. The victory that followed was decisive; no such complete success had ever before been obtained at sea by the British. A hostile fleet had been annihilated; the French designs in Egypt, where Napoleon at the moment was, were effectually checked; and India was relieved of all fear of French aggression. Nelson was made a peer, with the title of Baron of the Nile, and honours were showered upon him.

Reign of George III.



"LANDING OF BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT."

From the Picture by P. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1801.—It was in 1801 that a large armament having been fitted out by the English, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, for the recovery of Egypt, a disembarkation was effected, on the 8th of March, with great spirit at Aboukir, and an advance immediately made against the French, who were encountered five days later in a severe, though undecisive, action. The following day the whole of the French forces concentrated and attacked the British, who occupied a line nearly a mile in extent about four miles from Alexandria, and having a sandy plain in their front, the sea on their right, and the lake of Aboukir on their left. They signally defeated the French, with great loss, and almost annihilated their famous corps of invincibles. Not, however, until the autumn were affairs brought to a crisis; the French army then capitulated, being sorely pressed by General Hutchinson, who had succeeded to the command on the death of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and a treaty was entered into which had the effect of terminating the great project of the French for making Egypt a base for the conquest of India.

Reign of George III.

"AN INDIAMAN IN A NORTH-WESTER OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE."

From the Picture by W. DANIELL, R.A.

A.D. 1801.—It was in the year 1826 that the voyage to India was first compassed by a steam vessel. This was the *Enterprise*, under the command of Captain Johnson; she took sixteen weeks and three days from Falmouth to Calcutta. But ere steam navigation and its rapid development had come about, the trade of the world was carried on by sailing vessels, dependent on the winds and consequently subject to unforeseen delays, occasioning often heavy losses. In the picture a long-hulled, taut-masted Indiaman is seen off the Cape of Good Hope, in a strong wind blowing from the north-west, and in a heavy sea. Tossed about in some places by tempestuous gales, or helplessly detained by calms in others, the commerce with distant countries was carried on with far more risk to life than at the present day. Oftentimes, a splendid vessel, through no error in navigation, was caught by a sudden gale, especially at so difficult a point as the Cape, and hopelessly wrecked; but more often, compass and sextant, with "foul winds turned into fair," overcame all difficulties, and brought the daring ventures of a seafaring people safely to their destination.

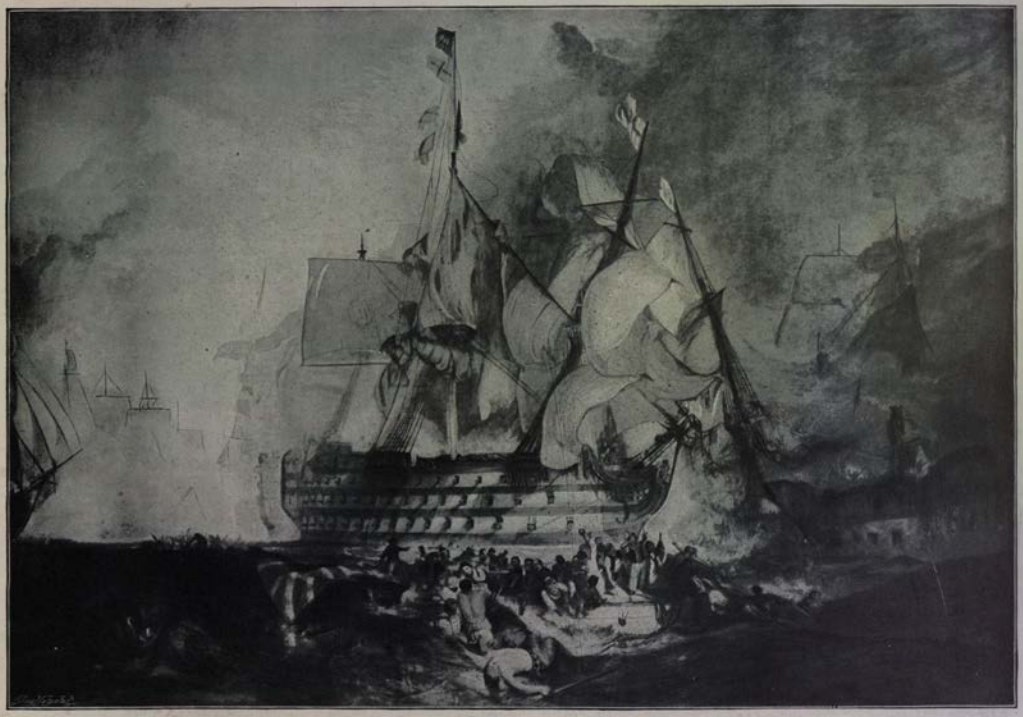
Reign of George III.

"PORTRAIT OF NELSON."

From the Picture by L. F. ABBOTT, *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

A.D. 1801.—The portrait here given of this illustrious man represents him in his forty-third year. He had at that time been in over one hundred engagements. Entering the British Navy at the age of twelve, he was lieutenant by the time he was nineteen, and post-captain at twenty-one. Ever in the front where the danger was the greatest, it was nevertheless not until he had reached his thirty-sixth year that he was seriously wounded; this was at the siege of Calvi, where he lost the sight of an eye, followed three years later by the loss of his right arm at Teneriffe. Then followed the victory of the Nile, and, ere he was forty-three, the victory of Copenhagen. The great Battle of Trafalgar closed his life at the age of forty-seven. His remains were brought to England, and, after lying in state at Greenwich, were publicly buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. In Greenwich Hospital are still preserved the coat and waistcoat and the velvet stock he wore at his last great victory, the coat showing, on the left shoulder, the mark of the tar from the rigging against which it was his habit to lean.

Reign of George III.



"BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR."

From the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1805.—For nearly two years Nelson had been engaged in the blockade of Toulon, where, in spite of his vigilance, the French fleet got out of port and sailed to the West Indies. Nelson pursued them, and they returned to Europe, and took refuge in Cadiz. Out of this port they ventured on the 19th of October, 1805, and two days later encountered Nelson off Cape Trafalgar. In that memorable battle the British fleet consisted of twenty-seven ships of the line and four frigates, while the combined fleets of France and Spain numbered thirty-three ships of the line and five frigates. About noon on the 21st of October the contest began. Nelson had previously given the famous signal to his fleet: "England expects every man to do his duty." The British fleet bore down on the enemy in two columns, and with astounding courage pierced the line, and the conflict became furious. Within two hours nineteen ships of the enemy had struck their colours; the Spanish admiral was mortally wounded, and the French admiral, unable to bear his defeat, soon after put an end to himself; 1,589 were killed or wounded on the British side, among them their illustrious commander.

"THE DEATH OF NELSON."

From the Painting by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., *in the Palace of Westminster* *By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London*, 112, *Strand.*

A.D. 1805.—"They have done for me at last!" Such were Nelson's memorable words to Captain Hardy. In the thunder of battle the two men had been pacing together the quarter-deck of the *Victory*; it was about twenty-five minutes past one that, as the two arrived within a pace of the turning-point, Nelson suddenly faced to the left and fell. A musket-ball from the *Redoubtable* had pierced his left shoulder through the epaulette and lodged in the spine. He was immediately carried below, covering with his handkerchief his face and stars, as he was borne along, lest the crew should recognise him and lose heart in the fight. Borne to the cockpit, which was crowded with wounded and dying men, it was at once discovered that the wound was mortal, and that the illustrious man had but a very short time to live. It was then that he insisted upon the surgeon attending to those whose lives it was possible to save. He lingered in great suffering for three hours, long enough, however, to learn of the splendid victory which had been achieved; loud cheers from the *Victory* told him of the successive striking of the enemy's ships, and a gleam of exultation lit up the countenance of the dying hero, who shortly after four o'clock expired.

Reign of George III.

"THE VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR."

From the Picture by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1805.—This picture represents the centre of the combined French and Spanish fleet at half-past two on the 21st of October, about an hour and a half after Nelson received his death-wound. The *Victory*, the ship that bore his flag, after sustaining a heavy fire from four of the enemy's ships, is in the act of disengaging herself from the *Redoubtable*, a French seventy-four, from the mizzen-top of which came the shot by which Nelson fell. The *Redoubtable* is lashed alongside the *Témèraire* (the famous "fighting *Témèraire*," of ninety-eight guns, that Turner painted), and a few moments later claimed as a prize another French seventy-four, the *Fouqueux*. On the left of the spectator is the *Royal Sovereign*, with her prize the *Santa Anna* totally dismasted. On the right of the *Victory* is a French eighty-gunner, the *Bucentaur*, with her main and mizzen masts shot away, and the huge *Santissima Trinidada*, a Spanish four-decker, both vessels unmanageable wrecks

"GREENWICH PENSIONERS COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR."

From the Picture by JOHN BURNET, F.R.S. *By permission of His Grace the Duke of Wellington.*

A.D. 1806—Reign of George III.—It was Charles II. who, from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, had begun to build the magnificent edifice now known as Greenwich Hospital, but it was Queen Mary, the wife of King William III., who, in commemoration of the great victory of the English at La Hogue, determined to complete the building, and to constitute it a place in which British sailors who had been disabled in the service of their country might reside with comfort, and peacefully end their days. In the picture are seen the veteran seamen who have quitted active service, but still retain the old and fiery interest in every event connected with British warfare upon the seas. The anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar is a red-letter day to them, and one over which in such a community, where probably there are some who were present at the memorable conflict, endless converse could be indulged in.

"PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

From the Picture by HORACE VERNET, *in the National Gallery.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1814.—In the personality of Napoleon Buonaparte during the first fifteen years of the present century England rightly recognised a standing menace. Coming into notice through the vicissitudes of the great French Revolution, he quickly established himself as a conspicuous figure, and ere long became identified by reason of his military genius and statesmanlike qualities with the fortunes of France. He was declared Emperor in 1804, and England was soon after threatened by him with an invasion, a large French army being massed at Boulogne in readiness to cross the Channel. Insisting on taking a leading part in all the important events of Europe, he also succeeded in attaining a power that became a constant danger to peace. There was scarcely a European nation that did not suffer at his hands. He at last encountered the English and Prussians at Waterloo, and sustained a ruinous and final defeat.

"WELLINGTON AND HIS GENERALS."

From the Picture by T. HEAPHY. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1814.—In this picture Wellington is seen in a position typical to him, surrounded by his generals, but himself the guiding and controlling mind. The military services of this illustrious man have earned for him an imperishable name in the history of the British Empire. He entered the Army in his eighteenth year, and was twenty-five when he took part in the Netherlands Campaign of 1794, and two years later was appointed colonel, when he proceeded with his regiment to India, and was only thirty when he encountered Tippoo Sahib at Seringapatam. Nine years later he was put in command of the forces for the Peninsular War, which he successfully conducted and for which he was raised to the peerage as Viscount Wellington. In 1812, being then forty-three, he commanded at the terrible storming of the fortres, of Badajoz, where the slaughter of British troops was immense, and three months later he won a brilliant victory at Salamanca. For this he was raised to a marquisate, and two years later was made Duke. In 1815 he was called upon to command the allied armies in Belgium against Napoleon Buonaparte, over whom he gained a decisive victory at Waterloo, on the 18th June. He reached the advanced age of eighty-three, and died at Walmer Castle, Kent, on the 14th September, 1852.

"WELLINGTON'S MARCH FROM QUATRE BRAS TO WATERLOO."

From the Picture by F. CROFTS, R.A., *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1815.—Wellington passed the night of the 16th of June at the farm of Quatre Bras, a small village at the junction where the main road from Charleroi to Brussels intersects the road from Namur to Nivelles, and is about twenty miles from Brussels. In the morning of that day the Anglo-Belgian force under Wellington had been attacked by the French under Marshal Ney, and after a fiercely contested battle, both forces remained on the field. The following morning Wellington withdrew his army in a masterly manner to Waterloo, for there he expected to be joined by Blucher, who, with his Prussian forces, had been engaged the previous day from three in the afternoon until night at Ligny with Napoleon, who had defeated him, compelling him to retreat to Wavre. The meeting of the forces of Wellington and Blucher was the very thing that Napoleon was endeavouring to prevent. The picture shows the army on the march with Wellington at the head of a long line of infantry. He is being cheered by the cavalry, who are waiting to cover the rear, and in the background the artillery are seen keeping the pursuing French in check

"MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."

From the Picture by E. CROFTS, R.A., *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1815.—Napoleon had crossed the Belgian frontier on the 15th of June, purposing to take the Prussians in hand first and beat them, and then to turn upon the British, whose troops were far less in number than his own, and overwhelm them by superior force. He encountered Blucher on the 16th of June, at Ligny, and defeated him, sending General Grouchy to follow up the victory by keeping Blucher from joining Wellington. On the morning of the 18th of June where we now see him, he had determined to attack Wellington at Waterloo. The picture shows the French head-quarters, and the famous Emperor is seen seated, examining a map and interrogating a peasant. Round about him are the officers of his staff, with the stand of the colours, and numerous soldiers, weary and mud-bespattered after their march from Quatre Bras in the rainy weather of the previous day, where, under Marshal Ney, they had endeavoured to keep the British in check, and so prevent them from joining the Prussians. The fires and lines of the British Army are seen in the distance.

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"

From the Picture by LADY BUTLER. *By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co., the proprietors of the copyright and publishers of the engraving.*

A.D. 1815.—On the afternoon of the 18th of June the 92nd Regiment, which was then reduced to 200 men, found it necessary to charge a column of the enemy, which was coming down upon them, numbering nearly 3,000. The Scots Greys had been placed to the left, in reserve; their duty was clear, they joined in the charge, passing through the ranks of the Highland infantry as best they could, receiving from their countrymen as they passed an enthusiastic welcome, and joining with them in the shout of "Scotland for Ever!" The French column they charged was enveloped in smoke, which had in no degree cleared when the Greys dashed into the mass, which yielded to the furious onset, and was hurled back in confusion by the impetus of the shock, for it was not imagined that cavalry were near; it was infantry only by which the enemy thought, by the sound of the musketry, they were threatened, and they were lost in amazement at the suddenness and fury of the charge.

Reign of George III.

"BATTLE OF WATERLOO."

From the Picture by J. A ATKINSON. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1815.—The battle had begun about ten o'clock on the morning of the 18th of June, and the moment represented in the picture is about eight in the evening. It had been the policy of the Duke of Wellington, when attacked by his formidable opponent, to act on the defensive, pending the arrival of the Prussians, whose progress had been impeded by the bad state of the roads. Just before they appeared the enemy turned their artillery against the farm of La Sainte Haye, and made a desperate effort to force the point. After a long and dreadful contest the British compelled the French to retire, and at this moment Blucher and his men were seen advancing to take the enemy in flank. The Duke, seizing the critical instant, ordered the whole body of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery, to charge. The artillery had been terribly destructive all day, but at this moment (wrote a French officer) no idea could be conveyed of the shock that was now felt from it. This is the point taken by the painter. The French gave way on every side. Napoleon's Old Guard bravely rallied, but it was all in vain. Resistance was swept away, and in a total rout the French army gave itself up to flight, in helpless confusion.

Reign of George III.

"THE MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER."

From the Fresco by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., *in the Palace of Westminster. By permission of the Council of the Art Union of London, 112, Strand.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1815.—When the Duke at the critical moment had given the famous order for the whole body of infantry to advance, it rushed forward with the irresistible force of valour, and the French gave way on every side, a total rout ensuing. It was half-past nine in the evening (when victory was assured), that the veteran Blucher and Lord Wellington accidentally met at "La Belle Alliance." By this miserable cottage, riddled through and through with cannon balls, and deserted by all but the dead and dying, the great English General met for the first time the old Prussian Marshal who had so well supported him, and who, although severely wounded two days previously, had got up from his bed when he heard of the engagement, and had led his troops to the scene of action, in the very nick of time to gain the day. They had come in almost at the close of the contest, and it was therefore decided that the pursuit of the enemy should be undertaken by them, as the British troops had been fighting for nearly twelve hours. Therefore, General Gneisenau, an officer of great determination, was sent to follow them, and he hung upon their rear with his Prussian cavalry, and, favoured by the clear moonlight, made vigorous charges, which rendered futile all attempt to rally.

"EVENING OF WATERLOO."

From the Picture by F. Crowts, R.A., *in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*

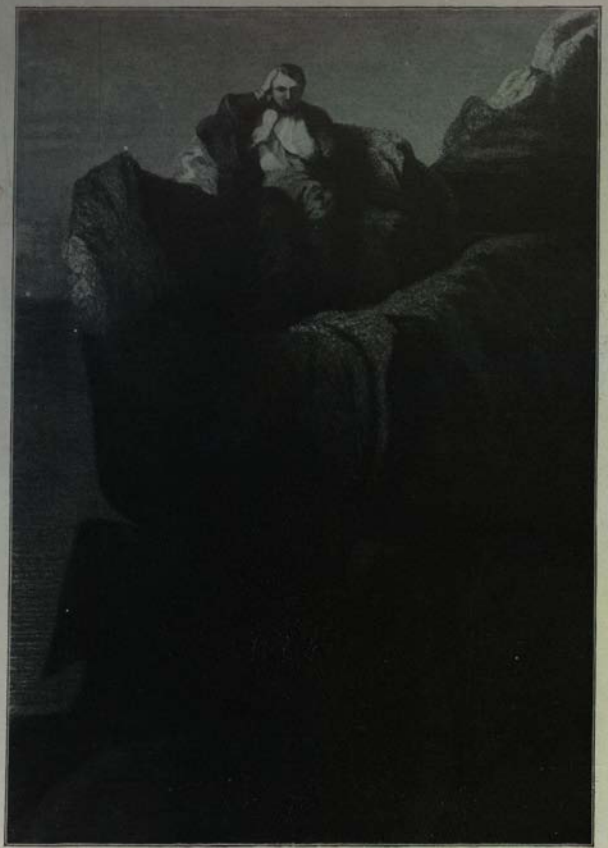
A.D. 1815.—Reign of George III. When Napoleon observed the recoil of his column on all sides, and the confusion around him, he uttered the words, "It is all over," and a retreat at once set in; infantry, cavalry, artillery, were all mixed and jammed together in one dreadful struggle to escape; ammunition and baggage-waggons, stores and hospital carts, were full of wounded men; plunging horses and private carriages blocked the roads and bridges. At Genappe, the first important defile through which the French army retired, an immense number of carriages and waggons of all kinds had been collected together, which presented a rich booty, but the most valuable and most interesting object consisted of Napoleon's travelling carriage, which, with all its contents, fell into the hands of the 15th Regiment. Napoleon himself had only quitted it a few minutes previously, in such haste as to leave behind his hat, which was found inside.

"CHELSEA PENSIONERS READING THE 'GAZETTE' OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."

From the Picture by SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. *By permission of His Grace the Duke of Wellington.*

Reign of George III.

A.D. 1815.—No words could describe the feelings at that moment when news arrived of Wellington's victory over Napoleon, no eloquence could picture the transport that filled every breast. The tumults, the acclamations, the rejoicings which ensued were devoutly mingled with heartfelt thankfulness, and a sense of new-found security which the country had not enjoyed for very many years. It may be imagined with what feelings the pensioners at Chelsea Hospital read the news of the great French defeat. Many of them probably had seen service under the great Duke, had followed him in the Peninsular War, been present perhaps at the terrible storming of Badajoz, where so many gallant men were killed or shockingly disabled, and to read now of the final vanquishing of the great enemy by the men with many of whom they had perhaps fought side by side, was news indeed, and eagerly were scanned the authentic lines in the "Gazette" which told them beyond doubt of this glorious achievement.



"NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA."

From the Picture by PAUL DELAROCHE, *in the Royal Collection.*

A.D. 1817.—Exposed to the factions which divided France and to the hostility of the great powers of Europe, Napoleon sought hospitality from the British nation, and on the 15th July, 1815, he voluntarily went on board the British ship *Bellerophon*. Here the disturber of Europe was detained a prisoner, and on the 7th August he was transferred to the *Northumberland*, which sailed on the following day for the Island of St. Helena. Napoleon vehemently protested against the injustice of his banishment to so distant a spot, after voluntarily placing himself in the hands of the British, but his protestations were unregarded. He was landed at St. Helena on the 15th October. In the picture, he is shown veritably a prisoner, seated in gloomy contemplation on the barren rock, its precipitous sides suggesting the futility of any attempt to escape. Not until he was a prisoner there did his spirit begin to quail before the successive strokes of adverse destiny. He was but forty-six when Wellington encountered him at Waterloo, and six years later, on the 5th of May, 1821, he died a victim to cancer, the same disease to which his father and his sister had succumbed.

Reign of George III.

"WELLINGTON ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO."

From the Picture by B. R. HAYDON, R.A.

Reign of George IV.

A.D. 1830.—Several years after the famous battle had been fought, Wellington visited the scene of the conflict, and the painter, Haydon, seized upon the visit as the subject for the picture which is here reproduced. What must have been his thoughts when they reverted back to that memorable day? At the commencement of that most momentous conflict he had been on horseback, surrounded by his staff, on the high ground to the right of the road from Brussels; but to say where he afterwards was would be impossible; wherever his presence was most requisite he was to be found. He stood reconnoitring with his glass in the most conspicuous positions, and issuing orders with intrepid coolness, while balls and shells fell around him; once he was on the point of being taken prisoner by a party of cavalry; at another moment his friend and officer, Sir William Lancey, received his death-wound while talking to him; he, the directing mind, the absence of which would probably have given the day to Napoleon, passed through the action untouched, to survey now, after twenty years of peace, that fatal plain which, in the uncertain light of the moon, he had last traversed at a time when the silence of death had only just succeeded to the storm of battle, and when around him lay in their thousands the gallant officers and men whose heroic valour had earned for him the brightest wreath of victory.

"HEROES OF WATERLOO."

From the Picture by J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1830.—The subject of this picture is a reception at Apsley House, Piccadilly, by the Duke of Wellington, of his guests, on an occasion of the Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. The portraits are given of upwards of thirty of the chief military leaders of the age, to whom England is mainly indebted for the glory achieved for the British Empire and the preservation of the liberties of its people. In the centre stands the Duke, and on either side of him are ranged his brave companions in arms: the Marquis of Anglesey, with an elaborate capote, who distinguished himself greatly at Corunna and at Waterloo; Sir Henry Hardinge, who lost his left arm at Ligny, just before Waterloo; Lord Hill, and others—a long train of associate heroes, identified with the chief campaigns of Wellington. All the men represented in the picture were many years younger at the date of the Battle of Waterloo, for the picture was painted some time afterwards.

Reign of George IV.

"A DIALOGUE OF WATERLOO 'BUT 'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY.'"

From the Picture by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER R.A., *in the National Gallery*

Reign of William IV.

A.D. 1833.—The Duke of Wellington and the Marchioness of Douro, both mounted on horses that Landseer alone knew how to paint, are pausing in their ride upon the famous field of Waterloo, and the Duke is pointing out to his fair companion the position the two armies occupied on the memorable day of the 18th of June, 1815. To the left are seen a group of Belgian rustics, a farmer and a girl selling Waterloo albums. The foreground is believed to be the identical spot, on the right of the British position, where the memorable charge was made by the Guards under the personal order of the Duke himself, at the critical moment when Napoleon was taken in flank by the Prussians, and made one last desperate charge on the British squares. The Duke then gave the order to advance, with the notable words, "Up, Guards, and at them." "But 'twas a famous victory," the Duke is supposed to be saying, as his touch falls lightly on the arm of the Marchioness; and famous indeed it was, for it overthrew the inveterate foe who, during a long succession of years, had turned his whole power towards the ruin of England.

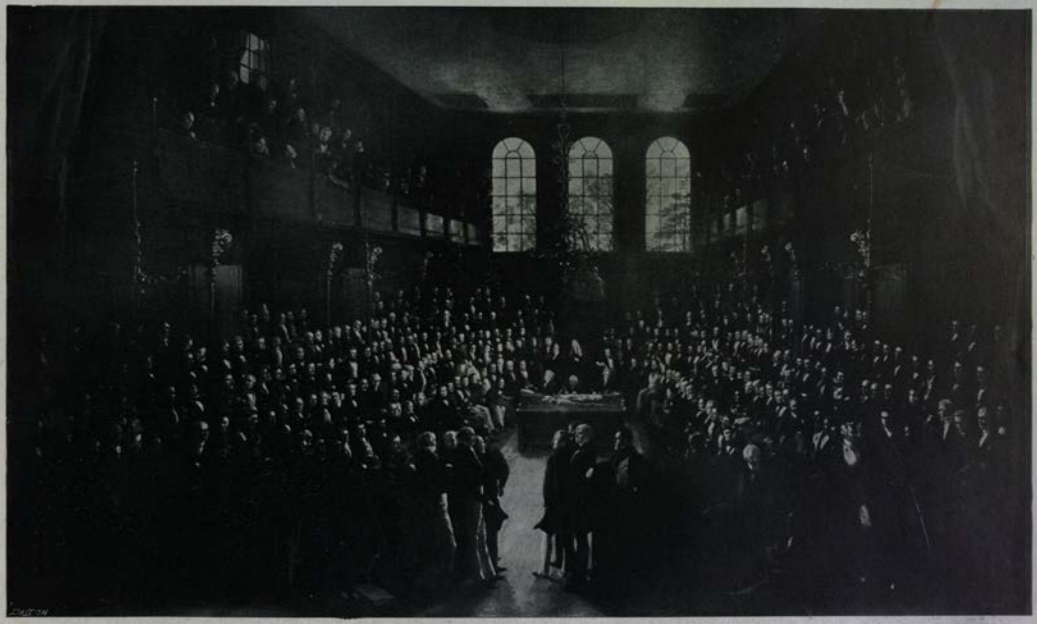
"THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS."

From the Picture by GEORGE CHAMBERS, *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

A.D. 1816*.—Early in 1816, Admiral Viscount Exmouth had been ordered to visit the various North African Independencies for the purpose of claiming the release of all British subjects who had been detained there. The claim was at once conceded by Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli; but the Bey of Algiers declined the further request that he should put an end to Christian slavery, and the matter was referred to England. A fresh outrage, however, on the part of the Algerians precipitated matters, and Exmouth, with two three-deckers and four other ships of the line, with four frigates, appeared off Algiers about daybreak on the 27th August, 1816. Receiving no answer to his demands by the required time, he moved his fleet in, and taking up his position in excellent order, replied at once to the batteries that had opened fire upon him. For eight hours the contest lasted, by which time batteries and town had been reduced to ruins, and the next day all the British demands were acceded to. Some 3,000 persons, mostly Italians and Spaniards, were liberated and sent to their respective homes, and Lord Exmouth and his fleet returned home.

Reign of George III.

* This picture is placed out of its strict chronological order to allow of the Waterloo pictures being grouped together.



"THE MEETING OF THE FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT."

From the Picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A., *in the National Portrait Gallery.*

Reign of William IV.

A.D. 1833.—By the passing of the great Reform Bill, which was one of the most remarkable political events in the recent history of this country, forty-one boroughs were disfranchised and thirty others were deprived of one of their members. A great transference of power was thus effected in favour of the middle classes, and a distinct step taken in the direction of the establishment of a Democracy. On the 29th January, 1833, the new Parliament was opened by commission. It consisted of 658 members, and the picture shows the interior of the House on the 5th February, 1833, during the moving of the Address to the Crown. Mr. W. E. Gladstone was one of those who sat in that Parliament being then but twenty-four years of age, and representing Newark-upon-Trent. Groups of peers are seen standing where they usually do during debates, near the stairs leading to the House of Lords and the Committee Rooms. The Ministerialists, formed of Whigs and Radicals, were in a great majority, but they differed among themselves as to the extent of the reforms desirable, and to make this difference less apparent they adopted the then new name of Liberal to cover the members of both sections, and the Opposition, finding the name of Tory distasteful in many directions, called themselves Conservatives.

"FIRST COUNCIL OF QUEEN VICTORIA"

From the Picture by SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., *in the Royal Collection By permission of Messrs Henry Graves & Co*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1837.—Upon the accession of Her Majesty the Queen, niece of the late King William IV., on the 20th of June, 1837, the Council of the Realm was summoned with all speed possible, and on the next morning proceeded to Kensington Palace. It was a scene of impressive solemnity, and was thus described at the time: "A young Queen, whose personal merits as well as her position among nations promised the fame of Elizabeth and the fortunes of Anne, summons on her accession to the throne of her ancestors a Council of her Ministers and chiefs to a palace memorable in the history of her family, to receive their homage, and to give her Royal assurance of maintaining the constitutions of her kingdoms." It was the first Royal act of the Queen, and was immediately followed by the public proclamation at St. James's Palace. Of all the illustrious personages in this famous picture, Her Majesty is now the sole survivor, but among them will be recognised the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston. Her Majesty was only just eighteen, which is the time of life at which heirs to the throne of England come of age.

"THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA."

From the Picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A., *in the Royal Collection, Windsor*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1838.—The Coronation of Her Majesty took place at Westminster Abbey, a little more than a year after her accession, viz., on the 28th June, 1838. In the picture which afterwards recorded this imposing scene the artist has seized the moment when the Archbishop of Canterbury, having placed the crown on the head of the Queen and the sceptre and globe in her hands, has returned to the altar. This was the time when the members of the Royal Family, the peers, and peeresses assumed their coronets. It was the signal for the whole vast building, so identified with past Kings and Queens of the realm, to ring with applause; and cries of "God save the Queen," and loud acclamations resounded through the venerable pile. It appears that one person besides Her Majesty the Queen is now living who was present at this august ceremony, and this is His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, then aged nineteen, who may be observed some distance behind the Queen's chair with his coronet raised.

"THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA."

From the Picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A., *in the Royal Collection at Windsor By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1840.—The marriage of Her Majesty Queen Victoria with her first cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 10th of February, 1840. Her Majesty was then in her twenty-first year, and Prince Albert, who was born at Rosenau, near Coburg, in 1819, was three months younger. Of the illustrious company who were present, and are represented in the picture, only the Queen, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duchess of Teck (then but a child of seven, and who is seen to the left of the picture), are now living. In 1857, Prince Albert was invested with the title of Prince Consort. As a patron and promoter of all movements calculated to advance science and art his name will always be cherished. It was from his liberal and comprehensive intellect that the great Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park, arose. The Prince died, after a short illness, at Windsor Castle, on the 14th of December, 1861, at the age of forty-two, deeply and universally lamented.

"CONVENTION OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY."

From the Picture by B. R. HAYDON, R.A., *in the National Portrait Gallery.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1840.—It was in 1562 that the first attempt was made from England to establish a trade in African slaves. Two of the largest ships engaged belonged to Queen Elizabeth herself. The gain arose from the selling the negroes to the Spanish settlers in the West Indies. Two centuries later, a man named Thomas Clarkson was born, who, at the age of twenty-three, resolved to devote his life to the abolition of the iniquitous traffic. He won over Wilberforce to his cause, Wilberforce influenced Pitt, and in 1788 the first step was taken in Parliament by the passing of a resolution for considering the question in the following Session. But it was not until 1833, by which time Bills had been brought in and thrown out, and the question had been for nearly fifty years almost the exclusive subject of interest and agitation by the religious portion of the community, that slavery itself was abolished. All children under six or born after 1st August, 1834, were then declared free, and those above six were placed on the footing of apprentices for terms expiring not later than 1840. To effect this great reform, the co-operation of the West Indian slave proprietors and of the Colonial legislators was secured by the gift from the British Exchequer of £20,000,000. Clarkson lived to see his great object accomplished, and *in the* picture he is seen presiding over a meeting in Freemasons' Hall of the Convention of the Anti-Slavery Society—his last appearance in public. Six years later he died at the age of eighty-six.

"MAN PROPOSES AND GOD DISPOSES."

From the Picture by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., *in the Royal Holloway College. By permission of the Trustees of the College*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

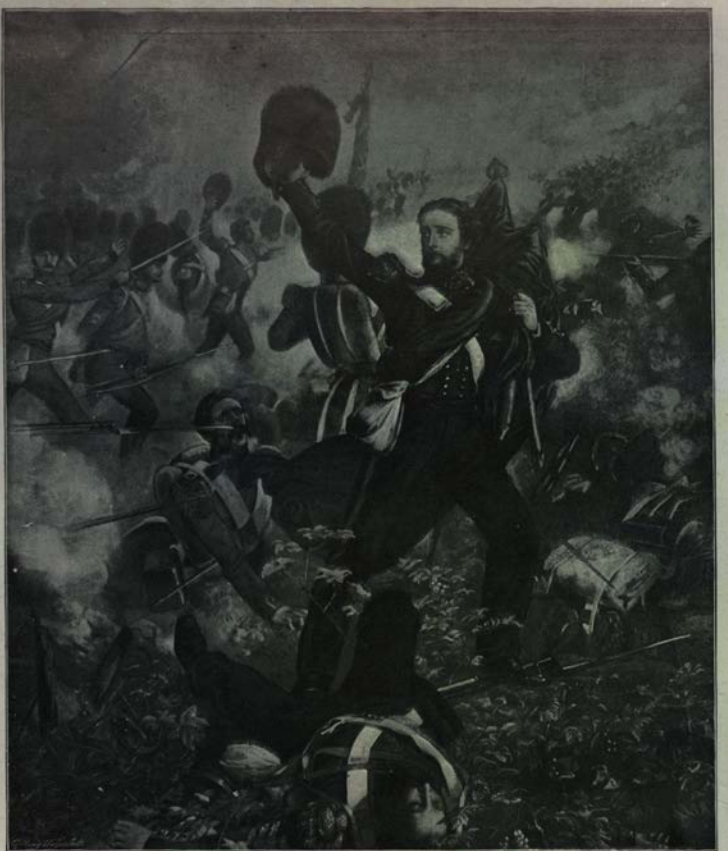
A.D. 1847.—The discovery of a North-West Passage has been the aim of many intrepid explorers. In 1845 the renowned Sir John Franklin sailed in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror* in the voyage to the icy regions of the north from which he was never to return, and whence no absolutely certain tidings have ever been received of the fate of the two ships he commanded. The discovery of relics of the expedition fourteen years afterwards by Sir Leopold McClintock points to the total loss of the ships and all lives as having taken place probably in June, 1847, after having discovered, if not actually traversed, the Passage of which they had been in quest. The picture shows a probable occurrence in those desolate regions. Two Polar bears have come across these evidences of human endeavour, the mast of a boat and the skeleton of a man, where, undisturbed, one of them crunches up a bone from which the flesh has long since disappeared, and the other tugs viciously at what seems to be the remains of the Union Jack.

"OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN HYDE PARK."

From the Picture by H. C. SELOUS, *in the South Kensington Museum.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1851.—The great Exhibition of 1851, of the Industry of all Nations, will long be remembered. The enterprise was suggested and personally supported, from the first, by the Prince Consort, who was the President of the Royal Commission for its organization, and it was energetically and successfully carried through. The building was erected in Hyde Park, and covered nineteen acres of ground; it was constructed of iron and glass, and was admirably suited for the display of the immense variety of objects which were brought together from all parts of the world. It was kept open for twenty-three weeks, and upwards of six million persons were admitted to it; excursion trains from all parts of the country gave facilities to those in the provinces to visit it. The building itself was a novelty in its construction. The materials were ultimately bought by a company, and, with some alteration of design, re-erected at Sydenham, as a permanent structure, under the fanciful name of the Crystal Palace. Exhibitions since that date have been frequent and largely attended, but it may be safely said that never before the Exhibition of 1851 were gratification and instruction so widely diffused. The picture shows the Inauguration of the Exhibition on the 1st of May, 1851, by Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort, with whom are seen Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, then aged eleven, the Princess Royal (now Dowager Empress of Germany), the Duchess of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge.

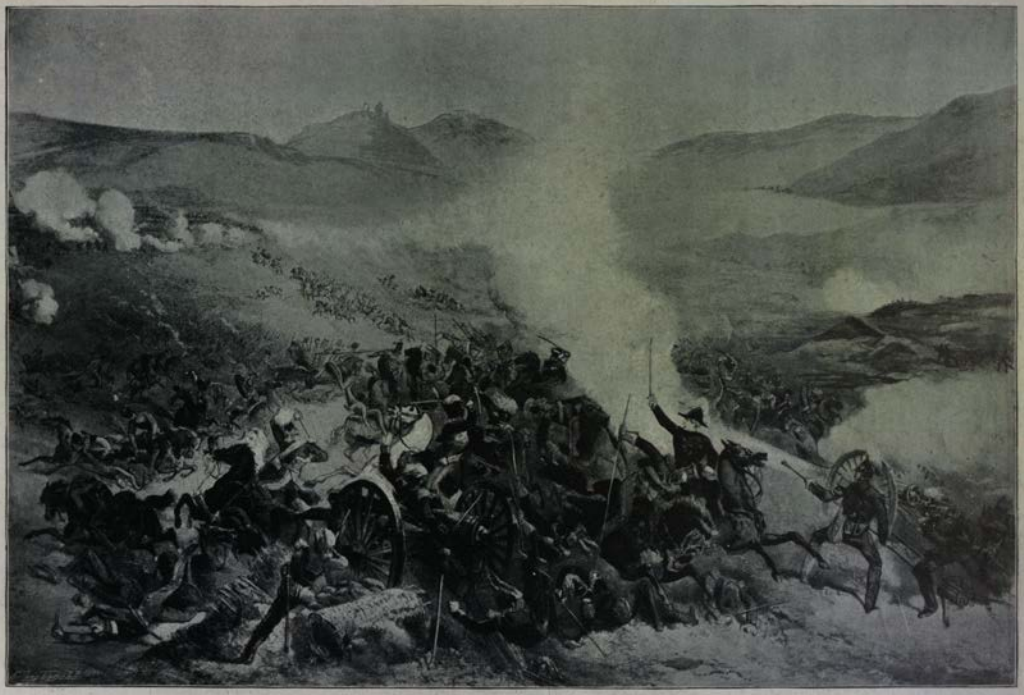


"BATTLE OF THE ALMA."

From the Picture by CHEVALIER LOUIS W. DESANGES, *in the Victoria Cross Gallery.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1854.—The misgovernment of the Sultan of Turkey led the Czar Nicholas of Russia to demand proper protection for the Christian subjects of the Porte. When a proposal which the Czar made was rejected, Russia occupied Moldavia and Wallachia, and finally declared war against Turkey. England and France united in support of the Turk, the British troops being commanded by Lord Raglan, and the French by Marshal St. Arnaud. On the 14th September, 1854, the allied armies landed in the Crimea, and with the Turks numbered about 60,000 men. The aim was to effect the destruction of the Russian stronghold Sebastopol, where for years the Russians had been engaged in constructing extensive fortifications, docks, and arsenals, and in collecting a large fleet and warlike stores of every kind. The Russians were first encountered on the 20th of September on high ground, on the southern bank of the River Alma. These heights were stormed, and carried by the allies. It was when the formation of the line of the regiment of Scots Fusiliers got disordered under the heavy fire that Captain Loyd Lindsay (now Lord Wantage) stood firm with the colours, and by his example restored order in the onward march.



"THE LIGHT CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALACLAVA."

From the Picture by R. MORIN.

Reign of Queen Victoria.

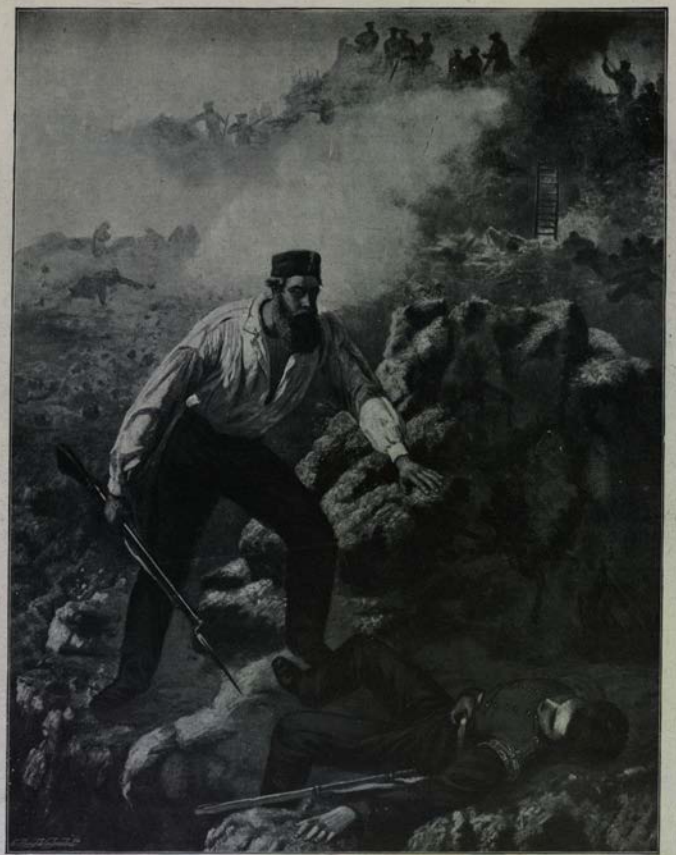
A.D. 1854.—This celebrated charge took place on the 25th October, 1854. When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan to advance, and had read it, he asked, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the Russian lines, and said, "There are the enemy and there are the guns—it is your duty to take them." Lord Lucan thereupon, but with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan, who, though he did not shrink, saw the fearful odds against him. At ten minutes past eleven the brigade advanced, the intrepid Cardigan at its head. The whole body scarcely made one effective regiment. As they started on the mile and a half ride that lay between them and the Russian guns, the cannon in the redoubt on the right opened upon them; but they swept on, their weapons glittering in the sun. They came on in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy—whose whole line poured forth a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. The first line was broken, but it was instantly joined by the second, no halt, or check in the speed, for an instant. With diminished ranks and with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, they dashed into the smoke of the batteries—their pathway over the plain being strewed with bodies and the carcasses of horses. They cut down the gunners and passed through a column of Russian infantry. Then they returned, and at thirty-five minutes past eleven the miserable remnant of this gallant band paced up to the spot they had so lately quitted, having charged practically an army in position, and with cannon on three sides of them.

"THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN."

From the Picture by LOUIS W. DESANGES.

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1854.—The incidents of the terrible Battle of Inkerman, which was fought on the 5th November, 1854, were many; among them, one of the most brilliant was when Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, of the Grenadier Guards, led his men into a Russian battery. They had eagerly waited to charge, and one man had said: "If any officer will lead us, we will charge," whereupon Russell shouted: "Come on; who will follow me?" and made for the embrasure. During the *mêlée* he narrowly escaped death. A Russian had got behind him, and his bayonet was all but into him, when Private Anthony Palmer, quick as thought, struck the man on the head with his rifle, and so saved his officer's life. The attack was entirely successful and the battery was taken. But over all this fatal field were daring incidents of this kind, hand-to-hand fights, despairing rallies, desperate assaults in glens, in brushwood glades, and remote dells, out of which the conquerors came, whether Russian or British, only to engage fresh foes which plentifully awaited them, till at last the battalions of the Czar gave way and the Allies stood the victors.



"SEBASTOPOL."

From the Picture by LOUIS W. DESANGES *in the Victoria Cross Gallery.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1855.—The Redan was a formidable fortress that protected the southern side of Sebastopol. The ground in front of it was rock, thinly coated with soil, and of a nature to offer the British troops no prospect of ever being able to drive their approaches close up to the work. On September 5th, 1855, an attempt was made to take it by storm, simultaneously with the French attack on the Malakoff. The numbers of the attacking party were, however, so diminished by the enemy's fire while crossing the open ground, and so much difficulty was encountered in sending for reinforcements, that the small number of men left were compelled to retire. On its being found that Adjutant Dyneley was missing, Corporal Shields returned to the scene of the attack, and on turning an angle of rock which sheltered him from the Russian fire, he discovered his officer mortally wounded, and shortly afterwards, with the assistance of others, brought him in under a heavy fire. The subsequent evacuation of the southern side of Sebastopol during the night made a further attack on this terrible stronghold unnecessary.

"THE SIEGE OF KARS."

From the Picture by LOUIS W. DESANGES *in the Victoria Cross Gallery.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

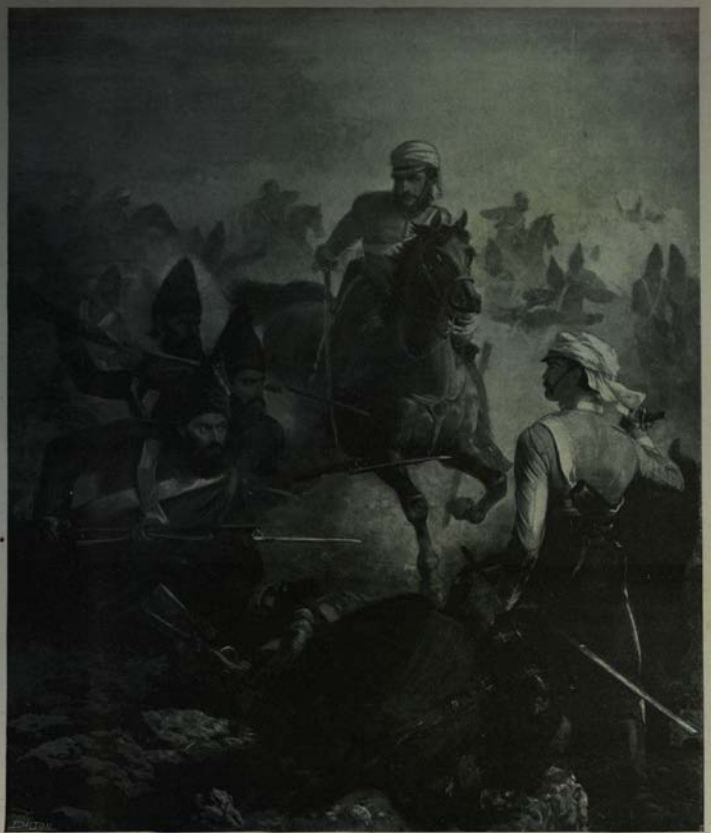
A.D. 1855.—On the breaking-out of the Crimean War, Colonel Fenwick Williams was sent to Asiatic Turkey to organize the Turkish Army against the Russian invader, on the approach of whom he hastened to Kars, which he provisioned for four months and prepared to defend to the last. Earthworks were erected at every available spot, and early in the month of August fifty thousand Russians presented themselves before the city. In order to get rid of as many useless mouths as possible, the Bashi-Bazouks, or Turkish cavalry, were ordered to cut their way through the besieging army, which they did, but with severe loss. On the 29th September, in the obscurity of the morning, the Russians contrived to penetrate into the Yuksek Tabia redoubt, when Major Teesdale threw himself in their midst, encouraging the garrison, who, thereupon, stubbornly resisted and ultimately repelled the enemy with great loss. There was no hope of relief or assistance for the beleagured city, and on November 24th Teesdale was sent with a flag of truce to General Mouravieff, the Russian commander, who displayed great generosity, and granted terms which Williams could accept without loss of honour.

"THE RETURN FROM THE CRIMEA."

From the Picture by SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1856.—The picture shows the return home from the Crimean campaign of a corporal of the Fusilier Guards, that redoubtable regiment which so distinguished itself at Alma, Inkerman, and other places where stern and hard fighting had been necessary. Many were left on Russian soil, but it is given to this one to return, with the loss only of an arm. He has just entered his cottage home, with rent and travel-stained uniform—betokening hard work and long marching. His wife, no longer anxious, holds him in her grasp as she kneels at his feet—while behind him his aged mother bends her head on to his shoulder, as, in joy at his return, she silently weeps. That trophy of victory, the helmet of a Russian guardsman, has been carefully brought hither, and lies now, with his thick walking-stick, on the peaceful cottage floor.

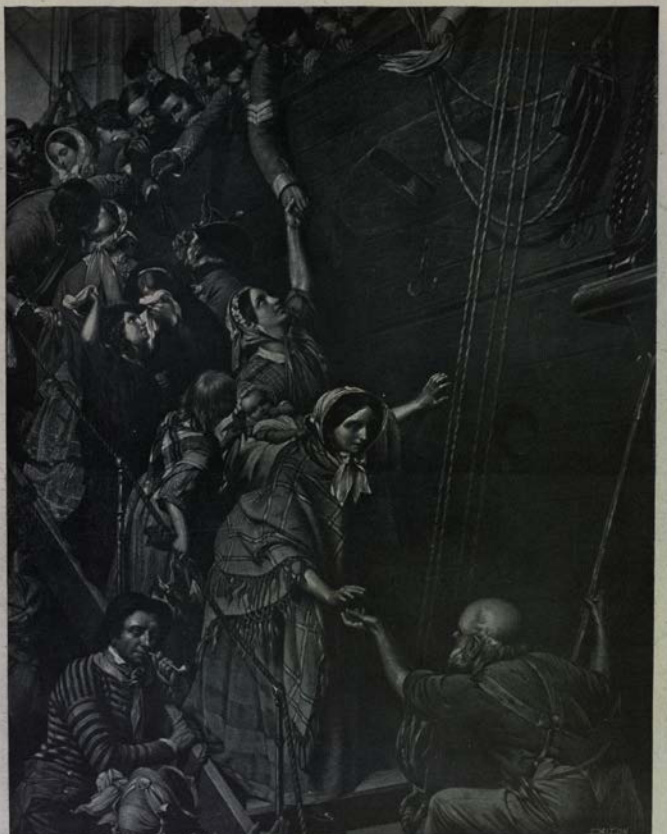


"THE BATTLE OF KOOSHAB—PERSIAN WAR."

From the Picture by LOUIS W. DESANGES *in the Victoria Cross Gallery.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1857.—It was in 1856 that a rupture with Persia occurred, through the Persians taking Herat, and England declared war on the 1st of November. General Outram encountered the enemy in the neighbourhood of the village of Kooshab, on the 8th of February, 1857. As the day dawned it was thought that, as the Persian fire had ceased, they had withdrawn, but as the light became clearer, they were discerned in position and preparing for battle. They numbered about eight thousand, two thousand of them being cavalry. The contest began with a cannonade, and then the charges of the British cavalry and the practice of the artillery took all heart from the enemy, who broke and fled; but certain regular battalions retired in something like order. Into and through these the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry brilliantly charged, and it was then that Captain Arthur Moore, being foremost by a horse's length, had his horse shot under him as he leaped amongst the enemy, and he would inevitably have lost his life, had not Lieutenant Malcolmson, seeing his peril, fought his way back through the broken Persian ranks, and, giving him a stirrup, carried him through everything, out of the *mêlée*. The rout was complete, and in the pursuit that followed the track was thickly marked by the slain. Outram's final victory over them occurred at Mohammerah, on the 26th of March.



"EASTWARD HO!"

From the Picture by HENRY O'NEILL, A.R.A. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

A.D. 1857 — Reign of Queen Victoria. —Lord Canning was Governor-General of India at the time of the breaking-out of the Indian Mutiny. Discontent was already rife among some of the native princes who had been dispossessed of their rule, and the Sepoy army on whom they relied were moved to insurrection, among other reasons on account of the attack which they conceived was made upon their caste. Loss of caste with them meant not only disgrace in this present life, but misery after death. A new rifle that had been distributed among them necessitated their having to bite the cartridges, thus bringing their lips in contact with what they were told was greased with cow's fat. The cow was sacred to them, and by eating any part of it their caste was gone. This is said to have been the cause that precipitated the Mutiny. The British Army in India at that time was wholly inadequate to effectually cope with the rising, and the picture shows the dispatch from England of reinforcements. The wives, sweethearts, and friends of the soldiers are bidding farewell as they descend the accommodation-ladder for the last time. The first in the group is a heartbroken woman, who is gazing with wet eyes on the rough boatman who is holding out to her his strong hand; a little girl in black is waving her handkerchief, and a little farther on is a young ensign in full regimentals, who is kissing the pretty girl in white muslin.

"LUCKNOW, 25TH SEPTEMBER."

From the Picture by LOUIS W. DESANGES.

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1857.—The Indian Mutiny was practically confined to the Bengal Presidency, and at the beginning of June the British garrison at Lucknow had betaken themselves to the Presidency. The garrison held out for a hundred and nine days, against the most terrible odds, practically surrounded by hordes of infuriated Sepoys. There were in the Residency one thousand Europeans, and seven hundred natives, who had sought protection there; the besiegers never numbered less than 30,000, and were at times thrice that number. A continual cannonade was kept up against the place, and so closely was it encompassed that only once was a messenger able to get safely away and return; this man was Ungud, a noted scout, who, on the 22nd September, brought in a letter containing the welcome tidings that the relieving force had crossed the Ganges. Three days later there were signs in plenty among the Sepoys of the approach of the reinforcements, and on the 25th of September the glorious sight was seen of the Highlanders and Fusiliers, under Havelock and Outram, fighting their way through the streets of Lucknow. The picture shows Dr. Jee, Assistant-Surgeon McMaster, and Lieutenant Macpherson in the act of bringing in and attending to the wounded, though fully exposed to the enemy's fire.

"RELIEF OF LUCKNOW—JESSIE'S DREAM."

From the Picture by F. GOODALL, R.A., *in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

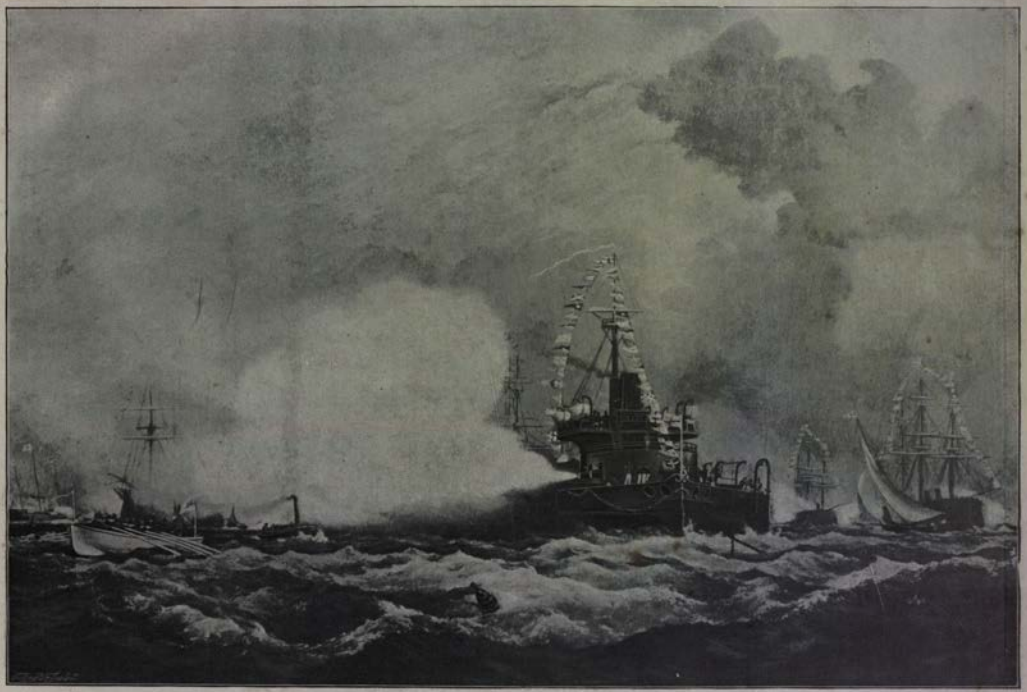
A.D. 1857.—When on the arrival of Havelock and Outram's gallant men on the 25th of September, the Lucknow Residency was for the moment relieved, it had been for one hundred and nine days environed, for eighty-seven of which the outside world had been as a sealed letter, no news of any kind having reached the beleaguered garrison. Under a burning Indian sun the imprisoned inmates had watched eagerly for the first sign of approaching help, but when the relieving force arrived, ample though it was as an augmentation of defence, it was insufficient to conduct the garrison away, and so the siege continued for a further eight weeks, when it was finally raised by the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell. The picture shows some of the defenders who have caught the sound or discovered some sign of the approach of Sir Colin Campbell's men. One young girl, it is said, had beheld in a dream, and heard the marching music of the relieving force, and was assured it would arrive on the particular day it did. It was on account of this story that the painter added to the title of his picture the words, "Jessie's Dream."

"THE 'GREAT EASTERN' RECOVERING THE LOST ATLANTIC CABLE."

From the Picture by R. DUDLEY. *By permission of Sir Henry D. Gooch, Bart.*

A.D. 1866.—The cable was originally laid in 1865, but was lost. The search to recover it was an anxious and difficult task, undertaken in the summer of 1866. The grappling-ground in mid-Atlantic was reached on the 12th of August, and for nearly three weeks those on board watched and waited to secure the cable which lay 4,000 fathoms below, or nearly five miles. The claws of grapnel after grapnel had felt along the dark bed of the ocean in search of the missing rope, and on one memorable occasion they had not only got hold of the treasure, but had brought it within sight, only, however, again to lose it, for the elements were adverse, and the mighty deep so tossed and foamed that all efforts to continue the work were rendered vain; but on the last day of August, 1866, the sun shone out, the ocean began to calm down, and the grapnel was again at work. On that and the following day, down to midnight, hope fluctuated, but at last, slowly but surely, the lost cable, held in vice-like grasp, emerged from the mysterious depths. Two thousand seven hundred and thirty miles of cable had been carried by the *Great Eastern* in the laying of the cable, with a reserve of 500 miles on another vessel. Side by side the two cables now lie as they descend the iron cliffs of Valentia, on the south-west coast of Ireland; side by side they traverse the ocean depths till they reach the Bay of Heart's Content, Newfoundland. On the deck engaged in the operation of recovering the cable are the men to whom the electrical connection of the two worlds is due—Sir Daniel Gooch, Mr. Cyrus Field, Mr. H. Clifford, Mr. Canning, and others, while the artist of the picture, Mr. R. Dudley, was also on board.

Reign of Queen Victoria.



"THE 'DEVASTATION.'"

From the Picture by E. W. COOKE, R.A., *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1873.—The ships that form the defensive power of the British Empire now are very different to the old sailing line-of-battle ships of which Nelson brought twenty-seven against the French and Spanish at Trafalgar. It required no small amount of seamanship to navigate them, but forty years ago armoured ships were introduced, and the old wooden walls, by which Great Britain had risen to be what she is as a naval power, disappeared. Among the finest of the iron-clad ships, constructed with all the latest improvements, the *Majestic* and the *Magnificent* may be numbered; but in 1873, when the *Devastation*, which is here pictured, was launched, the utmost in strength and speed was considered to have been attained; she carried the most powerful guns afloat, and at this day she is a most formidable vessel. She was the first sea-going iron-clad designed without sails, and her guns could pierce at nearly three miles distance. She is 285ft. long, and 62ft. beam, with 26ft. mean draught, and carries a crew of nearly 300 men. She has a double bottom, the space between the two skins, which is about 3ft., being divided into a number of separate watertight cells, so that injury to the outer bottom could only result in the filling of one or more of these cells.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA."

From the Picture by S. C. HALL. *By permission of the Earl of Northbrook, G.C.S.I.*

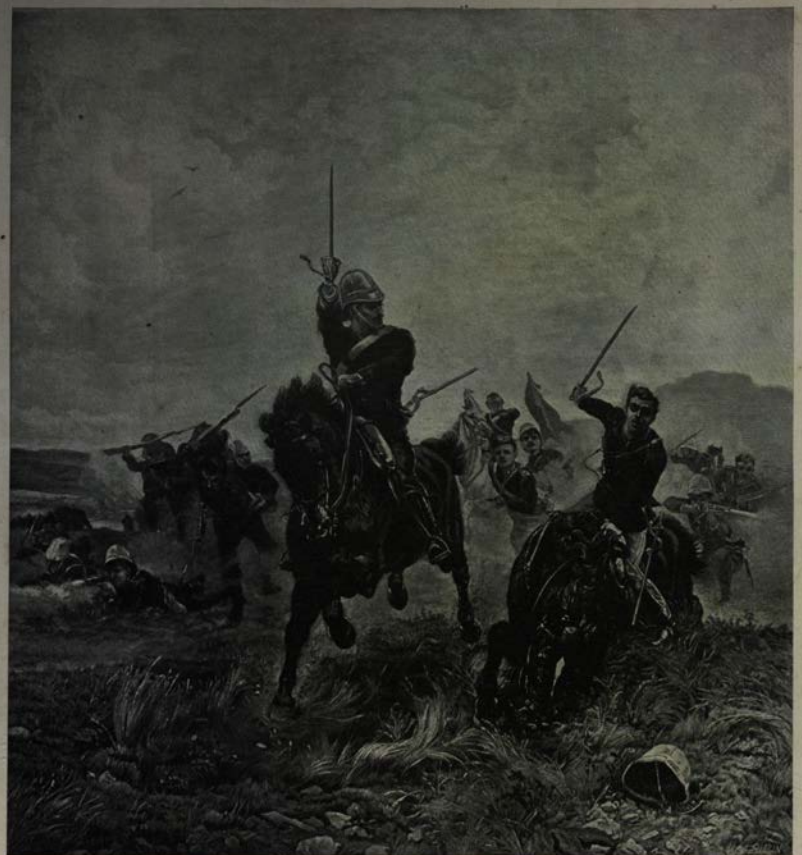
Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1876.—The Prince of Wales, in his memorable tour through the Empire of India, started from this country on the 11th of October, 1875, and returned on the 11th of May, 1876. He arrived at Bombay on the 8th of November, and after a visit to Baroda, travelled northward to Gwalior, Agra, Delhi, and Lahore, turning then eastward to Lucknow and Allahabad, and by the great River Ganges to Calcutta. Thence by sea he went to Madras and on to Colombo, and up the west coast of India by way of Beypore and Goa back to Bombay. Throughout this long and successfully arranged journey he was everywhere met with patriotic acclamation, each city, town, and principedom vying one with another in their demonstrations of splendour and hearty welcome. The picture shows a chapter of the Order of the Star of India, held at Calcutta on the 1st of January, 1876, and the Prince acting thereat as High Commissioner. It was a great ceremony, held in a chapter-tent about a mile from Government House. The Maharajah of Jeypoor is being invested with the order. To the Prince's left is the Earl of Northbrook, Viceroy of India. The Queen's grant to the Maharajah has been read, and he has been decorated "with a Knight's riband, badge, star and robes," and the Prince now places the order round his neck, and admonishes him in the prescribed form. A similar ceremony was observed with many of the powerful native princes and prominent Englishmen, among the latter being Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Salar Jung.

"THE AFGHAN WAR—MARCH OF GENERAL ROBERTS FROM CABUL TO CANDAHAR."

From the Picture by LOUIS W. DESANGES.

A.D. 1880.—Reign of Queen Victoria. This picture shows the celebrated march that General Sir Frederick Roberts (now Lord Roberts) made from Cabul to Candahar in August, 1880. The news of the disaster which the British arms had sustained at Maiwand, and the investment of Candahar by the Afghans, reached Cabul on the 29th July, and Roberts's force of 10,000 men, with eighteen guns, started without delay to the relief of the beleaguered city, 313 miles distant. "You need have no fear about my division; it can take care of itself, and will reach Candahar under a month." Such were the words of the gallant commander. The troops were fairly on their way by the 11th of August, and by the 15th they were ninety-eight miles from Cabul. Each day at 4 a.m. the tents were struck and the column again on the march, halting at the end of each hour for ten minutes. In the picture it is seen crossing the Zamburak Kotal, 8,100ft. high, and the nature and features of the country are shown and the physical difficulties of the march, which admitted only of mule batteries being employed. It was at this point that the column severed its connection with its base of operations and with all communication with the outer world. On the 31st August it marched into Candahar, the whole garrison turning out to meet and welcome it.



"FLOREAT ETONA."

From the Picture by LADY BUTLER. *By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1880.—In 1877 the Dutch Republic of the Transvaal had been annexed by Great Britain, but in 1880 the inhabitant Boers endeavoured to regain their independence, and after defeating the British troops under Sir George Colley at Laing's Neck in December, 1880, and subsequently on the 27th of the following March driving them back with great slaughter at Majuba Hill, succeeded in freeing themselves, and the independence of the Republic was acknowledged by the British Government. The picture shows a brilliant but pathetic incident at the attack on Laing's Neck. It was described to the painter by one who witnessed it. Monck, adjutant of the 58th, had his horse shot under him, but Elwes, another Eton boy, shouted to him: "Come along, Monck. 'Floreat Etona,' we must be in the first rank," but scarcely had these plucky words passed his lips, when a shot struck him and he fell dead.

"GORDON'S LAST MESSENGER."

From the Picture by F. GOODALL, R.A. *By permission of Samuel I. Blackwell, Esq.*

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1885.—In the Soudan, in 1883, the appearance of a Mohammedan fanatic, calling himself the Mahdi, roused his followers to rebellion against the Egyptian Government, who sent an army against him, commanded by an Englishman, Hicks Pasha, who was overwhelmed, and his entire force destroyed. The town of Khartoum was the chief of those places that held out against the Mahdi, and to this town, in January, 1884, General George Gordon, who at one time had been Governor-General of the Soudan, decided to go. But the Liberal Government, who sent him, failed to comply with the urgent demands he made to them from the beleaguered city. Not until months had been allowed to go over was Gordon's critical position deemed worthy of help, and General Wolseley was then dispatched to his aid; but he arrived too late. Message after message had been coming from Gordon, carried over the desert wilds by brave and trusty men, whose lives were worth not a day's purchase had they been detected. On the 12th of December the last messenger started upon the long and lone desert ride. The message he bore was written on a piece of paper the size only of a postage-stamp. The ill-fated city was betrayed into the enemy's hands, and Gordon perished on the 26th of January, 1885.

"THE BATTLE OF DOORNKOP—FROM THE BOER POSITION."

From the Picture by C. W. FURSE.

Reign of Queen Victoria.

A.D. 1896.—It was on the night of Sunday, the 29th December, 1895, that Dr. Jameson, with 700 men, made the famous forced march of 160 miles across the Veldt, reaching the neighbourhood of Krugersdorp on the evening of Tuesday, the 31st December. The Boers already occupied there a commanding position, the ground being broken with little valleys and low hills. Finding his passage blocked, he attacked the Boer position, but his men were exhausted, and were vastly outnumbered. He made an attempt to skirt the position, but was again stopped at Doornkop. Here the Boers were safely posted behind ridges of rock, with long, open slopes in front of them, a terribly strong position commanding two sides of an angle. It was impossible to get at them. An attempt was made to pass by to the right, but the gallant band were again stopped and gradually got drawn into a shallow hollow. Here, as seen in the picture, the Boers, in comparative security, swept the position with rifles, Maxims, and artillery. By 11 a.m. on Thursday, January 2nd, Dr. Jameson had spent his last shot—there was no chance of forcing a way out—a flag of truce was waved, and the band surrendered to an overwhelming force of over six to one.

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